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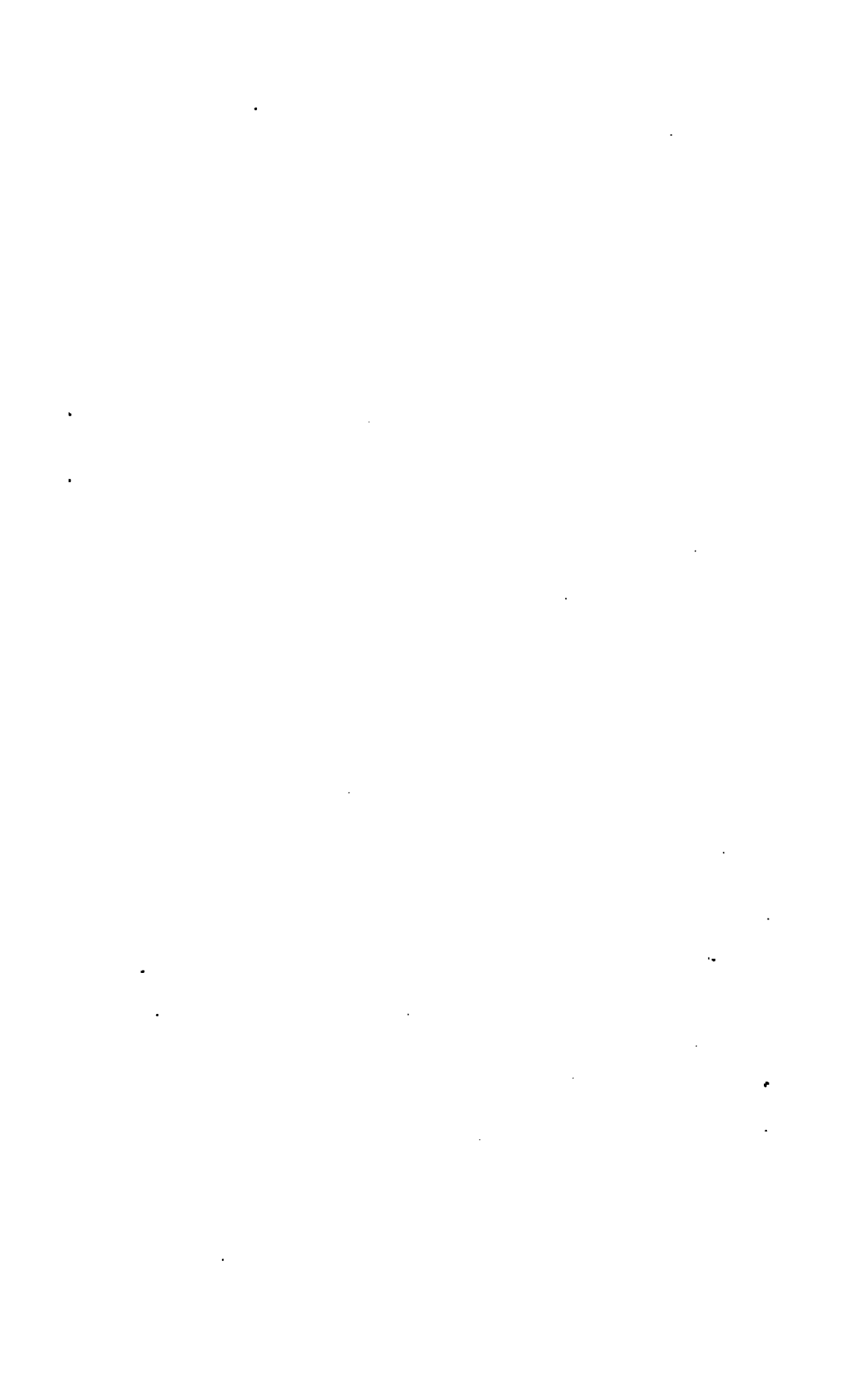
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THE  
RAMBLES OF A GLOBE TROTTER

IN  
AUSTRALASIA, JAPAN, CHINA, JAVA, INDIA,  
AND CASHMERE.

BY E. K. LAIRD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH MAP AND FORTY ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOL. I.

"If a man be ambitious to improve in knowledge and wisdom,  
he should travel in foreign countries."

PHILOSTRATUS APOLL.

LONDON:  
CHAPMAN & HALL, 193 PICCADILLY.  
1875.

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203 e. 413.

DEDICATION.

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO MY MOTHER, AS A TOKEN OF AFFECTION  
AND APPRECIATION OF THE INVARIABLE INTEREST SHE  
HAS EVINced IN MY MANY WANDERINGS  
BY SEA AND LAND.

## P R E F A C E .

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I READ the other day in a book, that "a journal to be good, true, and interesting, should be written without the slightest reference to publication," and I may safely say that when I wrote my Letters and Journals, generally after a hard day's work of sight-seeing, I had not the slightest idea of their ever appearing in print; but I have had such numerous enquiries as to whether I were not going to publish an account of my two years' wanderings in many lands that I have consented, and hence these two Volumes.

The Letters and Journals remain as they were penned at the time, with the exception of a few paragraphs which have been revised, and here I tender my most sincere thanks to those kind friends who have assisted me in the revision.

At any rate I can claim one thing for my notes, that they were taken on the spot, and express the feelings and sentiments that I entertained at the time—rightly or wrongly, I leave my readers to judge.

As these Letters and Journals are my first attempt in a field where so many great writers have been before, I hope the public will be merciful, and

"Reflect how hard the task to rival them."

BIRKENHEAD,  
MAY, 1875.





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#### ERRATA.

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Page 119, line 29, "Middle island," read "Middle Island."

Page 159, line 17, "Chameleon," read "Cameleon."

Page 173, line 10, for "are," read "used."

Page 211, line 30, for "baek," read "back."



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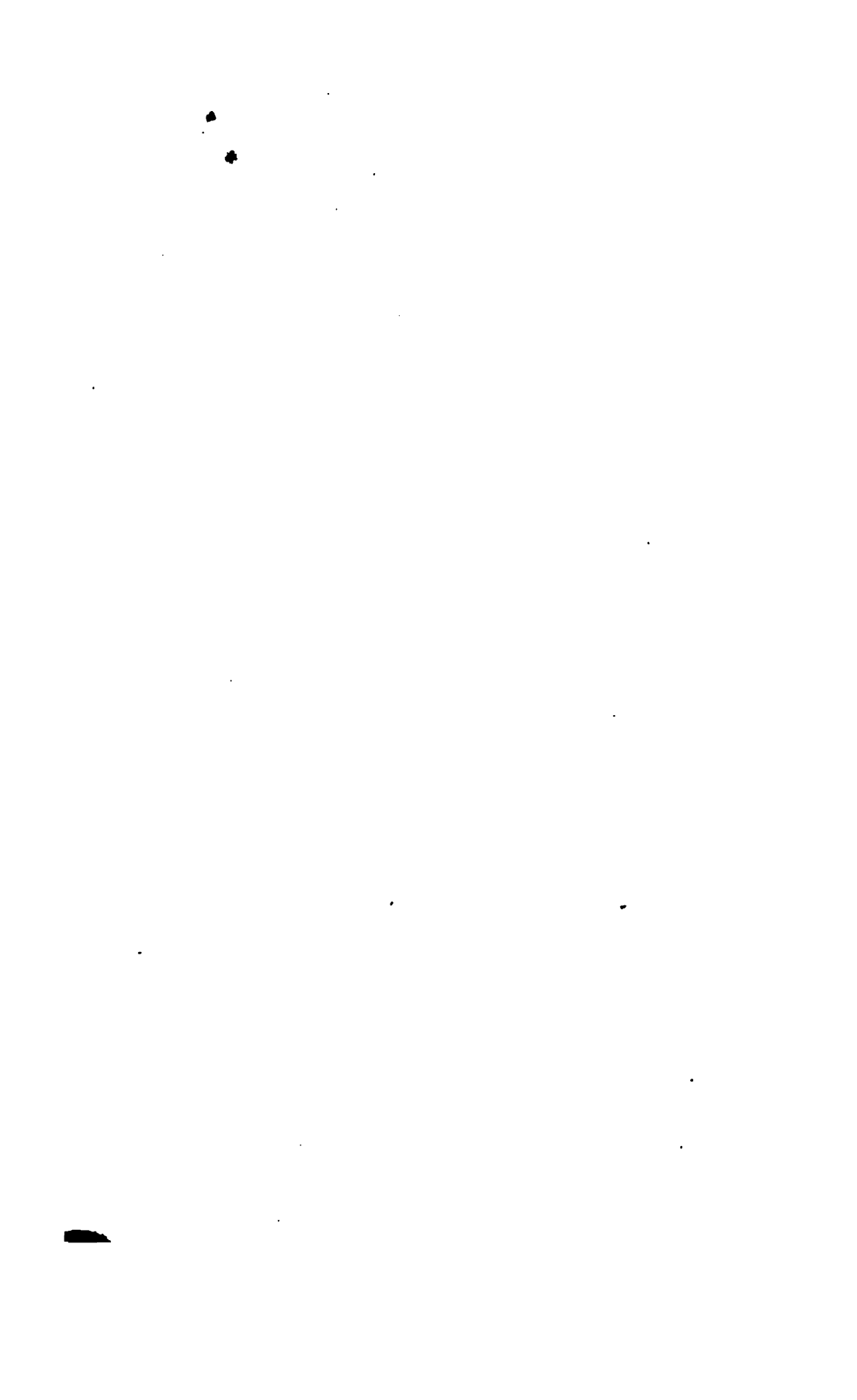
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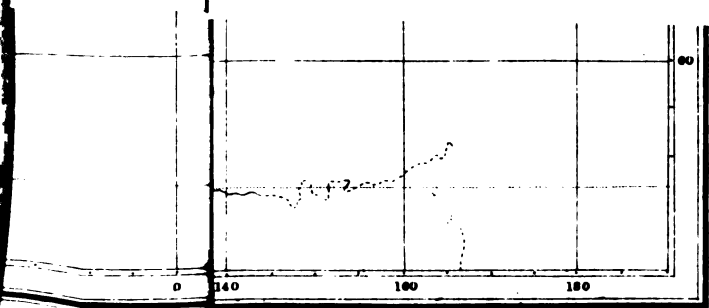
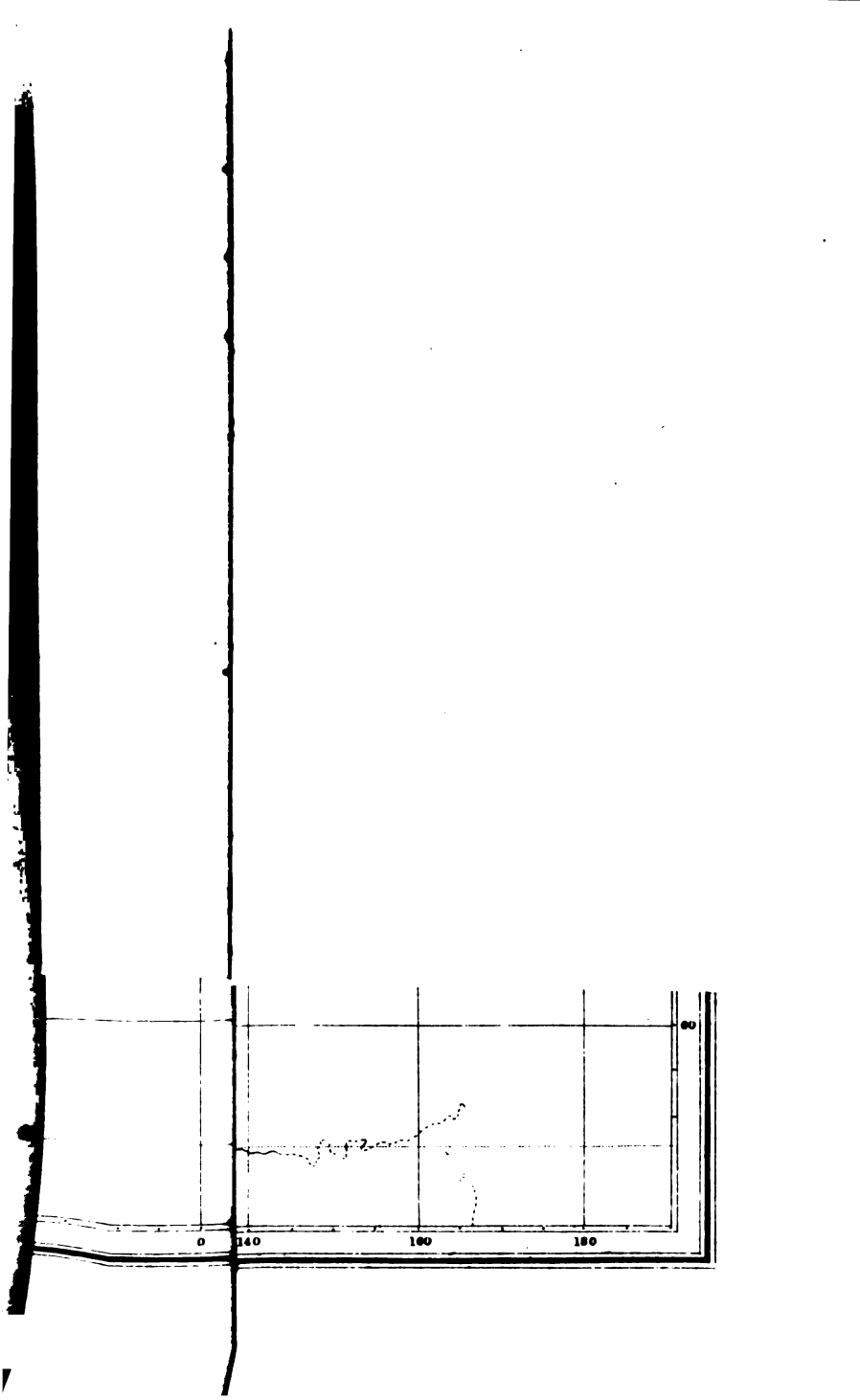
PART I.  
AUSTRALIA, TASMANIA, NEW ZEALAND,  
AND HONOLULU.

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# THE RAMBLES OF A GLOBE TROTTER.

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## CHAPTER I.

### VOYAGE IN THE GREAT BRITAIN.

*At Sea, Steamship "Great Britain,"  
August 15th, 187*

I WROTE a line before leaving the Mersey from the "Great Britain," to say that I had a capital cabin to myself, which is a great advantage for a long voyage. She is far and away the most comfortable ship I have ever been in; everything is clean, well arranged, and the attendance first-rate; there are plenty of bath-rooms on board and shower-baths as well. I generally take the latter, as they are less trouble and very refreshing; so that, what with the salt water and salt air, I shall be in a good state of preservation for the inhabitants of the Fiji, if they see fit to eat me. The feeding is very good, considering that in all probability we shall be two months at sea. There are plenty of poultry, sheep, and pigs on board—the latter thrive better at sea, I believe, than on shore, and sea-pork is considered the great delicacy; however, I am afraid I fail to appreciate it. There is a splendid promenade on deck, which is particularly free from houses, &c., except in the centre, where there is a large fowl-house which contains a thousand of the feathered tribe, as, besides cocks and hens, there are geese, turkeys, and

ducks. As you may imagine, there is not much variety on board, and one day is very similar to another. There are four events in a day, viz.,—Breakfast at nine, Lunch at twelve, Dinner at four, and Tea at half-past seven. As soon as one meal is finished, I am afraid, I think of the next—in fact, one lives to eat rather than eats to live. Quoits, reading, lying about the deck, and chit-chat, fill up the remainder of the day. In the evening I play whist with the Captain, Mr. T—— and Mr. G——, three old gentlemen. What is it in whist that makes people so cross? It is curious to notice the change that comes over Mr. G——; he is pleasant enough before, but directly the game commences he becomes grumpy, and abuses the Captain as well as myself. I meekly say nothing, but the Skipper replies, and I am in terror of a row; however, we all cave in a little, if only out of regard for his poor knuckles, which he raps on the table when exasperated. The last week we have been busy rehearsing for theatricals; to-morrow I perform “Jim” in “No. 1 Round the Corner,” and, added to this, I have the arduous duties of stage manager, and have to find the properties. It is rather unpleasant, as I have to borrow light-blue coats with brass buttons, boots, dressing gowns, corks, bells, &c., and am rather afraid of losing the articles. However, somebody had to do it, and I think it best to make oneself agreeable. There was nothing done in the way of tarring, &c., when we crossed the line, as it is forbidden by Government, and the Captain can be very heavily fined if he permits it. There is a crew of 140 on board; this includes stewards, cook, and, in fact, everybody connected with the ship; there are 70 sailors, counting quartermasters; then there are the carpenters, &c., 20 firemen, and 4 engineers, besides oilers. This ship has certainly tremendous spars, and can carry about 15,000 yards of canvas; and the Captain was saying that it cost £1,600 a year to keep her in sails alone. The engines work wonderfully smooth; they were built by Penn; and with 80 tons of coal she can steam eight and a-half, but she is a great mass to send

through the water, as she is fifty feet on the spar deck, and a foot or two more on the main. She is wonderfully easy, even with the screw, and, when sailing, you would hardly think you were going; and if anybody wants a pleasant sea voyage, though perhaps a little tedious, I should recommend the "Great Britain," as she has all the advantages of a sailing ship if the wind is favourable, and, if not, she has this immense superiority over the latter that you are not condemned to bob about like a cork in the doldrums, or any other calms, for weeks together. It is very difficult to have things washed on board—in fact, one is limited to pocket-handkerchiefs; but even these come back torn and covered with yellow patches. I began at once—a paper collar, flannel shirt, non-shaving régime, and my beard is now progressing favourably, but does not look more than a species of a scrub at present, whatever it may eventually turn out to be. We are very anxious to know how many days the "Northumberland" will arrive in Melbourne before us; she had two days' start, and, going from Plymouth, I have no doubt she would miss the head wind that we had for the first two or three days in the Channel; that the wind could not have been long in that direction is certain, for when we were ten days out we spoke the "Walmer Castle" only thirteen days from Cardiff, so she could not have encountered contrary winds if her report were correct, but the officers doubted the truth of the latter so much that they signalled again; the only other supposition is that they counted their run from the Scilly. We have not spoken a ship for a fortnight, as we are quite out of their track; they will have been driven to the westward, and as to the steamers they keep more to the eastward; so you may say that we, being an auxiliary screw, keep the middle course. As there is nothing to describe in the way of scenery except a dark-blue waste of waters, I must try and give an idea of my *compagnons de voyage*. They are not, as a rule, a very high-toned lot. There are a few ladies, but they make themselves rather disagreeable, as they keep aloof from everything that is

going on, and are like stars in one sense, as they love to dwell apart; but here the simile ends, as they are by no means shining lights in other respects. The majority of the passengers are wealthy trademen from Melbourne and Sydney; one is a great tobacconist, another is the wife of a crockery man, and when we were talking of Sevres and Paris the other day, she wanted to know whether "wines" and tumblers were made at a china manufactory; she is very Irish; and when she heard that I was going to be away for a year and a-half, she was surprised at my parents allowing me to go, but supposed I would pick up a *missus* on the way; but, when I hinted at a Fiji or heathen Chinee, she seemed to think that I had better wait until I returned home. The gentlemen are, as a rule, pleasant; one is a heavy swell, wears small boots with bows at the toes, and velvet coat; hum's and ha's, and reminds me of Mr. Bancroft, in *Money*; however, he goes in for all the amusements, and his looks are not the best part of him. Mr. Q—— is a thorough good-natured, genuine Irishman, knows J. T. B., and is, I may say, an universal favourite. Then there is an objectionable young man called O——, who persists in calling me Laird, the Champion 'Opper. We had hopping races one night, and, although I had never tried the left leg before, I managed to beat all comers; hence the name. He went with his mother to England, intending to go to Stoneyhurst, but he got home-sick, and is now on his return to the Antipodes. Then there is Mr. R——, an Irishman, and a descendant of former kings: for a long time he went by the name of the "Great Unknown," as he did not deign to speak to anybody; but, after all, the rank is but the guinea stamp, "a man's a man for a' that;" and, finding it dull, he actually condescended to converse with some one; then we elected him a member of the smoking club, and drank his health in champagne. He is a Roman Catholic and a Fenian—consequently bitter against England; he quite hopes to be king at some future time, which would certainly be a misfortune to the people he had to govern; but I think he is so

puffed up with self-conceit that he will be dying of self-combustion before his coronation is likely to take place. Then there are one or two families, with a number of children. A Mr. R—, whom I was introduced to, is, I am afraid, dying of consumption : he has two very pretty engaging little girls, with large brown expressive eyes ; they are always neatly dressed. Then, one of the stars reminded me somewhat of a lady of our acquaintance ; but it was more of her little boy of about nine years old that I was about to speak, who, being the only child, is idolised and consequently spoilt by his mother ; he is a horrible nuisance and very impudent. Then there are three children of a Mrs. W—, two girls and one plucky go-a-head little boy of the Jack Gordon type ; he glories in five Christian names. S— is very agreeable ; he and I hit it off well ; he is very delicate, I am afraid, and he is going to stay in Australia for a year or so ; he is the one who gets up theatricals, music, &c., and, as he is a fair actor and tolerable musician, he is in great request on board ; besides, he came provided with moustachios, beards, rouges, pearl powder, &c. Then there is a rich squatter, wife, daughter, and son. He is a rough and ready kind of man ; the son is an objectionable youth of seventeen or thereabouts, and he has the over-weening manner which I hear is peculiar to true-born colonists, or gum-suckers as they are called. He imagines himself clever, and is always trying to say sharp and pert things. Then there is Mr. Z—, who was at Harrow with me. In fact, we were fortunate enough in the male sex, which, after all, is the great thing, as I never was particularly partial to female society. There are two—I was going to say snobs, but perhaps that is rather strong—on board ; they savour of commercial travellers, and come down to dinner in attire fit for Rotten Row, with any amount of jewellery, and run to shirt, as they say. They call each other “ ‘Arry,” &c., but withal they are pleasant enough. The Clergyman on board is a fine-looking old man, and a gentleman, but not much of a preacher. Then there is a youth of sixteen who makes violent love to a lady



old enough to be his mother; but, with a youth of that age, fair, fat, and forty, is the idea of a wife; when one grows older ideas change, and seventeen to twenty is more the age. On Sunday we had the English Service in the morning, the Scotch had their turn in the afternoon, and the Plymouth Brethren held their service in the evening; so, as the Captain remarked, there could be no jealousy, as they all had their innings. I dare say that E — and A — will remember a tall gentleman on board the tender, and my remarking that I hoped he was not in my cabin. He turns out to be the genius of the ship, and is the pride of E —, as he is a gum-sucker, and was educated in Australia, but went to Cambridge and was fifth wrangler; he also won no end of scholarships, and was made a Fellow; but, like many clever fellows, he seems to forget that cleanliness is next to godliness, and looks decidedly as if he were afraid of soap and water. I must not forget to mention a good-natured old gentleman—in fact, he is the patent-safety of the ship, as his name implies. He acts foster-papa to the young ladies, and walks them up and down for their constitutionals, and makes tender inquiries after their welfare, which, coming from a man of his respectability and age, is quite correct and proper. This completes the list of the most notable of our passengers, who, I suppose are an average lot, though there is a great lack of eligible young ladies. Perhaps it is just as well, for I might take Mrs. V —'s advice and bring home a “missus.”

## JOURNAL.

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*Thursday, 25th July.*—I went on board the “Great Britain” and remained the night, although we did not start till next day. 53 in the saloon, 60 second-class, and about 200 intermediates.

*Friday, 26th.*—Course S.W.  $\frac{1}{4}$  W. We left our anchorage in the Sloyne about one p.m., and steamed slowly down the river, and were off Holyhead at nine p.m. Wind light and sea perfectly smooth, averaged eight and a-half knots.

*Saturday, 27th.*—Course S.W.  $\frac{1}{4}$  W.; distance 204 miles. Wind straight ahead with rough sea; very disagreeable on deck on account of rain and spray. I was very ill and uncomfortable, nearly everybody ditto; our speed reduced to five and a-half knots, as she has so much top hamper that it catches the wind. The first two days are what might be called our preliminary canter, as our length of passage is counted from the Head of Kinsale till we sight Cape Otway.

*Sunday, 28th.*—Course N.W.  $\frac{1}{4}$  W., 185 miles. Wind still right ahead, and sea heavier and weather wet. I felt better, but still not quite happy. Motion of the ship a cross, between a pitch and a roll; fine sea boat. Met and spoke several vessels which were tossing about frightfully. Had no service on board, as it was too rough. Averaged between four and five knots. Arrived opposite coast of France this morning. Plenty of ice on board, which is good for sea sickness—only, as it is kept in the bath-room, there is no chance of having a bath; so far, however, I have not felt up to one.

*Monday, 29th.*—Course S.W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  W., 152 miles. Nearly in latitude of Bordeaux ; wind changed at four a.m. to our quarter ; set up topsails and logged about eleven three-quarter knots an hour ; weather squally and occasional showers. Royals set in afternoon. Captain Gray has made the passage round the world twenty-seven times. He is, I should think, a first-rate officer, not one of your kid glove men, but lets go ropes, and when all hands are wanted steers the ship, and at the same time is very civil and agreeable.

*Tuesday, 30th.*—Course S.W. ; distance 278 miles ; wind still in our favour, and at two a.m. we were going thirteen and a-half knots ; lifted screw about three a.m., and since going nine and a quarter knots with sail alone ; royals and studding sails set ; quite delightful to be relieved from the noise of the screw. If we cannot make seven knots an hour are obliged to use steam. My appetite is now tremendous ; it rises with the barometer. Opposite Cape Finisterre at twelve p.m.

*Wednesday, 31st.*—Course S.W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  S., 222 miles, lat. 40.48 N., long. 16.88 W. Yesterday we averaged about ten knots under sail alone. One cannot thoroughly appreciate a sea voyage unless one has been in a sailing ship, as she glides on so imperceptibly that you almost imagine yourself at anchor. The wind changed last night, and we are now going nine and a quarter knots with a slight breeze. The main yard is 105 feet long. We gained upon and passed a barque under full sail. A strong wind, in fact, half a gale, suits this vessel best, as she is heavily sparred and of 52 feet beam ; she draws 28 feet, with 1400 tons of coal and 500 tons cargo—besides, of course, all her stores, of which she carries enough to take her back to England ; in fact, we are eating the old stores now, so that the things improve as we go on. She also has 85,000 gallons of Liverpool water for drinking purposes. Screw put down again.

*Thursday, August 1st.*—Lat. 37.84 N., long. 18.24 W., course S.W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  S., 206 miles. Weather delightful, beginning to get warm. The awning up ; sails set but no good, as there is little

or no wind. This ship can spread 16,000 yards of canvas. There are capital shower baths on board, but you can't have them after seven a.m., which is a nuisance. The room is used in the evening as a smoking room, so it is always more or less damp. There is a Miss Z—— on board, who is going out as a governess; she is clever and a good Conservative, and we talk a good deal. She calls me the Livingstone of the ship, and I feel inclined to call her the Loadstone, only don't.

*Friday, 2nd.*—Lat. 33.57 N., long. 19.32 W., 224 miles, course S.W.S. Weather gradually becoming warmer and nearing the Trades; more wind this morning, and we are averaging nine and three quarter knots. Joe Rogers, the man who swam ashore with the rope from the "Royal Charter," is on board as lamps; he is a Maltese by birth, and speaks very broken English. He washes pocket-handkerchiefs at 3s. 6d. a dozen; he has spent all the money that was collected for him at the time, but is laying by now. Nearly in a line with Madeira.

*Saturday, 3rd.*—Lat. 30.5 N., long. 20.1 W., 233 miles. We have not yet reached the Trades, but are making fair progress. The "Great Britain" is certainly the pleasantest ship I have ever been in, for she is nearly as easy as a sailing ship, and there is scarcely any smell of oil, and as she burns Welsh coal, there are very few cinders blowing about. I was chalked yesterday, *i.e.*, I went to the fore-castle, and the sailors drew a line round me, and I had to pay for a bottle of rum, and am now at liberty to walk anywhere about the ship.

*Sunday, 4th.*—Lat. 26.25 N., long. 20.28 W., course S.S.W., 221 miles. The screw was lifted last night, as we were going ten and a-half to eleven knots, it made a difference of about two knots, as during the night we only went nine. This morning the wind fell, and we are now going five knots. The heat is not very great; a gentleman said it was only 76 degrees in his cabin last night. We had service to-day, and a good sermon on Nicodemus. The singing was a failure.

lat. 19.35 N., long. 20.32 W., 220 miles, the crew was put down again yesterday at my making four and a-half to five knots. The screw weighs 9 tons, and the noise the deck is fearful; it is hauled up by men as there is no steam winch on board, a very strong one to lift it. It very soon made a difference in our speed, as during the night we never averaged more than four and a-half knots. The life on the vessel is getting monotonous; however, we console ourselves that, although we are not yet within view of the British Isles, we are still walking on the "Great Britain"—and assuredly as we have walked the seas like a thing of life." We are now in the Tropics, which lie from 23.45 N. of the line

lat. 19.36 N., long. 20.29 W., course S.  $\frac{1}{4}$  S. W., the crew was taken up at seven p.m. last night, but was taken down this morning at four a.m., as the wind had fallen to a calm. Spoke the "Walmer Castle" yesterday, bound from Cardiff, bound to Calcutta. A gentleman on board told me about the heat in Australia, and how apples are never seen there. I can always cap any yarn about heat, but I can't do it like the man who, when walking in Sacramento,

Course S., miles 208, lat. 16.11 N., long. 20.29 W. The weather is hot, 83 degrees in the shade, do not see any clouds in the sun. No wind at all; saw numbers of jelly fish, they are about one foot long, and are white and transparent, and although in the sun they certainly look white. I think most accounts one reads of them are exaggerated. I suppose they fly for about twenty yards at the water, and hover three feet above the level of the waves, though they sometimes have down on board a ship. They are good eating when fried. We are going to have



theatricals, and I am stage manager, and also take the part of Jim in "No. 1 Round the Corner." I have never tried acting before, and my only consolation is, that some of the others will probably make as foolish an appearance as I am likely to do on my first *début* before the curtain.

*Thursday, 8th.*—Course S., 194 miles, lat. 12.56 N., long. 19.41 W. Wind came right against us last night, so all sails were clewed up, and as there were two watches at work it caused a lively competition; as the sailors made more noise than usual, an alarm of fire was raised, women fainted, children screamed, and there was a general scrimmage. It only shows what would happen if there were a real fire. A heavy downpour of rain this morning, and air cooler; wind right in our teeth. Averaging seven three-quarter knots.

*Friday, 9th.*—Lat. 9.17 N., wind S.W., course S., 234 miles. Fore and afters set in the afternoon, as, though the wind is nearly dead against us, they keep the ship steady.

*Saturday, 10th.*—Lat. 5.55 N., long. 17.14 W., 209 miles. No wind. Just opposite Sierra Leone.

*Sunday, 11th.*—195 miles, 2.42 N., 16.48 W. The N.E. Trades did not last long this time, but they changed to S.W. Wind fresh—but as usual right against us. We certainly have not been lucky as yet—in fact, we have only been able to have the screw up for one and a-half days out of sixteen, and at this rate we shall be having to put in somewhere for coals. We are lucky as to temperature, as now, about two degrees from the Line, it is comparatively cool. 84 degrees in cabin.

*Monday, 12th.*—Lat. 0.55 S., long. 17.35 W., course S.S. W., 199 miles. Up to last evening wind was right ahead, but by altering the ship's course one point we were enabled to set fore and afters. Of course every degree of longitude we go to the W. has to be made up afterwards. We crossed the line at eight a.m. this morning, 17 days out—rather slow, but instead of N.E. Trades the S.W. have reigned supreme. I believe they are common this time of the year.

... course S<sub>4</sub> S.W., ... a head wind ... and after ... Dancing to a place ...

...

... course S.S.W. ...

... course S.S.W. ...

... course S<sub>4</sub> S.W., ... S.S.W.; ... S.E. ... We still have ...

... course S<sub>4</sub> ... S.E. and blowing strong. I feel ...



## "A KISS IN THE DARK."

Mr. Pettibone .....	Mr. V—
Fathom .....	Mr. R—
Mrs. P— .....	Miss D—
Mary .....	Miss T—

## "No. 1 ROUND THE CORNER."

Flipper .....	Mr. W—		
Nobbler .....	Mr. R—		
Jim .....	Mr. L—		
Prompter.....	Mr. G. R—	Stage Manager.....	E. K. L—
	Music.....	Mr. C—	

*Prologue written for a "Kiss in the Dark," and "No. 1 Round the Corner,"  
by A. R., August 16th, 187—*

Ladies and Gentleman, one thing I ask,  
Ere our good actors enter on their task ;  
Debutants all, they step upon the stage,  
O, let your hands their trembling fear assuage.  
From England every day we further get,  
And yet it's true we're in Great Britain yet ;  
So recollect the good old custom now,  
And when you're pleased don't fail to make a row ;  
May laughter greet the smack of every kiss ;  
May everybody clap and no one hiss ;  
Ladies, whose smiles brighten the dullest eye,  
Do the effect of some on actors try ;  
By your kind faces, I can see all's well,  
Up with the curtain ; Prompter, ring the bell.

Messrs. R— and W— act well—the former is the most natural, and seems quite at home. Miss D— in "Kiss in the Dark" was very good, and self-possessed, and like a true actress she hardly noticed the audience at all, so did not get nervous. We are going to have "Taming of a Tiger" (in which



... .. I was to have ... .. I have ... .. Though I was behind the ... .. I was responsible for dresses, ... .. I had among other things a ... .. I was in a dilemma, as I did not ... .. even where no doubt existed ... .. I procured some oakum ... .. and made three large sausages, and it was ... .. The ... .. and we had our ... .. of flags, &c.

... .. course S. 4 E., ... .. Wind changed more in our favour yesterday, and ... .. we logged at times 11 1/2, but the wind now ... .. however we averaged 10 1/2 for the 24 hours, ... .. and we are now in our course, and ... .. W. are going E. if anything, but nearly ... .. of the Tropics.

... .. course S. 4 E., ... .. The crew was taken up last night at about seven p.m., ... .. eight knots under sail alone. The ... .. and it is now raining. A Cape pigeon ... .. it is a sign we are approaching ... .. Have been rehearsing to-day for next ... .. and appear first on the ... .. drawn up, and have to repeat 20 lines ... .. Rather trying for a bashful young ... ..

... .. course S. 4 E., ... .. The crew was put down yesterday at about six p.m., ... .. A dead calm came on, and for ... .. we were motionless. It gave me an idea of ... .. to remain in that state for two or three ... .. The wind was more favourable during the night, and ... .. thirteen knots, but then the squall would

be over, and we only went eight. Numbers of Cape pigeons. They are very beautiful birds, same size as the tame pigeons; their wings are black, ticked with white, which gives them the appearance of black and white checks; their bodies are white. We also saw a young Albatross about ten feet across; they measure sometimes as much as thirteen across the wings.

*Wednesday, 21st.*—Lat. 31.42 S., long. 10.57, course S.½E., 250 miles. Screw taken up about seven p.m. yesterday, as wind had changed to W.S.W.; weather squally; one very severe squall. Furling royal and top gallantsail on mizen for a time. This morning discovered that one of the pins of the foresail truss had snapped off, and had to lie head to wind for two hours to repair it, or else run would have been greater.

*Thursday, 22nd.*—Lat. 31.9, long. 7.34 W., course nearly E., 175 miles. Weather very squally yesterday, and in the evening had a moderate gale. All sail was taken in, with the exception of upper and lower topsails on mizen and main, and foresail with fore, upper, and lower topsails, and one jib. It rained heavily at times, and the sea was high; the wind was unfortunately due S., so we hardly made any Southing. They did not put the screw down, as she has not power to steam against such a wind. She rolls a good deal, but easily, and is a remarkably dry ship.

*Friday, 23rd.*—Lat. 30.33 S., long. 3.52 W., course E., if anything N., 192 miles. Wind still S., blowing hard. We are trying to go due E. We only average eight knots, as if the sails were set we would be going back to England. In spite of these precautions, we have made seventy miles of Northing in the last two days, which will all have to be made up again. We have only had a really fair wind for about two days, when we made respectively 273 and 252 miles; but, on the other hand (with the exception of those in the channel), the winds have not been very dead against us, and we have made an average run so far. Weather fine and bracing, like October in England.

*Monday, 24th*—Lat. 31.34 S., long. 0.30 E., 296 miles. Wind became more favourable yesterday. W.S.W., and better progress was made, as rain shows. Theatricals put off on account of bad weather. The Captain had hoped to make a fifty-four days voyage, but the S. wind has probably destroyed our chance—however, who knows? You will notice that on Wednesday we were in lat. 31.49 S., and to-day we are in lat. 31.34, so we have actually lost in Sounding.

*Tuesday, 25th*—Lat. 33.36 S., long. 4.15 E., course S.E., 124 miles. Wind still keeps S.S.W., however, we have made Sounding to-day, and if this wind will hold out when we get fairly round the Cape it will be pretty well, but at present the clouds are so dark so tight that I long to see them set square, and wind abate, for after all, head winds like everything else, become monotonous. I am trying to learn to box the compass, and for this purpose have drawn a compass on a piece of paper, and every time I hear the officers say what course she is keeping I see if I make it the same, so I am not like the musician who, when asked if he could box the compass, sent his lie through it. We had service to-day, but no sermon, as the Minister on a former occasion was so long in his observations on the text that the Captain could not make his on the sun at twelve o'clock. The singing is only tolerable, which you will not be surprised to hear when I tell you that I am asked to form one of the choir. I protested that I had no voice, but compromised the matter by standing up alongside the choir in church: so that if I do not add to the harmony of the music I at least show that my feelings harmonise with theirs, for in the singing, as in everything else on board, there seems to be a certain clique who disparage all that is done, and a good deal of ill-feeling is caused by it; however, I am told that disagreements are inseparable from a long voyage like this, and I, to the best of my ability, try to keep neutral. The passengers on sailing ships, which sometimes take 124 days to Australia, don't speak to each other after fifty or sixty days, particu-

larly if they happen to be detained on the line for twenty days, as the officers become grumpy at lying "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean," and the passengers follow suit. It makes me inclined always to keep to a steamer.

## HYMN.

(Written on board the "Gt. Britain," August, 187—, and sung to tune  
"Melcombe.")

"The waves of the sea are mighty . . . but  
Yet the Lord that dwelleth on high is mightier."

## I.

Alone, upon the trackless sea,  
Father, Thy children cry to Thee ;  
Mighty is ocean's power, but Thou  
Can'st make e'en ocean's power to bow.

## II.

Thou, whose strong hand Thy Israel led ;  
Thou, at whose words the waters fled ;  
Help us, O God, who now desire  
Thy presence in the cloud and fire.

## III.

Prevent and follow Lord our path,  
Through tropic heat, and tempest wrath ;  
Nor leave us when our feet shall stand,  
Rejoicing on the hoped-for land.

## IV.

Jesu, whose presence came to break  
The darkness of Tiberias' lake,  
Speak now, for us with pleading cry :  
O, save them, Father, it is I.

## V.

From passion's storm, and pride's highway,  
 From sin's dark death, thy people save;  
 Call back all souls that faithless roam,  
 And bring, O, bring, Thy people home.

## VI.

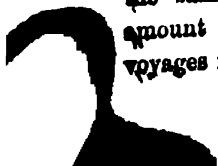
Home to Thyself in that calm rest,  
 Where Thou art served by spirits blest;  
 Who, standing on the crystal sea,  
 For ever praise the One in Three.

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This Hymn is generally sung at the end of the service.

We saw numbers of birds to-day. One called the Molly Hawk is something similar to the Albatross, only smaller; it has only two bands in its wings, and the larger bird has three. We also saw a black bird called a Cape Hen. The weather is still unsettled and squally; the days are so short that it is dark at 5 P.M. I must not forget to mention while on the subject of birds that there is a very pretty one called the Snow bird; it is small and perfectly white, and it flits about on the waves like a swallow. We also see numbers of Mother Carey's chickens, and a large bird called a "Silver Wing."

*Monday, 20th.* Lat. 36.0 S., long. 9.13 E., course S.E., 265 miles. Wind died away yesterday about three o'clock, and scrow was put down. We went ten and a-half knots for two hours, when wind freshened from the right quarter N.W., and scrow was taken up. This morning it had increased to a gale, and now we are bowling along twelve knots. The rolling is fearful, but she does it in a gentlemanly and dignified manner, none of your short jerky motions, and I hardly feel ill at all. I had but little sleep, but found nearly everybody complaining of the same thing. This ship certainly carries an immense amount of canvas, and a gentleman who has made several voyages in sailing ships said it made him nervous to look at it.



In a gale like the present most ships would have been under double reefed topsails. She carried main, upper and lower topsails, and fore top gallantsails, fore upper and lower topsails, foresail and a jib; none on mizen, as it interferes with steering. Her three lower yards on main mast weigh  $17\frac{1}{2}$  tons, so it is no wonder that her mainstay is of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch chain.

*Tuesday, 27th.*—Lat. 37.6 S., long. 14.16 E., course S.E. by E., 280 miles. The sea was a grand sight yesterday, and higher than ever I had seen it before; the huge mountains of waves rolled after us and looked as if they would come over the poop, but as the bow of the ship dipped the poop rose, and in place of water that threatened to overwhelm us, a deep dark chasm appeared, and so we steered on our way; and although each succeeding wave appeared as threatening, if not more so than the preceding ones, they were each in turn balked of their prey by the same means. The Captain said the sea was not quite so high as he had seen it with the same strength of wind, as the latter seemed to catch the foaming crests of the billows, and turn them into scud which was blown along the surface of the angry deep like sand on the sea shore. Going before the wind at thirteen and a quarter, the motion was not so bad as it is to-day, when there is hardly any wind and the screw down, but the sea is still unsettled, and we are rolling heavily. I have had one or two spills, which have not improved my ankle. It is an amusing sight to see people clinging as they say by their eyelids to anything that is near, and clutching convulsively hold of a friendly rope. One of the stuntsail booms was within a foot of the waves yesterday. D—— remarked he had never seen a worse roll. The sea sometimes reminds me of a glacier, as the chasms or divisions between the waves are alternately green and dark blue, and the foamy crests answer well for the moraine, though they are so pure white. It is always a mystery to me what causes the variety in the colour of the sea, as when it is calm it appears a dark blue or inky colour, but when stirred up by the screw it is turned to green.

*Tuesday, 28th.*—Lat. 38.30 S., long. 30.14 E., course S.E. by E., 300 miles. Wind slackened yesterday about eleven o'clock and screw was put down, but was taken up at three o'clock as it had freshened from the N.N.W., and during last night we logged at times more than thirteen knots, and averaged as the run shows twelve and a-half. It was indeed the acme of travelling, as the fine old ship was as steady as a rock, and one would hardly have known she was going if it had not been for the tremulous motion which told she was going through the water. She is rolling more this morning, but very little considering the sea: in fact she has not time, as she has something else to think about. It is when there is a gale behind that the "Great Britain" can show her heels to anything afloat under sail, I mean, as she can carry canvas that would sink most ships, and then the great beauty of it all is that she is as dry on the spar deck as if she were at anchor. If the accounts one reads of some ships are true, you would in them have been up to your knees in water with a wind such as we have had, and have had everything battened down. Indeed, I have a lively recollection of my own experience in the "Condillera" and other steamers, where, though we were not battened down, we had things floating about in our cabins; and this remembrance makes me feel doubly thankful that I am in this ship, and not swimming as regards myself or my boxes. D.—says in the log it will be put down a moderate gale and fine weather. If it had been *against* us—strong gale, tremendous seas, and hove to for hours. I forgot to mention that in the great roll I have spoken about above, I was rolling with another fellow about the saloon floor, clutching hold of him like grim death, to the great amusement of the other passengers, if not to ourselves. There were four men at the wheel, and they seemed to have their hands full.

*Thursday, 29th.*—Lat. 38.56 S., long. 26.15 E., course S.E. by N., 275 miles. Wind fell this morning at two a.m., and now we are only averaging ten knots—it has changed to S.W. and is



consequently colder. The sea has calmed down wonderfully—going so much E., the days are only 23½ hours long. The sea is particularly beautiful at night, when we are going twelve to thirteen knots, as the water on either side is a mass of glistening foam, and the waves are literally all aglow with the phosphorescence; the latter is supposed to be formed of countless insects. If you can imagine millions of lightning bugs, alias fire-flies, glancing about the hedges and lanes, you may have some conception of the brilliancy the phosphorescence imparts to the sea.

*Friday, 30th.*—Lat. 40.88 S., long. 81.0 E., course S.S.E., 240 miles. Wind fell yesterday almost to a calm, so screw was put down; at three o'clock this morning it freshened from E. with a point of N., and we are now going ten and a-half knots. It is fine but cold, and flannels are agreeable. The saloon is cool to say the least of it, as there are no means of heating it; and as the skylights are closed it is stuffy, and if a warm stuffy room is objectionable, a cold stuffy one is purgatory—so except at mealtime and for a rubber, I enjoy the privacy of my own cabin. We performed "Taming of a Tiger" and "Area Belle" last night.

*Prologue written by Mr. G. R.—, for an Amateur Performance on board S.S. "Great Britain," Thursday, 29th August, 187—.*

Far from Australia, or from British home,  
 Across wide ocean's trackless breast we roam;  
 And tho' our ship both swift and steady speeds,  
 Yet dreary week, to dreary week, succeeds.  
 Our joys restricted, and our pleasures few,  
 We all must own the prospects rather blue:  
 At such a time to fill the vacant place,  
 A chosen few have taken heart of grace;  
 And tho' unused the actor's part to fill,  
 Will show, if not the deed—at least the will;  
 Yet not all novices—the veteran Hood  
 You've seen before, and you've pronounced him good



The modest Griffiths, and the blushing Lance,  
 Joy of the fair, and hero of the dance;  
 And chief of all to-night once more you see,  
 Our charming debutante—the fair Miss C——.  
 The sacred cause of charity we plead,  
 For sailor's orphans and for boys in need;  
 Then may your liberality abound,  
 When the "Indefatigable" box comes round,—  
 When mirth and mercy thus go hand in hand,  
 Is there one here the influence can withstand?  
 Then give your hands and voices to the cause,  
 And cheer our efforts with the best applause.

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"TAMING A TIGER."


Chutney..... R——  
 Beeswing..... R——  
 Jacob..... L——  
 Prompter..... Mr. R——      Stage Manager..... McK——

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"AREA BELLE."

Pitcher..... W——  
 Mrs. Croker..... Miss D——  
 Penelope ..... R——  
 Tossler..... C——  
 Chalks..... W——

I got through my part tolerably, very well according to some fond admirers; at any rate I was heard distinctly, and following the example of great actors, I did not notice my audience, and only saw an indistinct mass of heads—perhaps, you will be inclined to say, for the simple reason that I could not have seen anything if I had looked, which is true enough. The great difficulty was that, as we were rolling like a house on fire, I had to think almost as much of my equilibrium as of anything else,



but as I had always to appear trembling before the presence of my master, it did pretty well, except in one lurch when I went flying in an undignified manner across the stage into the arms of the prompter. It was my first, and I think, last appearance on the stage, as I find I cannot remember my part even if I have seemed to know it before; and the audience tittered audibly when I asked the prompter in a loud voice, rather than a stage whisper, what came next? R—— was capital as "Penelope" in "Area Belle," and made a pretty lady. W—— as "Pitcher" was splendid. I do not think Toole could have done better. Miss D—— and C—— did well in their parts as Mrs. Croker and Tossler; my substitute looked his part in Chalks, even if he did not act it. "Area Belle" brought the house down, as they say. "Taming of the Tiger" had not much in it, and was more a stop-gap—a sort of piece that is played as the audience is entering the theatre.

*Saturday, 31st.*—Lat. 42.8 S., long. 36.16 E., course S.S.E., 266 miles. Screw up. A strong gale blowing from E.N.E., not a very favourable wind; a good deal of motion. Fore lower and upper topsails, with foresail and jib, and main, mizen, upper and lower topsails, is all the sail that is set.

*Sunday, September 1st.*—Lat. 48.16 S., long 41.54 E., course S.E. by E., 250 miles. Wind dropped entirely this morning, and we are going eight and three-quarter knots, with screw down. Had service and much improved singing.

*Monday, 2nd.*—Lat. 48.20, long. 46.51 E., course S.E. by E., 218 miles. No wind at all since screw has been put down, so we are just averaging nine knots by steam alone. Weather cold, frosty, I should think. Captain says it is too fine. Query—can it be too fine at sea? I think not, as I would far sooner be a day longer and have weather like this. On Thursday next, there are to be some Tableaux Vivants, a concert, and the whole to wind up with the "Area Belle," the most successful piece we have played. I have done with the stage, and retire from

theoretical life without a benefit. Artemus Ward says everybody has his forte: I do not know what mine is, perhaps it is revealing: anyhow, any man can see it ain't acting.

*Tuesday, 3rd.*—Lat. 43.36 S., long. 52.27 E., course S.E. by S., 245 miles. From the slight difference in the latitude, you will think that the course S.E. by E. must be wrong; it is the apparent course, but there are really three points of variation, so that the true course is nearly due E., with half a point S. Yesterday we only made three miles of Southing, as we were now below the latitude of Melbourne. Still no wind, but we are using four boilers, and are now steaming, as run shows, ten knots. I was down in the engine-room yesterday; the engines are oscillating, 500 horse power, and were built by Penn for one of the royal yachts. The cylinders are 82 inch. The ship can, when pressed, do eleven and a-half knots. With 10lbs. of steam and 30 to 35 tons of coal she averages nine and a-half to ten. Yesterday we were going nine with 18½ revolutions. At full speed 22 revolutions is what they can get out of her, but then, of course, they burn more coal. There are 4 boilers and 16 furnaces; the engines are kept very clean and work remarkably smoothly.

*Wednesday, 4th.*—Lat. 44.3 S., long. 58.10 E., course E. ¼ S., 264 miles. Screw taken up at five p.m. yesterday. A breeze had sprung up during the night; it is what one might call the Melbourne wind (W.S.W.), as it takes us on our direct way for that port; at first we only went eight, but wind freshened, and at times we went twelve and a-half to thirteen. We have suddenly drifted during the week into very cold weather, not that it is actually freezing, but there is a cutting wind that goes through one like a knife. The only way to keep thoroughly comfortable is to pace vigorously up and down the deck, as by this means alone can you keep your feet warm; for as I mentioned above, there is no stove or heating apparatus in the saloon, and there is a great draught, so that if you sit still for any length of time your feet are frozen. It is most

amusing to see the people at night when they are settling down to cards or other games,—you would imagine they were going for a drive outside a coach in winter, as they wear great coats, and have rugs over their knees, and old coats to keep their feet off the cold oilcloth. There was some snow to-day, and we had a snow-balling match. The majority of the passengers are from Australia, and their way of snow-balling is to rub the snow in your face and put it down your neck, not nearly as good as the English way—but for self-defence you must do in Rome as the Romans do. Although we are only in lat. 44 S. and England is between 50 and 60 N., I think the wind is sharper, but then we must remember there is no “benign gulf stream” to equalise the temperature, as it does for us in our favoured isles. It is winter here now, so perhaps after all it is not so cold for this season of the year. Captain tells me it is not colder than this off Cape Horn. Up to this time I have taken a bath every morning, but yesterday I found it so awfully cold, that I don't think I shall be able to screw my courage to the bathing point for some time to come. I find my pea-jacket and thick pilot cloth trousers very comfortable. The thermometer was 40 this morning, after the sun had been out some time—not so very cold you will think; but it is the horrible wind; however, it is favourable. A few of the passengers have gone into a species of hibernation. They appear at their meals, and disappear immediately after into their rugs, &c. One gentleman told me he had been in bed for eleven and a-half hours; I never lie down in the middle of the day as I cannot go to sleep. The amount of clothing worn by some people is wonderful; one young fellow declared he had on four vests and one flannel shirt, and when on deck a great coat and shawl over his shoulders. I am quite the exception, as I wear much the same as on the Line, and am warm enough.

*Thursday, 5th.*—Lat. 43.59 S., long. 64.9 E., course E. by  $\frac{1}{4}$  N., 268 miles. Wind freshened yesterday, and at one time we were going fourteen knots, but, as the wind came in gusts

shortly after, we then only went eight. The miles in the day's run are all nautical ones—that is to say, one and one-sixth of a geographical mile. Wind changed yesterday to the South. Captain Gray is in despair, as he will have made to-day about 40 miles of Northing. Looking on an ordinary map, I should have judged this was what he would most have desired; but he counts it a dead loss: for instance, when we made 254 miles yesterday, we were, in reality, 275 miles nearer Melbourne. He accounts for it in this way: his course to Melbourne is now like the shape of an egg, and, by keeping to the Southern outer rim, he lessens the distance to his destination, as the number of miles in the degree of longitude decreases the further you go South; or, to put it in another way, it is sometimes shorter to go round a hill than over the top. Ours is one of the cases when it is shorter to go round. In round numbers, the Cape of Good Hope is 4,700 miles from Melbourne; and, if you go down to lat. 50 S., it is only about 4,300. If you look at a globe you will be able to understand it better than on a map, as you will see the lines of longitude and latitude are curved. It is a disputed point, I believe, with Captains, how far South it is advisable to go. Captain Gray, who has had as much experience as most, generally, keeps between 44 and 50.

*Friday, 6th.*—Lat. 44.04 S., long. 70.23 E., course E.  $\frac{1}{4}$  S., 274 miles. Screw was put down yesterday at half-past seven p.m., but was lifted again at eight o'clock this morning, as wind freshened, and we are now making eleven and a-half knots under sail alone. It is a little warmer, as the air is not so raw. Last night the third theatrical performance came off.

*Prologue of Second Performance of "Area Belle," written by A. N—, September 5th, 187—.*

Friends, Britons, Colonists, and pretty dears,  
Lend us your hands, and give us your "hear, hears";  
To-night 'tis music holds the foremost place—  
In this for our performance we ask grace:

Tho' for accompanying, but few will not  
 Before all others prefer Johnnie Lott.  
 With him the credit of the concert lies ;  
 His herculean efforts don't despise.  
 Some come before you now with merry heart,  
 They've seen you play the audience's part,  
 And know how kind you are ; but still a few  
 Are novices—O ! treat them kindly, do.  
 In Mrs. Jarley's celebrated show  
 You'll find it's great imitator—Hood, you know.  
 Look kindly on the children's mute delight,  
 And cheer their efforts with some laughter bright.  
 Once more, to-night, Chalks wins the " Area Belle,"  
 Pitcher gets boiled, and runs you in as well ;  
 And there again our modest prompter stands,  
 His look oft succours, but his look commands ;  
 He rings the bell, reproves each dull delay,  
 Allures us on the stage, speaks half the play.  
 Say, shall his efforts unrewarded go ?  
 You hear his voice, tell him his face to show.  
 Ladies and gentlemen, we want your hands—  
 Use them upon us when your heart commands.

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*Grand Entertainment at Eight p.m., September 5th, 187—.*

Overture....C— .      Prologue....R— .

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*Then will be Exhibited for the first time on the Stage Mrs. Jarley's  
Waxwork Show.*

Mrs. Jarley ..... Mr. Bertie Hood.  
 Little Nell ..... Miss O. S— .

If I had a donkey that would not go  
 To see Mrs. Jarley's Waxwork Show,  
 Would I wallop him?—no, no, no.

*By special desire the "Area Belle."*

Pitcher ..... W—  
 Mrs. Croker ..... Miss D—  
 Penelope ..... R—  
 Tosser ..... C—  
 Chalks ..... W—  
 Prompter .... T. W.—      Stage Manager .... E. K—

*Epilogue spoken and written by Mr. Geo. W.— on board the "Great Britain," Sept. 16th, 187—, on the occasion of the last performance.*

## I.

The voyage almost ended, and the goal within our reach,  
 Permit your poor old prompter to make his dying speech;  
 To talk of our experience, in the time we've just passed through,  
 And to herald the enjoyments of the land we're going to.

## II.

And O, to think how happy these few short weeks have been  
 Of the joys of first and second class, and the broad white line between (1);  
 Of the actors gay in the saloon, and the jolly dances "forrid,"  
 And the "intermediate" concert, though they say that that was horrid.

## III.

And O, the fond affection we have lavished on each other,  
 How each, to each, has daily shown the kindness of a brother;  
 For we know that common danger had placed us on a level,  
 And that leak, or fire, or shipwreck, might send us to the d—l.

## IV.

And now our sweet communion must shortly see its close,  
 And never more, till next time, shall we share in joys like those;  
 No more the fragrant seapie (2), or delectable burgoon,  
 No more on the same plate be seen fish, cheese, and Irish stew (3).

(1).—There is a line on deck beyond which 2nd class passengers are not allowed to pass.

(2).—A species of resurrection pie.

(3).—Two or three things on a plate at one time—à la P—y.

## V.

No more dramatic triumphs shall we work upon the main,  
 Nor celebrate the victories in second-rate champagne ;  
 No more sit down to dinner that might satisfy a glutton,  
 For who could starve on one geese, one turkeys, and one mutton (4).

## VI.

No longer Mrs. Jarley's works our mimic stage shall grace,  
 Or the little missionary eater show his little face.  
 Of Mrs. J. I would not say one harsh word if I could ;  
 No use to tread upon her toes, because they're only " Wood."

## VII.

No more the sailor's plaintive song, with tears our eyes shall dim,  
 No more on Sunday morning shall we sing the evening hymn (5) ;  
 No more shall occupy our time in settling points of honour,  
 Or rack our brain to know who's right, the Parson, or O'C——.

## VIII.

No more shall tread this good ship's deck the early village cock.  
 Each night, or rather morning, 'tween three and four o'clock ;  
 But his leg book fairly posted up, and his letters posted too,  
 His restless soul shall revel in fresh fields, and pastures new.

## IX.

For we're speeding gaily onward, and the " Otway " is ahead,  
 And we soon shall hear the music of the heaving of the lead ;  
 And no rival ship shall beat us, whatever scheme they hit on,  
 Remember (8) that " Northumberland " is but a patch on " Great Britain."

## X.

And now, dear fellow passengers, I bid you all farewell,  
 And thank you for myself, and the dramatic corps as well ;  
 For that kindly you've received us, be our efforts ere so small,  
 And even given some of us the honour of a call.

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(4).—See menu.

(5).—The Parson once chose the evening hymn to be sung in the morning.

(6).—Refers to dispute mentioned in my diary.

(7).—Refers to a Mr. N—— who could not sleep, and was always writing up his log.

(8).—Refers to S.S. " Northumberland."



## II.

May your fortune in Australia be all you can desire,  
 May your success in gaining all to which you shall aspire,  
 May you and that name on board a "miss" remain a "miss" no more,  
 But all be changed to "Missus" upon the happy shore.

## III.

Good-bye to all the officers, and good-bye to all the men,  
 And may we meet as good a lot when we come to sea again;  
 And may we go through St. Phillip's Head, and safe moored in Hobson  
 Bay.  
 We'll give three times three for the good old ship, and nine more for  
 Captain Gray.

Song composed on the S.S. "Gt. Britain," and sung by A. G.—

Tune—"If ever I cease to love."

## I.

In a lake, or a bay, in a river,  
 In daylight, in darkness, in light,  
 Steer to the west, or the eastward,  
 You may see the "Gt. Britain" in sight.  
 We made in her Northing and Southing,  
 And I swear on my banded knees—  
 May I, when alone, forget "Home, sweet home,"  
 If ever I cease to love.

If ever I cease to love, if ever I cease to love,  
 May the "Great Britain's" bell  
 Be a Collier's Street Swell,  
 If ever I cease to love.

## II.

She can sail, she can steam like an angel,  
 She can pitch, she can roll, she can run;  
 Be that she's an ancient Greek galley,  
 And an armour-clad rolled into one.

Then who would not love such a beauty,  
 A steamship launched from above ;  
 May the Princess Louise  
 To my hand give a squeeze,

If ever I cease to love, if ever I cease to love,  
 May the Marquis of Lorne  
 Build a house on Cape Horn,  
 If ever I cease to love.

## III.

May Hobson's bay turn into ink ;\*  
 May Sandridge be Saint Kilda ;  
 May Bourke Street East by cannibals be leased ;  
 May blackmen all turn white ;  
 May Captain Gray not know his way ;  
 May wrong be turned to right ;  
 May the "Northumberland"  
 Come home overland.

If ever I cease to love, if ever I cease to love,  
 May this jolly old boat  
 Wear a swallow-tailed coat  
 If ever I cease to love.

## EXTRA COUPLET.

May pine-apples grow,                      May the "Great Britain's" funnel  
 On the main-royal yards,                To the Mersey be a tunnel.

May sailor's refuse                        May we all shout hurrah !  
 To eat plum duff.                         For Lieut. John Gray.

According to the above programme, Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks came first. Five children were dressed up to represent different characters. The best was a cannibal converted to be a missionary—always before having lived on missionary pie,—Fair Rosamond, the Marquis of Lorne, &c. W—— is certainly most clever ; he pretended to wind them up, and the missionary

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\* Street and places in and around Melbourne.

crawl along the outside of the ship on a ledge, and pop in at the port holes, and if they find a way open to them they are not so likely to crawl over my body. Many people have a piece of wire-netting over the port-holes. One lady, who unfortunately slept on the sofa berth, was awakened by a monster jumping down on her from the window, and did not sleep much that night, as you might expect. I have been lucky; for I have not been troubled with rats or any other vermin, probably owing to my precautions of "Keating" and door. My floor is in a soaking condition, and will take two or three days to dry.

*Saturday, 14th.*—Lat. 48.03 S., long. 119.52 E., course E. by N., 281 miles. Wind is blowing strong from N. with one point of W. We have to keep the sails very closely hauled in order to let us make any Northing at all. Bets are waxing fast and furious. We have no ladies at our end of the table, so it is "the corner" of the ship. We hope to reach Melbourne on Thursday, which will make our passage 55 days—about the fastest she has ever done. Some of the passengers were betting what kind of hat the Pilot would have on, so you may think they are pretty far gone; I never bet, but give my advice gratis. Longitude was dead reckoning to-day, as they could not take the sun at eight a.m., and the longitude is calculated by the rate at which the sun rises. Latitude is generally taken between 11.40 a.m. and 12.20 p.m., as it is calculated by the height the sun reaches in the heavens.

*Sunday, 15th.*—Lat. 41.47 S., long. 125.88 E., course E.N.E., 263 miles. Wind dropped this morning about two a.m. and screw was put down; weather fine and warmer than it has been for some weeks, as we are now past the meridian of St. George's Sound, and the wind is off the land. We had a lovely sunset last night, the first decent one we have had; the clouds in the Western sky were not red, but of a rich golden colour, and all the fleecy clouds were tinged with gold—then, just above where the sun went down, the sky was of a beautiful blue shade; it reminded me of a "Turner" picture.

*Monday, 16th.*—Lat. 40.52 S., long. 192.14 E., course E.N.E., 300 miles. We are still going along at a good pace, as run shews; there is very little wind, but a large spread of canvas, but they have put more steam on and the engines are working 24 revolutions, so that we are going with the screw alone eleven knots. If we can hold on at the present rate, we ought to reach Cape Otway on Wednesday about noon. A splendid Australian winter sunset last night; the colours were most beautiful—rich golden hues interspersed with lovely shades of mauve, fawn, green, and blue.

*Tuesday, 17th.*—Lat. D.R. 40.4 S., long. 198.18 E., course E.N.E., 277 miles. Wind gradually died away this morning till it came ahead—there is not much, but the large masts offer a great resistance. It is raining heavily now. We ought to sight land to-morrow about twelve o'clock, as we are only 335 miles from Melbourne. The last dramatic performance came off last night; the two pieces were—"The Happy Pair" and "Ici on parle Français."

## PROGRAMME.

## THE HAPPY PAIR.

Mr. Honeytone .....C—  
Mrs. do. ....Miss—

## ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS.

Victor Dubois .....D—  
Spriggins .....W—  
Major Douglas Rattan .....R—  
Mrs. Spriggins .....Mrs. S—  
Mrs. Major Rattan .....Mrs. S—  
Angelina .....Miss T—  
Anna Maria .....Miss A—

(Songs and Music).

we then went to work and we were becalmed gradually till we had run some 10 miles and 3-quarter knots, up to ten o'clock when we were again under way and three-quarter knots an hour. It is well to say that we could not exactly tell what the wind was. We depended on lead reckoning and on the compass. The barometer freshened to a strong breeze, but it was not till 11 o'clock, within 5 or 6 miles of our best point for anchorage, that we were able to make a little motion, though you may suppose we were still perpendicular. Up to this morning we had been at anchor. She proved to be a wonderful ship—so wonderful that we were never before and I have ever seen anything like her. She was built for the coast and Cape Horn. Mainmast and foremast were upper and lower topsails, with masts and rigging of the same kind.

At 11 o'clock we started on our course E.S.E., and the wind was freshening and the wind fell almost immediately. At 12 o'clock we were about ten knots, and at 1 o'clock we were about 15 knots. At 2 o'clock we were about 20 knots, and at 3 o'clock we were about 25 knots. The weather is very fine, and the sea was calm last night. The wind was from the north-east, as instead of being from the north-east, she took the wind from the north-west, and I had hardly started when she was suddenly rolled over on her side. As the gale had begun, we were all on our feet, and all with the wind on our faces. The sea does not include any of the usual waves, of which she is very fond. The sea seemed to be the ground, so that we were all on our feet. The amount of the sea was about 10 feet, and four feet high. The sea was very calm, and storm stayed in the water, and the latter, they go on to say, was a very good one to ascend to the top of the ship, as he

said it was a grand sight, but, as I did not wish to commit suicide, or be made into a St. Andrew's cross, I declined.

*Friday, 13th.*—Lat 44.11 S., long. 113.97 E., course E.  $\frac{1}{4}$  N.E., 247 miles. Wind changed yesterday to S.W., but as it was light we did not average much; it was bitterly cold. This morning it has changed to N.W., and it is warmer in consequence. Only about three degrees from the meridian of Cape Lewin, the Westernmost point of Australia. This morning I was awakened by the sound of water swishing up and down my cabin; I knew my dead light was down, so the only supposition I could come to was that the "Great Britain" had shipped a sea down the skylight. I hopped out of bed into water about six inches deep. It was frightfully cold, but I paddled about and lifted my baggage on to the sofa; my boots were fortunately on the shelf, so the only things that were full of water were a pair of goloshes, which you may say were in their native element, so it did not matter. The door does not come down to the floor, but there is a coaming about six inches high to keep the water from coming in from the passage, but in this case it was the means of keeping it in my cabin, as you will see directly. After rescuing my belongings from a watery grave, I jumped into bed again to warm my poor feet, and shouted lustily for John, adding that I was being gradually flooded. At last a man appeared with a lantern, and found that the tap of a pipe connected with a large tank that supplies the baths had not been turned off, and the water poured from the ladies saloon into Mr. A——'s, and then by means of a waterway under the partition that separates our cabins into mine, and there it collected, as it was barred from further progress by the above-mentioned coaming, and unfortunately they were pumping the water into the tank on deck; so as fast as they put it in it escaped to our cabins. At last the Stewards arrived, and by means of buckets, &c., the water was gradually sopped up. Some of it did escape from my cabin into the passage, as I always have my door open at night to give an exit to the rats, as these sagacious creatures

himself a tract, and Queen Eleanor alternately presented a dagger and a cup of cold poison to Fair Rosamond. He prefaced his performance by a few appropriate remarks, something in the style of—"Come and see the pelican of the wilderness swallow a bar of iron, or a lion stuffed with straw." Altogether it was a grand success. I felt a special interest in the missionary, as he had on my tail-coat, hat, gloves, &c., and since then the children have added a line to their favourite song of, "If ever I cease to love"—

May this jolly old boat  
Wear Laird's swallow-tailed coat.

The Concert which followed the Waxworks was a complete success. It was under the direction of Mr. C—, and there were three gentlemen and three lady performers. The wind-up was the "Cora Belle." It went off with more dash than the first time, but it was rather too soon to repeat it, as only a week had elapsed since the first performance. I was again stage manager, a position which, though behind the scenes, seems as important as anything else—in fact, similar to the blower of the organ. But no! I won't inflict on you a repetition of that well-known song.

Longitude, 74. Lat. 44.28 S., long. 77.08 E., course E.  $\frac{1}{4}$  N., 24 knots. Wind freshened considerably in night, and at times we were driven and a-half knots to fourteen under sail, which is about as fast as she can go, though she has done 369 miles in twenty-four hours, and 1250 in three days. It was dead calm to-day, as the sun was not visible. Wind W. with a little S. New moon last night. Captain Gray always likes to have moonlight nights when nearing land, and he calculates that if he can leave Melbourne on the 20th of October, he will have moonlight up Channel.

Longitude, 83. Lat. 48.38 S., long. 83.27 E., course E. by N., 20 knots. Wind dropped yesterday, and heavy rain came on in the afternoon. We had hoped the wind would have held on,

as we were just logging thirteen knots, but it changed to S.W. The screw was put down at eleven o'clock last night, but taken up this morning at nine a.m. As you will see by our course, wind was still S.W. The Doctor read service to-day, as the clergyman has had a quarrel with some gentleman, and showed his spite by not reading prayers. He expected the passengers would have taken his part, and asked him to continue his reading of the service, but, as we all thought him quite as much in the wrong as the other party, we remained neutral. The Captain says that clergymen always create a row on board ship. Last voyage the parsons set all the passengers by the ears, and this man is doing his best to do ditto. I wonder why this is the case. If they would only show to others a little of the forbearance they preach, it might be better for their *compagnons de voyage*. As it is, ladies and clergymen on board ship seem to be at the bottom of all the rows and disputes.

*Monday, 9th.*—Lat. 43.33 S., long. 89.83 E., course E. by N., 271 miles. Wind still keeps from S.S.W., blowing hard; but, as the ship is kept close hauled to avoid her going too far North, we are not averaging more than eleven and a-quarter. Weather still blustry, cold, and showery—in fact, it makes one long for the end of the voyage. I am nearly frantic with chilblains, which certainly cannot be caused by putting my feet to the fire, as there is no fire to tempt me.

*Tuesday, 10th.*—Lat. 43.39 S., long. 94.55 E., course E. by N., 229 miles. Wind fell yesterday afternoon till we only went six knots; screw was put down at six p.m. No wind at all this morning, but it rose suddenly from the N.W., consequently it is warmer, and for two hours we have been going  $11\frac{1}{2}$  knots.

*Wednesday, 11th.*—Lat. 43.53 S., long. 102.10 E., course E.  $\frac{1}{4}$  S., 313 miles. Yesterday was a lovely day, and we had a regular Australian sky—not a clear blue, like an Italian one; but to compare great things with small, there was a misty veil spread over the heavens resembling a muslin robe over a skirt of blue. There were also many soft fleecy clouds floating about. The screw



Then followed the supper; I replied to the toast of 'the land we left behind us,' in the following terms, and, as it was considered the speech of the evening, you may judge of what class they were:—"I cannot but feel the high honour Mr. R—— has reposed in me, by coupling my name with the toast of 'the land we have left behind us,' and I only wish it had fallen into abler hands. We are accustomed to hear and read a good deal now-a-days about England having lost caste in the eyes of the world at large; I for one still believe that she is *par excellence* 'the land of the brave and the free,' and that if we had a tussle with psalm-singing William, or our 'big brother,' that we would not at the end come off second best; although our so-called Liberal Government have done their best, by their cheese-paring peace-at-any-price policy, to dim the lustre of our army and navy; still there is a limit to everything, and I do not think that Mr. Cardwell, with all his ingenuity, can cut down the services any more, even if he wished to give Mr. Lowe a few pounds more to improve the surplus of his '*Matchless* budgets;' and after all, no minister, however powerful, can alter the *stuff* that our men are made of, and I believe that what Shakespeare said three centuries ago is equally the case now—

"This England never did, nor never shall  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror;

. . . . .

Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them—  
Nought shall make us rue,  
If England to herself do rest but true."

England certainly has her drawbacks, and I think that all will allow strangers are the best criterion to go by, and they generally seem to think that her smoke and climate are the two chief objections. As to the former, grapes are sour, for countries that are not blessed with such coalfields as ours are very willing to pay any price for the black diamond, and new countries that have them are developing them as fast as possible;

so this objection ends in smoke. As to the second, I think the climate of England is her great charm, as, thanks to the benign Gulf Stream, apples are not roasted on the trees, nor men fried in their own fat while crossing a street, nor are we compelled to put our noses in bags to prevent them being frozen off; in fact, our temperate clime is as superior to that of any country I have yet visited, as the "Great Britain" is to any ship that I have yet sailed in. As to her great advantages, both natural and artificial, it will be useless for me to attempt to speak, as they are too well known to need repetition, and besides, I would not like to encroach on your time by commencing to enumerate them, for their name is legion. When I was in America, the chief fault that the Yankees appeared to find in 'our little world—this precious stone set in a silver sea' was, that it was so small; and they would say something to the effect that when they were in London they did not like to go out after dark for fear of stepping into the sea. I used to reply that if they ever wished to make themselves as famous as England in the annals of history in comparison to their size, they would have, to use their own expression, to hurry up quick. Naturally everybody loves his native land the best, and I have no doubt that the Greenlander equally with the Fiji, flatter themselves that there is no country like their own, and it would be a pity if it were not so, for there must be few indeed who do not spurn the bare idea of loving any land so well as that which gave them birth. Sir Walter Scott has beautifully expressed these sentiments in his famous lines:—

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said—  
This is my own, my native land;  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned."

I am afraid you will think I have perhaps been rather egotistical in my poor attempt to sing the praises of England—but you must remember that I am to be followed by a distinguished

said—"That I care for nobody and nobody cares for me." We dropped anchor half a mile from the shore, and were landed at Sandridge—the Port of Melbourne, three miles distant by rail. The Yarra-Yarra river runs past Melbourne, but only small craft can go up, and it is lucky we had not to do ditto, for at this port it is simply a huge sewer, and the odour is terrible. Sandridge is not an inviting place, reminding me rather of Hoylake, and the man who gave it its name must have been a sensible one. The houses are chiefly built of wood, and only one story high, and, as to architecture, resembled some of the new towns of the far West of the U.S. Most of the ships, including the "Northumberland," come along large wooden piers, trains run to the end, and there are steam cranes and all other appliances for loading and unloading. It is wonderful to think that thirteen years ago this part of Australia was inhabited by a few blacks; but we must not begin to moralise so soon. After five minutes ride in the train we reached the capital of Victoria; it is a fine city, all the streets are built at right angles, and are of immense width—60 to 70 feet; there are large gutters at each side, as the drainage is generally above ground, but they always keep a plentiful supply of running water, and there are little wooden bridges leading on and off the pavements. There are some splendid buildings, notably the Post Office, Town Hall, Free Library, &c.; they are built of a fine white sandstone, procured in Tasmania, and a number of the stores are built of the same material. Melbourne reminds me very much of Chicago, but it is a long way ahead of the Yankee cities in one respect, as it has good pavements and macadamized roads. A number of the houses are only one story high, and next to a magnificent building you will see a shanty, so, of course, there is a new unfinished look about the whole; but, without doubt, it is a wonder how it has sprung up in the time. There are few dwelling-houses, as nearly everybody lives out in the suburbs, of which there are numbers; trains run frequently to all of them, on the same system as the district railways in London; and

when you hear that Melbourne proper has only 56,000 inhabitants, and the suburbs 150,000, you will soon understand how one hears so much about St. Kilda, Richmond, Toorak, Yarra-Yarra, &c., &c. I had expected to see the country about Melbourne perfectly flat, but it is undulating, and the town itself is built on seven hills; and when it rains as heavily as it did last Saturday, you stand a good chance of being washed by the water down the gutters, indeed, in some places, you have to pay sixpence to be ferried across in a car. I am quite in the fashion here, as everybody wears a beard. I have been struck by the independence of the car drivers, &c.; in this they resemble the Americans, and here as in America it is—"Hail fellow! well met." The masons, carpenters, &c., appear superior to those classes in England—but then the superiority does not continue; what I mean is, that the foreman does not look more respectable than the man under him, and on the Mining Exchange they are as rowdy a lot of fellows as you would wish to see. There are bars similar to those in the United States, and cock-tails are all the rage. New comers are called new chums, and you are instantly spotted as one; for, although I have a species of scrub which answers to a beard, I do not wear a white hat, which is the mark of a thoroughly domesticated gum-sucker. If you want to see the beauty and fashion of Melbourne you must do the block in Collins Street at four p.m. The climate makes the young people grow fast, and a lad of from fourteen to sixteen might easily be taken for twenty, both as to size and independence—and, I may say, impudence; however, they say "Ill weeds grow apace." But after all, from what I hear, the Colonists love and respect the Mother Country; and it is refreshing to see pictures of the Royal Family in all the windows. At public entertainments "God save the Queen" is played, and the Royal Family is prayed for in Church as at home; in fact, if England does not treat her Colonies well, it is a disgrace. If you want to invite a gentleman here to liquor up, you ask him if he will have a *shout*. The meat is particularly good, equal to that in England—in fact, some

*September 23rd, Melbourne*—We arrived here all right last Thursday night, after a most successful run of 53 days 6 hours. The "Great Britain" certainly cannot be called a tub, as we averaged ten knots for the whole of the 12,750 miles; we did not in the whole time ship as much water as I have often seen a ferry boat do in crossing the Mersey. Navigation is certainly a wonderful science, and although we did not sight land from Holyhead to Cape Otway, nor did we see a ship after the sixteenth day out, yet we could tell to a minute when we ought to see the first land in Australia, and see it we did. One gentleman told me that my speech brought up recollections of his grandmother, and two old gentlemen said it was quite refreshing to hear such Tory sentiments expressed in this Radical age, as he thought they were nearly extinct altogether. I was considered the hero of the evening, but when you read it I am afraid you will think that the other speaking was very poor, which it certainly was; they heard every word of mine, and that, combined with the patriotic lines from Shakespeare, told more than the actual matter in it.

## CHAPTER II.

## AUSTRALIA AND TASMANIA.

*Melbourne, September 14th, 187—.*

WHEN last I wrote, the noble old ship was safely moored inside Hobson's Bay. In the morning at six a.m. we started for Melbourne, which is 45 miles from the Heads; the land which we passed after Cape Otway was covered with brushwood reaching nearly to the water's edge, but anything more desolate than the Bay it would be difficult to imagine; it is about 40 by 40, and as we kept in the centre we only could see a blue rim of land in the distance; and as it was raining heavily, and raw and cold, our prospects looked decidedly blue. As the passengers, since my speech, are always chaffing me about my Anglophobia, I retaliate by saying that I miss the sunshine of England, and wish that I had brought some of Professor Tyndall's bottled sunshine to give us a little warmth; however, all things must have an end, and after two or three hours we espied a tender awaiting our arrival, half way between the Heads and Melbourne. It was amusing to see the greetings and kissings that went on, for, as I was merely a spectator and not an actor in the performance, I could look on with complacency. Having made such a good run we had arrived before the mail, and consequently nobody knew I was coming,—I think it was a great advantage, and I resembled the Jolly Miller of the Dee, who

citizen (Mr. G——, 5th Wrangler) or I might almost say the pride of that farinaceous village, Adelaide—who, I have no doubt, will much more effectually and eloquently plead the cause of his native land, Australia—one of the mother country's largest offshoots—than I did of mine. I am sorry to have detained you so long, but I will now conclude by repeating three or four lines of England's greatest son, which are particularly applicable to our present circumstances, and if, after hearing them, every Englishman or Englishwoman is not proud of his or her parentage, then all I can say is they are not worthy of their high distinguished lineage:"—

"Then, England's ground, farewell : sweet soil, adieu ;  
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet !  
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can ;  
Though banish'd—yet a true born Englishman."

*Wednesday, 18th.*—Lat. 38.50 S., long. 143.50 E., course N.E., 258 miles. Passed the Otway at eleven a.m. Now about 95 miles from Melbourne. Took up the pilot at four p.m., and passed through Port Philip Heads at five p.m. There is a very strong current outside called the Rip. Anchored inside the Heads at six p.m. for the night. When we arrived and heard all particulars of the "Northumberland," we found that our good old ship had beaten her by six hours, as we had, allowing for difference of time (about ten hours)—taken 53 days 6 hours from Liverpool to Cape Otway, and the "Northumberland" had taken 52 days 12 hours from Plymouth—so, allowing twenty-four hours between the latter place and Liverpool, we won by six hours; and the Captain of the "Northumberland" allows that he is beaten. It is the fastest run that the "Great Britain" has ever made by two days, and I have little doubt that if she were pressed she could do it in 50 days. We had not particularly favourable weather—at least, we had head winds for two days down Channel, as our runs will show, and then we had a South wind for three days, which, although we steered to the East as close-hauled as possible, drove us

seventy miles to the North in two days ; but, when we fairly arrived round the Cape, we had splendid weather, and we sailed twenty-four days while the "Northumberland" only sailed fifteen ; in fact, I fancy the difference is that the "Great Britain" never puts down her screw if she can sail eight knots, while the other vessel never takes hers up if she can help it—that is, unless her engines begin to race. The "Northumberland" burnt 592 tons of coal, while I suppose we consumed between 1,100 and 1,200 tons. As to their sailing qualities there is no comparison, nor as to their comfort. The "Northumberland" goes home via Cape of Good Hope, and puts in to coal at the Cape and St. Vincent. The "Great Britain" goes round Cape Horn, and does not coal anywhere ; of course, she is liable to encounter bad weather on the latter route, and I fancy a good many people would prefer the former. It is a great triumph for the old ship, as she is now thirty years old, and the ship that was built expressly to take the shine out of her has had it taken out of herself. I here give a summary of our daily course throughout the voyage :—

First 14 days	we ran	2,916 miles,	or a daily average of	208 miles.
Second	" "	2,997	" "	214 "
Third	" "	3,589	" "	256 "
Last 12	" "	3,258	" "	271 "

Or, total distance ran, 12,755 miles, and averaging 236 miles per day. Time occupied (apparent) 54 days, but, deducting ten hours for difference of time, you will find that we averaged nearly ten knots an hour for the whole of the way. I hear that the engineers on board the "Northumberland" say they hope never to have such another fifty days, and, from what I can hear, they did all they knew, as Captain Shinner wrote to his friends to say he would arrive in Melbourne on the 16th September. We did our best too, but there was no driving, and I do not see anything to prevent the "Great Britain," if driven, doing it in 50 days.



people think it is better, as they say the beef of Great Britain tastes of oil-cake, while this is altogether fed on grass and roots. I appreciate it highly after being so long at sea, but for my part, I think the two greatest treats after a long voyage are a fresh water bath and fresh butter.

## JOURNAL.

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*Thursday, 19th.*—After reaching Melbourne I drove straight to Scott's Hotel, and found it a very comfortable but noisy one ; however, I did not care to go to "Menzies," which is the family one. We had lunch, and oh ! the delights of being able to eat without the fiddles, and without the fear of pea-soup rolling into your lap. We then drove to rescue our luggage from the Custom House Officers ; they were very civil, and we had no trouble at all. I then began to deliver a few of my twelve letters of introduction. I called on Mr. L —, but he was in Sydney ; on Colonel A —, but he was out of town ; on Mr. N — ; then on Mr. B —, who had my name put down at the Melbourne Club. He is at present houseless, as he is having a new one built ; so he is living at the Club. I took a drive in the country for an hour. They have a curious kind of vehicle here—a species of Irish jaunting car, only the seats are fore and aft ; they hold six, and, as they have a large footboard at each end, they can carry an immense amount of luggage—in fact, they are a good invention, as they have a large carrying capacity, and only have two wheels. I passed by several gardens, botanical and otherwise. The trees consist of gums of all shades and colours, all looking more or less dead, as they do not change their leaf, and the leaves have a dried-up withered appearance. The blue gum bears the prettiest foliage ; araucarias and that sort of shrub seem to flourish, and oaks and other English trees have been planted and do very well, but

The Indian trees of the India-  
— were termed woods:  
— woods. I dined quietly

— called on S— (A.  
— called on C— G—,  
— in the Northumber-  
— called on E—, the  
— an intelligent man.  
— more letters—  
— Museum, and the  
— Library. Fifthly,  
— Park (B—):  
— I had a previous  
— and Sandhurst, so  
— called on G—  
— Saturday with him at  
— a dog show; a  
— nor heavy nor fashion  
— a private one, and  
— Four shillings for  
— coats, and sweets.  
— the trapeze. The  
— common breed

— of the rain coming  
— morning, but  
— as I really know  
— was first meeting  
— saw a model of  
— sources, and it  
— was a fine  
— in the world.  
— and an  
— the way imagine

what size the bird must have been. The Dingo, or native dog, was found here—hares and rabbits have been introduced, and thrive wonderfully—in fact, all animals and birds that have been introduced into Australia seem to flourish. None of the native birds sing, but they are pretty, so far as plumage goes—parrots, paroquets, cockatoos, all decked out in the most gorgeous plumage; there is a bird called the laughing jackass, and emus, black swans, &c. Sparrows now abound in Melbourne, and peacocks also seem to do well, judging from the number one sees. In the afternoon I went by rail to Toorak, to a Mr. S—whom I had met at the Club. He has one of the prettiest places in the neighbourhood. We were to have had a croquet party, but it rained incessantly, and no ladies turned up. We had a swell luncheon. The view of the Bay of Melbourne from the house is most beautiful. Dined with Mr. E— at the Club; then went to a concert in the Town Hall—a magnificent room, the painting well done, not too gaudy—a very fine organ, almost as large as the one in St. George's Hall, Liverpool. The playing and singing was good—at least as regards the gentlemen. The soprano was a failure, but she made up for the lack of music by her good looks, fine figure, and elegant toilette. Lord Canterbury, the Governor, was there—a handsome-looking man.

*Sunday, 22nd.*—A fine bracing day after the rain. Went by train to South Yarra; drove from thence to the Church, where I met Mr. G—. The building was pretty, and the service nicely done. Mrs. G— was not at Church, they have a nice little cottage in a small garden, and a charming Irish niece, who is a Fenian, and devoted to a cat sixteen years old. In the afternoon we went a walk. The country about here has been cleared of all the trees, and reminds me rather of Delamere Forest—wide sandy roads, &c. We called at a gentleman's house, and saw some fine pictures—one or two by "Vernet." We went to Church in the evening, and after service a very pretty young lady came in to supper—black hair, large eyes, good nose, fine complexion, exquisite figure, and a nice engag-

ing manner—in fact, I have not seen a better *tout ensemble* for a long time. However, time waits for no one, and I had to hurry off to catch the last train to town, so it all seemed like a pleasant dream. I had a magnificent view from a Mr. G——'s house of the town and bay, and saw the Macedon Mountains, 45 miles distant, and all the outlying suburbs of Melbourne. Mr. G—— is a great enthusiast about flowers, and everything seems to grow here except tropical plants—lilies, geraniums, pansies, and roses—indeed, all flowers that grow in or out of a greenhouse at home; and, as to fruits, you see apples, cherries, oranges, figs, vines, gooseberries, currants, &c. The curious thing is, that the climate appears to suit the more hardy fruits as well as those which need more warmth.

*Monday, 23rd.*—Weather more like March—cold winds and dust. I went down in the morning to Sandridge to inspect the “Northumberland.” Lunched with Captain Shinner—a nice, pleasant man; he was telling me that he intends going home by Cape Horn. There were several of his officers there, and twenty of his passengers, and they attacked the old ship unmercifully; but I had victory to back me up, and I think I held my own. I mentioned about the splendid view I had from Mr. G——'s house, and said nothing added more to the beauty of the landscape than our noble ship the “Great Britain,” with her towering masts, &c. One of the officers asked me if I did not also see the “Northumberland.” I said, “Oh, no; I did not descend so low as to make her out.” I was going to add that after all “Northumberland” is only a patch on “Great Britain,” but they accused me of being too sarcastic; however, twenty-five *versus* one is hardly fair. I took the train to Hawthorn to call on Sir Gavan Duffy, the ex-Prime Minister. He was very unwell, so I did not see him. He has a nice cottage, built, as they all are here, in the shape of a Bungalow. In the evening I dined at the Club.

*Tuesday, 24th.*—Spent the morning in visiting the Library—one of the finest I have ever seen. In the afternoon came to

Geelong by train, 45 miles, and put up at Mack's Hotel, where Mr. N—— is staying with R——. The country we passed through was very flat and uninteresting. In the evening we visited the Mechanics' Institute—a fine building. There are 10,000 volumes in the Library, and all the daily and weekly papers. I was introduced to Mr. R——, one of the largest and wealthiest squatters, with 40,000 acres of splendid land. He sometimes makes £2,000 a week in selling fat cattle. He told us that it had cost him £16,000 to extirpate the rabbits from his estate. In one year he spent £3,000. He is a fine healthy, old man, and lives in regal style, and would have been glad for us to go and see him, only he was on his way to town.

*Wednesday, 25th.*—Had a bathe in the morning in beautifully clear water. Geelong has a population of 26,000, and is spread over an immense space. Like Melbourne, it might be called the City of Distances. It is situated on a bay within a bay, and is a fine site for a large town. It is the port for the Western Districts, and there are one or two ships loading wool. We visited the Botanical Gardens, which promise to be pretty when they are more grown up—beautiful flowers, any quantity of gladioli, and oh, such roses. In the afternoon R——, Mr. N——'s son, and I, went for a sail in his boat; after about half an hour the wind came off the land, and, though R—— said he could sail us in by making numerous tacks, we took to the oars. In the evening we went to a musical party at the Vicar's; spent a pleasant evening. Curiously enough, he was twenty-five years ago curate to Dr. B——, at Trinity Church. He was a very pleasant man, and his daughters played well; they were real, lively, bouncing girls, and it is quite a relief to see them after the stuck-up young ladies one meets now-a-days.

*Thursday, 26th.*—Weather still cold. I drove with Mr. V——, Mr. N——'s partner, to a station about 22 miles from here in a buggy, with two go-a-head ponies. We accomplished eighteen miles in an hour and a-half, which is good going. We then had luncheon, and hired a horse and buggy to take us the other four

We passed by several stations. I, in my ignorance, ~~was~~ when we were coming to the Bush I had heard so much of Mr. V—— laughed, and said that in Australia the country ~~is~~ ~~called~~ the Bush. I had always imagined it referred to some ~~kind of shrub~~; but, with the exception of a few gum trees, we ~~did not see~~ anything approaching to shrubs. The roads are ~~capital~~, as there is abundance of hard stone to be procured in the neighbourhood. The station Mr. V—— had to go to was ~~one~~ of about 2,000 acres of tolerable land. He tells me that on ~~land like this~~ they generally calculate on one sheep to the acre, so that there are 2,000 on this run. They would produce ~~between~~ twenty and twenty-five bales of wool, and, as they are ~~getting~~ about £25 a bale, you can calculate what profit they ~~have~~; of course, they sell some for meat, which is 2d. to 3½d. a ~~pound~~—rather different to English prices. This man is only a ~~farmer~~—not a large squatter. There is not much expense with ~~sheep~~ in this colony, as there is enough of food for them all the ~~year round~~, without roots or artificial stuff of any kind. The ~~various~~ flocks are put in separate paddocks, and are only brought up at shearing time, so they really hardly need any ~~shepherds~~; but there are one or two boundary men to see that they do not get out of their paddocks. When we returned to the hotel, where the horses were put up, we each took a rod and went to fish, but did not catch anything as the stream was too ~~muddy~~. I have not patience for fishing, and agree with Dr. Johnson that there is a fool at one end and a worm at the other.

Friday, 27th.—I had intended visiting the meat preserving establishment, but unfortunately it is not working at present. They are delighted about meat being so high in England, as they think it will cause Australian meat to come into fashion. I called in the afternoon at the G——'s. In the evening there was a ball in the hotel. It was one of the private assembly ones, of which there are five in the course of the year. I did not dance at all, not even a square, but acted the part of a wall-flower. It was a fine room—a capital floor and good music;

there were sixty people less than usual, but several families were in mourning and so were prevented coming. The dresses were much the same as in England; three or four of the ladies were decidedly good looking, and there was plenty of them—indeed, I hear Australia is celebrated for the rapid growth of the youth of both sexes. I went to bed at half-past eleven, but Mr. N— remained till half-past two.

*Saturday, 28th.*—I started at nine o'clock in Cobb's coach, with four horses, for Birrigerra, a place thirty-five miles distant, and as we went in four and a half hours, we averaged eight miles an hour, including stoppages. The fares used to be 25s., but owing to a wholesome opposition they have dwindled down to 5s. For the first few miles the scenery was very fine, as we passed by hillsides covered with vines, and orchards with any amount of blossom on the trees; in the distance we saw huge forests and the Cape Otway range of hills. The estates all along were fenced in, and we saw numerous cattle and sheep browsing away. We passed Mr. A —'s station, where the Duke of Edinburgh stopped on his way to this part of the district: we then passed through a level plain of fifteen miles, and at last reached our destination, having been smothered with dust the first half, and drenched for the remainder of the drive. I am truly thankful, after this experience, that I did not live in the good old days when stage coaching was in vogue. At Birrigerra, the private omnibus of Mr. S — met us, and I then found out he had been in the coach. We had a drive of six miles to his place over a most dreadful road. If you can picture to your self what it would be to be driven over a dried up Cheshire Lane, you may form some idea of the jolting and bumping we got. Mr. S — is a fine looking man, and was once first minister, but now he has resigned politics for farming. Mrs. S — has two nieces staying with her. They have a nice house, one story high, a large dining room with vaulted roof and old-fashioned fire-place, in which they burn wood. The whole house is well built, and there is a ventilator



in each room. His estate is about 5,000 acres, and some of the best land in the Colonies—six sheep to an acre; there is a nice garden and lovely flowering shrubs. I saw a number of white cockatoos—their plumage is as pure as driven snow, and a prettier object than a flock of these birds flying in the bright sunshine, with their glistening feathers, could not well be imagined. There are also numbers of red and green parrots. On this station there are no kangaroos, for they have all been destroyed, as one eats very nearly as much grass as a sheep; the large kangaroos have wonderfully strong tails, and I am told that the tail of the male kangaroo contains forty yards of sinews.

*Sunday, 29th.*—Cold showery weather; drove two miles to church. In the afternoon we took a walk and had some beautiful views. In the evening sang some hymns, "Ancient and Modern," and went to bed about half-past eleven. All Mr. S—'s property is wooded; the trees are mostly gum, but there are some lightwood, and the whole has very much the appearance of a park at home—fine rich black soil. One of the dogs killed a small wild cat of the country; it had a very pretty skin, brown with white spots; it belongs to the order of Marsupials—*i.e.* it has a pouch in which it carries its young.

*Monday, 30th.*—Mr. S— and I left his house at twelve o'clock, and were driven to Birrigerra, where we took the coach for Camperdown, distant forty-three miles. For the first fifteen we were inside, and as there were six of us and only 3ft. 3in. width on each side, it was a case of jam and suffocation. Mr. S— was nearly sea-sick; but at Colac we became "outsides," and passed through fine park-like land and splendid soil. This is the cream of the Western district, which is the garden of Victoria, and will bear ten sheep to the acre—but it is so rich that cattle are chiefly fed on it. We passed Mr. R—'s place; he has, as I think I mentioned, above 40,000 acres, and he sells about 5,000 to 6,000 cattle a year, at about £12 a head. In England, I suppose such cattle would fetch £35 to £35. He has sheep besides. The estate was infested by millions of

rabbits, and Mr. R — had to keep one hundred and fifty men hard at work some time trying to get rid of them—this they did by systematically stopping the holes ; after a time the numbers were sensibly reduced. It cost Mr. R — several thousand pounds ; but they ate all his best grass, and in some places acres were laid bare. We passed by a lake 90 miles in circumference ; it is very salt. We then went through what is termed the Stony Rises—they are huge blocks of stone lying in all shapes and forms, and covered with moss. At twilight, or on a moonlight night they must have a weird look, and a fertile imagination could easily conjure up hob-goblins, ghosts, &c. Generally there are numbers of kangaroos about here ; unfortunately we did not see any, but a gentleman who came by the night coach says he saw numbers. We noticed flocks of wild black swans (there are no white ones here), and cockatoos, parrots, &c. The weather is very cold, 53 in the shade, and heavy showers of rain. Mr. S — knew Mr. G — when he was in the Colony. We arrived at Camperdown about six o'clock ; it is a small village built in a large valley ; it reminded me very much of a "one horse" town in the far west—small wooden houses, &c. ; however, the hotel was of stone, and clean and comfortable. The host sat at the top of the table, and the stage driver—in fact the whole establishment took tea at the same time ; but you must remember that the coachman here are not the same as in England, being for the most part well mannered and well spoken. It is an insult to offer a stableman less than 2s. 6d., if you give him anything at all—but they do not expect a tip, though like other folk, they do not refuse a good offer when it is made to them.

*Tuesday, October 1st.*—Mr. S — went on at eight a.m. this morning to Hexham. I remain till evening, when I go on to Mr. M'A —, who is to arrive this evening from Geelong. I took a walk to where they are making a new park—it is on the side and top of a hill, from which you have a magnificent view of two lakes, one lying on either side, and the country all finely wooded, with the horizon bounded by gradual rising undulations, for

mountains they can scarcely be called. The gum trees, which, seen near, are very ugly, have a peculiarly soft, beautiful shade when seen afar off, and prove the truth of the poet's lines :—

“ 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And clothes the hills with azure hue.”

I have been agreeably surprised with the beauty of the Bush, but then I must remember that I have only so far been in the garden of Victoria. I have no doubt if I had gone to the other side, or further inland, I should have found it flatter and the soil poorer. I left the hotel about eight o'clock in Mr. McA——'s buggy: we had a drive of nine miles, and as it was pitch dark, we had an exciting, if not a fast drive; for after we left the metal, we were continually losing the track, and were in danger of driving into ditches; however, we reached the house safely, and having had tea, retired to bed. The usual hours for meals here are, breakfast, eight; dinner, half-past one; and tea, seven o'clock.

*Wednesday, 2nd.*—This house is a well-built one, and I have a large room, elegantly fitted up with all manner of toilet luxuries, and plenty of books, including “The Gentle Life,” but no novels. All the fire-places are stone, and meant for wood. Mr. M'A—— is a very hospitable and agreeable man; his wife very pleasant, and much taken up with her children, of which there are seven, ranging from two years old to seventeen. Then there is a governess, both clever and lady-like. The house is built on the side of a hill, and has a fine broad terrace laid out as a flower-garden. They have also a large fruit garden and vines, orange trees, figs, &c., growing up the hill at the back. The view is magnificent. You can see miles and miles of park-like land, interspersed with one or two small lakes. In the evening I went with the eldest son on horseback to try and find a 'possum. We took two dogs, and, after wandering for some time through a thickly-wooded part of the estate, the dogs stopped opposite a gum tree, and I saw what I have often heard of before, “a 'possum up a gum tree.” Young M'C—— poked him with a stick, while I stood facing the other side of the hole

with a stick, ready to hit him on the head if he showed his nose. Notwithstanding the very pointed hints we gave him to come out, he would only shew his teeth; till at last, in an unguarded moment, he thrust out his tail, whereupon we instantly seized it, and, by our united efforts, pulled him out, and handed him over to the tender mercies of "Dash," who soon dispatched him. He was a large one, with fur something the color of a rabbit, only darker; a head more the shape of a squirrel. He was about the size of an ordinary cat, only broader, and not so long in the legs. We then remounted our steeds and rode to a paddock to try and find one or two of the aboriginals of the country. We found one at home in his *mia mia* (pronounced *mi mi*). The old man was lying before a fire, wrapped up in his blanket, and surrounded by five dogs; his house, or *mi mi*, is made of branches of trees, placed one against another in the shape of a pyramid. It shelters him from the sun to a certain extent, but neither from rain nor wind, if the one I saw was a good specimen. The aboriginals in Victoria are nearly extinct, owing partly to the fact that the result of their contact with civilization has been to teach them to drink spirits. They are very lazy, and, if they work for a few days, will then return to their original idleness. Another cause of their dying out is through the misplaced kindness of the Government in giving them blankets, and trying to induce them to live in houses. They try both for a time, but generally return to their old way of living (*i.e.*, in their *mi mi*, and in little more clothing than Nature has given them), and, as they change their abodes often, they take cold, and many die of rheumatism. All the squatters treat them well, and allow them to live on their stations and feed them. There is a regular station for them here, about ten miles off, and I believe they are doing pretty well, as they live in their old way. Camperdown George told us he liked to be in gaol, because he could live there at the expense of the Government. He is, I fancy, pretty often in quod, for if he gets any money he spends it in drink. He was not feeling well to-day,

but he said that by-and-bye he would jump into white man and have large station—in other words, if he died he would become a white man—for this is part of their belief; and one man who was hung seemed quite pleased at the prospect, as he said I shall soon be white man. They have not intelligent faces, and must, I should think, be next in descent to the monkey. They are of a dark copper-colour, not black, and rather below than above the middle height. The woods that look so well from here lose in appearance as you approach them, as most of the trees have been “sprung” (*i.e.*, about a foot and a-half of bark has been taken off them all round.) They gradually die under this treatment, and their withered trunks and dead leaves present a very mournful appearance. The expense of cutting them down is so great that this is the only way of thinning them. This station is about 20,000 acres, and there are perhaps 24,000 sheep and 2,000 cattle. Mr. M'A — has been away all day, and is going to-morrow to Hexham, so I am afraid I will not see him again, but his son is going to lionise me about. This is the first day I have ridden, and I do not feel any the worse, as the horses here have a very easy canter, similar to those on the River Plate, and there is not much pressure on the ankle. Weather so wet this afternoon that we could not get out.

*Thursday, 3rd.*—Very wet, so we only sauntered about the stables. In the afternoon we went to the sheep-washing place; the washing will begin in a week or two. The sheep are first put into a tank with hot water and held down by two men; they are then run up a passage into a square kind of box, from the top of which, at a considerable height, cold water is poured on them, while men rub their wool till it is quite clean. They are then turned into a paddock, where they remain three days till their fleeces are dry enough for the shearer to take them in hand. The sheep on these stations are mostly a mixture of the Leicester and Merino, but I believe Lincolnshire are now coming into fashion, and £75 was given for a fine bred ram at the Hexham

show yesterday. The prices given for cattle are tremendous, and Mr. McA— tells me that a neighbour of his gave £1200 for a shorthorn bull, a descendant of some celebrated stock. Shorthorns and Herefords are, I believe, the favourite cattle out here. On a station near this, a Mr. Neil Black has some splendid land; clover one to one and a half feet high, consequently his beasts fatten wonderfully, and he gets as much as £23 for one of his fat stock in Ballarat. What would they have fetched in England? The way they preserve meat is this—the best parts of the animal, minus bone, are put into small tins with a small hole in the lid, these tins are put into a boiler in which water is heated up to a very high temperature; after being in the requisite length of time, and, the air thoroughly exhausted, the tins are at once hermetically sealed. They are now ready for export. One tin in fifty, I believe, is the average of bad ones. A Mr. F— came out to-night with his wife—he was most amusing, and played the violin very well.

*Friday, 4th.*—I started off at half-past seven a.m., with John to a station of Mr. McA—'s, situated in a forest, in order to see some kangaroos; all went well till I tried to put on my waterproof without getting off my horse. The animal bolted, and I having one hand in my coat and one out, was nearly helpless; at last she stopped, and I thought the worst was over, when she begun to buck as only Australian horses can; I was powerless to hold her head up, and consequently she got it down between her legs, and in less time than it takes to narrate, I found myself quietly seated in a pool of water; however, I was fortunately not hurt, and I rose up if not a wiser a wetter man, and for the future shall avoid putting on coats on horseback. It turns out she is a very nervous beast, and not given to bucking, but when she does begin, being a powerful active mare, she does it thoroughly. Mr. S—, and many others, tell me it is perfectly true, that a horse has been known to get rid of his saddle without breaking his girths; but it is only one in a thousand that can do it. Before a horse bucks, he puts his

head well between his legs, swells out his body, in order it is supposed to break the girths—and if they do not yield when stretched out, when he draws in his breath, the saddle is sent forward on his withers and slips off. John, Mr. McA——'s eldest son, who lionises me about, laughed heartily at my misfortune, as only yesterday I had been expressing my desire to see a horse buck, and he hoped I would be satisfied with this experience; but I said that feeling and seeing are two very different things, and I had never had any wish to try the effects of the bucking on myself. We now rode quietly along some dirty roads (if roads they could be called) that were up to the animals fetlocks in mud. We arrived at the cottage at ten a.m., had breakfast, and then rode off. We first saw two bush kangaroos (a small species) bounding through the brushwood, but after a time we espied a “mob” of large ones. The pace they go at is astounding, and it is a sight to see them leaping logs, &c.—they seemed to skim over them; they can jump eight to ten feet in height; the largest spring over a fence that one has been known to make was about fifteen yards from point to point—of course, this was a very exceptional leap. Although they go off at a great rate, faster than a horse, they cannot keep it up for long, and they are gradually worn down by dogs. A male kangaroo does not run long, but soon turns to bay; they seize the dog in their fore feet, embrace him, throw him down, and rip him open with the long claws with which nature has armed their hind feet. As a rule, they make for water and drown the dogs by holding them under. A large one could kill a man if he got hold of him; the largest stand about six to seven feet. The females are much smaller; but run the fastest, particularly the one called “the running doe.” As a rule, they live in the forest amongst the brushwood; they are hunted with dogs, which look to me similar to a deerhound—sometimes they use a kind of greyhound, with a little of the mastiff blood in them, to give them courage. The men try to drive them into the open, and though the hounds generally wear them down in the long run,

the kangaroos gain on their pursuers at the fences, as they take them in their stride. They are becoming rapidly extinct; where there used to be hundreds, you scarcely find any, as owing to their eating so much grass they are destroyed as quickly as possible. In former times, about one hundred horsemen used to drive thousands of them into a huge paddock from the surrounding country, and then dismount and go in with two sticks, and while the unfortunate kangaroo seized one in his mouth, they hit him over the head with the other. This wholesale massacre of the innocents was forbidden by Government, or else the kangaroo would be actually, what it nearly is now, "a thing of the past," as far as Victoria is concerned. The legitimate hunting of them must be great fun; but though John was very anxious for me to stop and have a try with the dogs, I did not like to run the risk of injuring my ankle—indeed I find I have tried it sufficiently the last few days, with riding along the lane and paddocks; so much as I should have enjoyed it, I thought prudence the better part of valour, and resisted the temptation. They do not actually use their tails in running, but it acts as a lever. The tail makes very good soup, but the rest of the animal is not inviting. The forest we were in was very thick, and a little further on, it was almost impenetrable; they are clearing it away by having the trees sprung, and it has a curious appearance to see the whitened leafless trees standing up all around. A number of the trees have been burnt by bush-fires, and altogether it was a desolate, though strangely picturesque sight. The light wood trees are not touched, but only the irrepressible gums. We arrived home at three o'clock, and at five o'clock I return by buggy to Camperdown, where I sleep the night, and start to-morrow by coach for Geelong. I enjoyed my three days immensely, and have seen a good deal of the cream of the country in the last week. Of animals, I have made acquaintance with the 'possum and the kangaroo, and have seen plenty of cockatoos, parrots, &c., &c. So in everything I have been fortunate, except in weather, which certainly has not been propitious.



*Saturday, 5th.*—I left Camperdown at eight a.m. for Geelong; I had secured an outside seat, so had a good look at the country. I need not describe it again; after a dusty cold drive we reached our destination at half-past five. I went to Mack's hotel, but found a letter from R—— awaiting me, asking me to go direct to their new cottage, so I packed up my traps and drove there. Mr. N—— and Mr. R—— have taken a small house facing the bay; it has a capital view, and will do very well for Bachelor's quarters. Mr. N—— has lost his wife, but one of his sons lives with him and attends the Geelong College. His daughter is at some school at Torquay. In the evening the three of us went to Mr. R——'s for a children's party; he is a very wealthy man, worth £20,000 a year. He has five establishments, three in the country, the town residence we were at, and one at Queenscliffe, the Scarboro' of Victoria. Mrs. R—— is a second wife, and is the daughter of an army man; her mother lives with them; she is very clever and lively, a thorough woman of the world, and has travelled in many lands—India, Canada, &c. She and I had a long talk over our different experiences. Our hostess was charming, and made one feel at home at once; she is tall and has a good figure, and reminded me rather of Mrs. T——; she was handsomely dressed in velvet, and had a small cap on her head with red ribbons; she plays and sings splendidly; she looks about thirty-five and her husband sixty; they are considered quite the leaders in Geelong society. The house is admirably adapted for a ball—a large drawing-room, with small rooms adjoining, where coffee and other refreshments were served; a piazza, lighted with Chinese lanterns, led to the ball-room which, in this instance, was the dining-room. It is a fine room, but as this was only a children's party the carpet was not taken up. There were some nice looking youngsters, and, as usual, I talked a good deal to the wallflowers. One fond mother told me she had six there, and asked if I did not think they were fine specimens of the rising generation. Certainly, if size is the thing to be admired, they beat our English small fry,

but I do not think they come up to them either in looks or manners; in fact I have noticed that although "gumsuckers" of fifteen look, and in some ways know more than boys in England of eighteen or twenty, the knowledge is principally confined to riding, horses, sheep, &c., and if they came to England they would find themselves deficient in the ordinary ways and manners of society, as they are rough and uncouth, and very bashful and awkward in the presence of ladies. Then, of course, their education is not of the best, but, after all, it is really more necessary they should know how to ride buck jumping horses than to construe Latin. These remarks principally apply to the sons of Squatters; as a rule they are very good-natured, but the way they look down on and despise a new "chum," or anyone from England, is most amusing; to hear them talk you would think such things as horses and sheep were quite unknown there. I spent a very pleasant evening, and left about half-past eleven. As we were walking home, the sky was lit up for a second by a strange light resembling a huge ball of blue fire; it must, I suppose, have been a meteor, but I never saw anything so wonderfully brilliant while it lasted; the night was very dark. Mr. N—— thought it was a certain sign of a change of weather, and it is much warmer to-day, but blowing hard, and the sky looks unsettled.

*Sunday, 6th.*—Went to church in the morning and heard Mr. G——. He is not much of a preacher, but a splendid reader; the music was very good. I stayed the second service, and there were a good many communicants; it is a large church, and well filled.

*Monday, 7th.*—I left Geelong this morning in company with Messrs. N—— and R——, who were coming to Ballarat on business; it is forty-nine miles by rail, and we passed through an uninteresting country to reach the town where gold was first discovered. In those early days people went to pick it off the

ground, but now they have to go deeper down, as the numerous mounds or heaps of yellow earth testify. It is a town of some size, with wide streets, small houses, mostly of wood, and numberless shops of one storey high. There are some fine looking banks, and the Post Office is a fair building, but the town is not at all attractive, though it boasts of sixty thousand inhabitants. I went to Colonel R——, and then proceeded to see the largest alluvial mine; it is about two miles out of town, and is called "Albion and the Band," a curious name, taking its rise from the fact that two mines called respectively "Albion" and "the Band of Hope," have been united, and "Hope" has been dropped. There are five shafts, and I went to inspect No. 2—it is 225 feet deep. The process is really exactly the same as I described in the Hydraulic Mining at San Francisco. The soil and gravel is picked out by men with pick-axes and spades, and then shovelled into a small cart that runs on rails (a "skid" is the proper term, and three of them hold a ton); it is hoisted up to the pit's mouth, and the contents are upset into a large trough, similar to what they mix mortar in at home. The water and soil are now churned up by an instrument like a harrow, and when reduced to a state of slush, it is sent down a hole at the side of the trough (leaving the stones, &c., behind), and falls into a kind of tank, and the gold being the heaviest (in fact eighteen times the weight of water) sinks to the bottom. This gold and soil is then run over blankets; the soil is washed away, but the gold remains sticking to the flannel which is put into a barrel full of quicksilver. The barrel is made to revolve quickly, and the quicksilver attracts the gold. The two combined are called Amalgam, and when in this condition are put into a retort. The quicksilver melts, leaving the gold at the bottom, and falls into a tank of cold water; then the quicksilver can be used again. I saw a pan of gold dust and two nuggets, one about £2, and the other 80s. There were fifty oz. in the pan, the result of 300 skids. This found here is very pure, worth £3 17s. 10½d. per oz. This shaft has been worked

two years, and they have procured about £60,000 worth of gold. One shaft not working now has produced £500,000; of course there are great attendant expenses, and the manager told me that at one shaft it cost them £60 a month for water alone. After seeing these mines I went back to the hotel and had lunch, and then drove to the Victoria Mine (quartz), distant two or three miles. This is 210 feet deep, and I descended and wandered over a number of passages with a candle; it was horribly dirty, but I borrowed a pair of trousers and a shirt. The men break up the quartz with their pick-axes, and as they gradually enlarge the passages the roof is propped up by blocks of wood. The passages in some places are thirty feet wide. The quartz is sent up in a "skid," and is ground down by some powerful machinery till it is as fine as sand; it is then run over flannel, and the same process is gone through as I described above. It is wonderful how the smallest grain of gold will remain at the bottom, when sand, pebbles, &c., are washed away. Gold, next to Platinum, weighs more than any other metal, the latter being nineteen times heavier than water. From here I drove to the Botanical Gardens, which are prettily laid out by the side of a fine lake. The trees and shrubs are new, so it does not look so well as it will a few years hence. I could not see Thomas's uncle, Mr. Longley; he is the superintendent. I posted Thomas's letter to him as soon as I arrived in Melbourne, so I have no doubt he received it long since; I then drove to Colonel R——'s, where I am staying the night. I bade farewell to Mr. N——, and told him he had been a mine to me, and in making his acquaintance I had struck a reef of gold, as it was owing to him I had enjoyed my three parties at Geelong. Through his introduction to Mr. S—— and Mr. McA—— I had seen the Western district; the former gentleman gave me a letter to Colonel R—— (who is now hospitably entertaining me), and one to Mr. L——, on whom I hope to call to-morrow. Altogether, I feel as if I can hardly thank Mr. N—— sufficiently for what he has done for me. This is a cold

blustry day. I forgot to mention that I had seen two half-wild emus at Mr. McA——'s; they are ugly birds, long in the leg; they can go faster than a horse, and used to afford good sport; their eggs are a dark green colour, and they live on snails, or whatever they can pick up.

## CHAPTER III.

Melbourne, October 15th, 187— .

I have arrived at the Capital from my six weeks' tour in the Bush, and in that time I managed to see a great deal. I have come to the conclusion that if you want to do a country in a given time, do not dawdle about the cities, as, after all, towns wherever they are situated; are much the same: a mass of brick and plaster, with occasional public buildings built of fine white stone, warranted to crumble away in a given time, and except it is a city like London, Rome, or Paris, three to four days is ample for any I have yet been to; if you once begin to get into society and are asked to pic-nic parties, &c., then it is different. I consider that I have emerged from my new citizenship, for if galloping after Kangaroos, killing 'possums, and tumbling off a Buck jumper, do not entitle you to be a real Colonial, I do not know what does. A gum-sucker, I am thankful to say, I cannot be, for to be dignified by that title signifies that you have been born, bred, and brought up in this country. During my absence I drove in buggies and coaches 350 miles, besides railways, &c. Weather was, on the whole, unfavourable, and my idea of the Australian climate is that you run a decent chance of being roasted in Summer, deluged in Winter, and in the intermediate seasons semi-baked and semi-drowned in spring. I mention this to any returned Colonist, as an air climate perfection; I, for my part, prefer the English. In Victoria, the same may be said, that one may see the same things, there are insects; and the

days together in England on which you cannot get out, and I can speak from my own experience of the Spring, heavy rain one day, fine the next; sun very warm—thermometer 76 degrees, next day 49 or 50 degrees. It is, I believe, an uncommonly bad year, and so one ought hardly to take this as a specimen of the usual weather; for the climate seems changing here as well as in England; and I agree with the Spectator, that there must be something wrong with the sun, because, wherever you travel now you are informed that the weather is not what it used to be. The people here are wonderfully hospitable and kind, and I must confess that for the last month I have been sponging pretty well on their kindness; however, they seem to want me to stay longer, so I suppose it is the usual way of treating new chums in the Antipodes. Last night I dined with Mr. W——, the Master in Equity; to-night I dine with the ex-Prime Minister, Sir Gavan Duffy; and to-morrow with the present Prime Minister—so you see I am in high society. The interest that seems to be taken in my movements is surprising, and equally gratifying; in fact, it is the old saying, if you want to be appreciated do not stay at home. When at the Geelong Assembly Ball, I did not dance at all, and when I arrived here on Monday, I was told by a lady that she had heard of my conduct, and supposed that I did not think the Victorian young ladies beautiful enough to dance with; *au contraire* replied I, their beauty was such that the only way that I could adequately do justice to it was by squatting down and drinking in at my leisure the loveliness floating around.

## JOURNAL.

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*Tuesday, October 8th.*—Col. R — , at whose house I spent Monday night, is sheriff, and as the judge was sitting at Ballarat, he had to dance attendance on him; so he came late into dinner and was off before nine o'clock this morning. It rained very heavily in the night and looked threatening; but at ten o'clock, I started in a buggy and pair to drive to Erseildon, Mr. L——'s place distant twenty-nine miles. The road was good, and we reached our destination in two hours and a quarter. The country was flat and not very interesting, but the situation of Mr. L——'s house is charming; it is surrounded by a half circle of hills—whose sides are clothed with the greenest grass imaginable, equal to that of the Emerald Isle. You approach the hall door, by an avenue prettily planted on both sides with shrubs, and facing the house is a lake with swans on it, and a fountain playing in the centre of the lawn. From the drawing-room window you have a view of a very pretty cascade. The lake was planted all round with weeping willows, and their light fresh green contrasted well with the irrepressible gums. Everything looks fresh at this time of the year, but in January and February all is parched up; at that season the water all about the house must be doubly pleasant. They were just going into lunch at half-past twelve. There are five children, the eldest eleven, and the youngest a few months. In the afternoon I took a ride. It is a very fine estate, and well managed, with all the latest improvements—indeed, it is considered one of the best in Victoria,



so I am very lucky in seeing it. Sheep shearing and washing were going on. I have described the process above, so I need not repeat it. The water they are first put in is at 110 degrees; sixpence more is paid for a fleece when it is washed than when in the grease. A good man will shear from sixty to seventy a day, depending on the size of the animals. A lamb's fleece is worth five shillings. There is a very nice young fellow here called H—; he has just arrived from England, and he showed me all about. I took a great fancy to him, and he made my short stay very agreeable, as the tutor is not a very interesting young man.


*Wednesday, 9th.*—Visited the sheep sheds again, and had a bathe in the dam, and nearly got snagged, as the Yankees say. I stuck on an old stump, and my legs became entangled in some branches; however, I kept cool, and managed to disentangle myself and swam to shore. It is the place where the people belonging to the house bathe and is considered quite safe. H— is one of the best swimmers I have ever seen, and could, no doubt, have assisted me if I had got into a flurry. In the afternoon, I rode to a place called Billy Goat Hill, from whence we had a magnificent view over a flat country, with occasional hills and plenty of lakes. The soil here is very rich, and although it is not a very large property, it is looked after as well as if it were a gentleman's park in England. There are about twelve thousand sheep and two thousand cattle. Mr. L— has one or two other large stations, and is one of the wealthiest men about here. I liked Mrs. L— very much—she reminds me of one of my English friends, wearing her hair flat to her head with a piece of red ribbon across it. She has had numerous brothers at Harrow; I remembered them by name. She is one of seventeen. H— does not appreciate the land he has come to, and is always talking of England. He amused me by saying when he went in to the greenhouse that it smelt just like home, which was not wonderful, seeing the flowers were exactly the same.

*Thursday, 10th.*—I left Mr. L——'s at half-past ten, and drove into Ballarat. Mr. L—— was anxious for me to remain, but I had fixed to go on Friday to some races with R——. I have, up to this time, got on very well and talk incessantly. I drove straight to the station, where I left my things. Ballarat is a most uninteresting place, and everything is very dull just now, owing to mining shares being depreciated. For want of something better to do, I watched some men moving a house; it was a wooden one with zinc roof, 30ft. by 30ft., and four or five rooms. They first, by means of jacks, raise it from the ground on to blocks of wood, and underneath it they place three logs, fastened in the shape of a triangle. The broad end is on two wheels, and at the other there is a hoop of iron which is hung on to a cart, similar to those they use in England for removing logs of timber. To this cart four or five horses are attached, and the house is removed to its destination, with furniture and sometimes people in it. The streets are, for the most part, so wide, that there is plenty of room. I then went to Geelong, and arrived there at half-past six. I travelled second class as the carriages looked very good—but I do not think I shall try it again. There were two drunken men in, and my only sober fellow passenger told me this was often the case.

*Friday, 11th.*—Had very heavy rain in the night, but it cleared up at twelve o'clock, and at half-past one I started for the races. They are held about six miles from the town. It was a pretty course, and there was a good stand; but the ground was sloppy, and owing to bad weather there were not many present; in fact, no ladies of any pretensions. The races were good, and an average of about six started. They were called steeple chases, but in this country they have no hedges, banks or water, in fact, only stiff—very stiff, posts and rails 4ft. 6in. in height. There were a great many spills, as if a horse hits he is bound to fall; the horses seem more to buck over than to jump—they certainly jump high. I saw a horse, called "Ingleside," who is

reputed to be the highest jumper in the world ; he has cleared 7ft. lin. They seem to me to go a good pace. The longest race was three miles.

*Saturday, 12th.*—A fine day for a variety, and lucky that it was, as R— and I were destined to take part in a pic-nic. We went at the invitation of Mr. C— who provided a vehicle and a Mrs. C— the victuals, so you may call it a joint-stock company ; but whatever it was, we had a very successful and pleasant day. The party consisted of fourteen, and were about equally divided as to sex. We started at half-past nine and drove to Queenscliffe, distant twenty miles. It is situated near the Port Philip Heads, and is considered the Scarborough of these parts ; it has a splendid beach ; no doubt, in the season, it is a gay place, but it looked like a deserted village. After inspecting the church, and having a view of the ocean from the lighthouse, we climbed up into the buggies again and drove on four miles further to Point Lonsdale, where a green and retired spot was selected under a spreading gum-tree. After tethering and feeding our six horses we set to work to get the cloth laid, and a fire was made with the intention of boiling potatoes ; but they were not cooked before we had finished our meat, so those who liked them had *spuds* for dessert. After dinner, we wandered by the sad sea waves and entered into a cave. There was nothing remarkable in it, except that it was rather more damp and close than these holes in the rocks usually are. Point Lonsdale is a promontory outside the Heads, so that we had a capital view of the entrance of Hobson's Bay. It is a difficult one to enter, and there are a good many wrecks yearly of vessels trying to get in. The country round is flat and not very interesting, but it is considered one of the best places for a pic-nic, in consequence of its strict retirement and easy access from Geelong ; and if it is sea air you want you have it in perfection. We started back at six p.m., and reached home by eight o'clock. The young ladies of the party were very pleasant, and two of them decidedly clever. I have not seen much actual beauty



yet; but, as a rule, they all seem to be tall and fine looking, even if their features are not very refined—but I fear I have hardly been here long enough to judge. There were two mammas to do the chaperoning, one of them accompanied by as ugly a child as I have ever seen, almost repulsively so, but the mamma seemed quite devoted to it.

*Sunday, 18th.*—Rained heavily in the night and also in the morning. I went to church and arrived there pretty dry; heard Mr. G— again; he certainly is a beautiful reader. In the afternoon took a short walk, but did not go out in the evening. We have a fire, and find it quite necessary, as it is raw and cold. I believe it is an unusually cold and wet October. It rains hard one day and is moderately fine the next; but up to this I have not been overdone with the heat, and see no probability of being so.

*Monday, 14th.*—Left Geelong by train at sixteen minutes to nine; had thought of coming by the steamer, but it was blowing very hard, and I thought five or six hours in a boat, with every probability of being sea-sick, was not equal in pleasure to two in the train. Weather, in Melbourne, blustry and cold. I visited the library again. There are 53,000 vols. The room is 280ft. long, and 50ft. high. There is a broad passage down the middle, and the room is partitioned off into compartments by bookshelves; one for history, another for fiction, and another for science, &c., &c. It seems well arranged and well attended to. Below there is a museum, but nothing very wonderful in it.

*Tuesday, 15th.*—In the morning I went to Williamstown; it is at the other side of the Bay to Sandridge, half an hour by rail. Ships lie here at wooden piers, as at the latter place. A ship called the "Mermerus" had arrived; she left Liverpool the day we did, July 26th. All the ships seem to have had light variable winds, such as we had till rounding the Cape. We have showers of hail and rain in torrents, and when I was at Toorak, leaving cards, I was obliged to take shelter in one

house and make a dash for the next, when it cleared up. I left a card and wrote my name in a book at Government House, as it is considered the correct thing to do. In the evening, I dined with Mr. E—— at Richmond. He has a capital cook, and is a well-read, amusing man. He is a Liberal, but hates Gladstone, and thinks he would sell his country on the smallest provocation.

*Wednesday, 16th.*—Weather warmer, but still showery. In the morning I went to see the “Northumberland” start for London. In the afternoon visited the Fitzroy Gardens; they are well laid out—broad avenues, lovely flowers, scarlet geraniums, pelargoniums, petunias, verbenas, roses, arums, &c., &c., and every variety of shrubs. After the rain everything looks fresh and green. At half-past four I went to the Houses of Parliament. The Attorney General, to whom I had been introduced the day before, got me a seat. His name is Stephens, and he is related to Mr. Fitz James Stephens. I saw Sir Gavan Duffy in the House, so I sent him my card, and he came and took me over the Library. They have a capital room for it, and the dining, smoking, and billiard rooms are all good. Sir G. Duffy doubted the advantage of the latter. The House of Legislation is a square room with lofty ceiling; very plain as to ornamentation, but handsome. It is lighted by gas in the same way as the English House of Commons. There are seventy-eight members, and they receive £900 a year. There is the Speaker and his Mace, just as at home. There are no desks before the seats as in America. Mr. Stephens took me into a private room and introduced me to Mr. Francis (First Lord of the Treasury). He left me there, and I had a long talk with the Premier, who said he had often heard his father speak of the Lairds of Birkenhead, as he had known one of them (my grandfather, I fancy) many years ago. The Upper House of Council, as it is called, was not sitting; but Mr. Francis kindly sent for the keys and took me over it. It is a splendid room—much grander and more ornate than the Lower House. The members





are called Velvets, as the seats in this House are covered with red velvet, whilst in the other they are only green leather. The House consists of thirty members elected for ten years. They are not busy at present; but they resemble the House of Peers at home, inasmuch, as all the bills are sent up to them at the end of the session. I dine with Mr. F—— to-morrow. In the evening I dined with Mr. W——; he has a large family. There were four daughters and two other ladies, and I had a very pleasant evening. One of them played most beautifully: quite like a professional. I did not leave till half-past eleven, which speaks for itself of the enjoyment of the evening. There is, no doubt, I think, that, as a rule, the ladies here are more musical than those at home. The clock on the Post-Office has a beautiful chime, similar to that of Big Ben.

*Thursday, 17th.*—In the morning I went to St. Kilda, the Brighton of Victoria. It is a wretched sandy waste to look at; but there is good bathing, and in the season, no doubt, is pleasant enough; but it would require a good deal of life to make it passable, as nature has not done much for it. There is little or no tide, so they do not have bathing machines, but an erection of bathing boxes on piles, and then a space of three acres is enclosed by posts, driven in in such a manner as to exclude the sharks, which abound in the bay. It is said to be the largest bath in the world. I am, sometimes, rather at a loss how to fill up the days; the evenings are easy enough. Luckily for me cabs are cheap; and you can for a return ticket of ninepence, go by train to almost any of the suburbs within a radius of six or seven miles. I consider I have lost three or four days. I saw some lines on a picture the other day which I consider very applicable to my condition. I alter a word or two to suit:—"Lost, somewhere between sixteenth and twentieth, four golden days, each day set with twenty-four diamond hours; no reward offered for recovery, as they are lost for ever." I dined with the Hon. Sir G. Duffy, at the Houses of Parliament, in a small room off the Library. His two sons and another



gentleman joined us. Sir Gavan Duffy is very delicate, and has a husky kind of voice, which is very difficult to hear. He is evidently clever, and has travelled a good deal. He spoke for some time about the Alabama claims, and thinks they ought to detain me here as a hostage. I studiously avoided politics. We had a most *recherché* dinner, proving that the culinary department in the Houses of Parliament is well attended to. Sir G. Duffy has the reputation of being a most amusing man in conversation, as he is so well read in every subject; but he is so ill at present, that he did not talk much at all, which was a disappointment. An editor of the "Argus," a paper that always runs him down, said—"See Sir G. Duffy by all means, for he is one of the cleverest and most amusing men in the Colonies, but don't mention that you know me."

*Friday, 18th.*—I was in the House last night for some time listening to the Education Bill, but it was not very interesting. They are going in here for purely secular education; no religion of any kind to be taught, even after school hours. This morning I was doing a little sewing and writing until eleven o'clock. Certainly needles and thread are one of the "oncavaniences" of single blessedness, and, although I can sew a button on well enough, still I always have the cotton over the top in some way or another; but, after all, the moral is simple and apparent enough—it is never too late to mend. I then went out intending to take a run down to Sandridge for something to do, when I happened to notice over the office of Hudson and Watkins, the Blue Peter; I went in and found that, owing to the arrival of the English mail, the "Tamar" would sail to-day, instead of to-morrow, as advertised. I instantly went back and packed up, then wrote a note and left it at Mr. Francis' house, telling him I was obliged to go off, and at two p.m. I was sailing down the Yarra on my way to Launceston. It is nine miles by river to Sandridge, and there we waited for the English mail. We left the Bay at five p.m., and were outside the Heads at eight p.m. It was a comfortable

steamer (about the same size as the "Electric"); feeding good. We had twenty passengers—not very juvenile; some of the Tasmanian youth—*i.e.* about sixty or seventy years old. I had a final look at the "Great Britain;" she certainly looked well as she was in capital trim and fresh painted, ready for the start on the twenty-second. The P. and O. boat, the "Baroda" was steaming up; an ugly looking craft, with huge black funnel and brig-rigged; she was as great a contrast to the "Great Britain" as the "Cerberus" to the "Nelson;" but a gentleman remarked—"What would the "Great Britain" do against a strong head wind?" I was forgetting that we are living in a fast age, and that everything is sacrificed to speed and destructiveness.

*Saturday, 19th.*—Arrived at Launceston at three p.m. The distance from wharf to wharf is 280 miles, so, as we accomplished the distance in twenty-three hours, we must have gone well. The wind was favourable the latter part of the time. There is only 196 miles of actual open sea, Hobson's Bay being forty miles in length and the river Tamar 40 odd. It would be almost worth while coming to Launceston for the sail up the river; it is of considerable width, and winds about in a wonderful manner, it is more like sailing through a series of landlocked lakes. The hills on each side are covered with trees to the very top, chiefly gums and sheoks, and at a distance they do not look so ugly as when seen close. There is a rise and fall of fourteen feet, and we just managed to scrape over the bar. It would be impossible to see a greater contrast than there is between Launceston and Melbourne; in the latter place everybody appears busy, and there is a general bustle and excitement, while in the former place, and in Hobart Town, the streets are like an eternal Sabbath; or, as a gentleman who lived in Tasmania said, "You may meet a fellow creature but he only looks half awake." Although I saw Launceston during its great monthly excitement (the arrival of the English mail), the greater part of the populace looked as if they had slept for a month, and had

hardly awakened to the fact of the steamer being in again, and most of them indulged in a vacant stare, with the exception of the ubiquitous cabmen and porters, who, as usual, seized on the unfortunate passengers as if they intended to devour them, baggage and all. The fair sex, old men, and lads of fourteen or thereabouts largely predominated, and you ask yourself—Are there no young men? Well! there are a few, but enterprise is so wanting in Tasmania that all the young blood go to Victoria, leaving behind their blooming sisters and revered parents; for as you have doubtless heard, the island is celebrated for rosy-cheeked damsels and apples, and also for its climate, reputed to be the finest in the world. It is a perfect Paradise for old men, as they live to a fabulous age, but there does not seem to be a corresponding activity in their minds or bodies, as they, with orphan children, cost the country £38,000 to keep. A large sum that for a total population of 100,000. In fact, the old people are a species of lotus eaters and are too lazy to die. Young brothers have also a fine time of it, being in great request at balls, so the sisters are kept well in hand. The airs these youths give themselves are indeed a sight to see, but they know their worth and that the fair sex cannot do without them. I fancy the country is, if anything, rather going back, and they now actually import cattle and sheep. Meat here is 6d. per pound, whereas in Victoria it is only 3d. The chief exports are fruit, apples, plums, &c., a little corn and hops, and there is a fleet of twenty-five Whalers belonging to Hobart Town. There is this to be said for the country—that it is hilly and covered with forests of gum, sheoks, &c.; and the clearing of ground for cultivation becomes very expensive, and added to this the soil is so poor that it is hardly worth the trouble, and there is great difficulty in procuring labour. Years ago when the Island was used as a convicts' establishment it was much more flourishing as the men were then obliged to work, but what they cleared has been so often planted that there is no more good left in the ground, besides then the English Govern-



ment spent £400,000 yearly, and there were two regiments stationed in the Island; however, the natural beauties of Tasmania are so great, and as I mentioned before the climate is so healthy, that the inhabitants hope it will eventually become a sanatorium for India as it now is for Victoria. In size it is not quite so large as Ireland, and you may fancy how few people one sees when in the whole colony there is only a population of about half that of Belfast. I landed (Launceston) and left my luggage at the coach office and then strolled about the town. It has a population of 10,000 inhabitants and is beautifully situated. I took a look at the gorge where the South Esk joins the Tamar; the junction is called the cataract, and is spanned by a pretty iron bridge, but in half an hour, I suppose instinctively, I was back at the wharf and staring with mouth open, no doubt at the monthly wonder. It is a town in which I should die of *ennui* in a day; you see the remains of former prosperity in barracks, large houses, &c., but now there is no generous home government to spend £400,000 per annum for the benefits of the Island; and until they have a Marquis of Westminster or Bute I suppose they will be content to jog on as they are unless some new blood is infused into them. At six p.m., I engaged my seat as one of three insides in a regular old English coach. I had a journey of fifteen hours before me to Hobart Town, which is distant 120 miles. I thought of going outside, but it was cold when we started, and there was a prospect of its becoming more so as we go up a good height. My *compagnons de voyage* consisted of a buxom rosy-cheeked Tasmanian, who sat opposite to where I took my seat, thinking that she would be a nice soft pillow to fall on in case of accident, and the Attorney-General of the Island, Mr. Giblin. At first we ascended a steep hill, and on reaching the summit had a splendid view of Launceston; the whole effect was heightened by a rich Australian sunset shooting its golden shafts through the dark branches of the trees, while below the tiled roofs were glancing in the waning sunlight, and the Tamar rolled

beneath "one burnished sheet of living gold." Altogether it was a glorious scene, and in the dim distance we saw the top of Ben Lomond 4,400ft., covered with snow, and on either side of us were thickly wooded hills, with every now and then an opening through which one saw the fresh green grass enclosed with hedges of hawthorn just coming into bloom, the perfume of which filled the air. Had H — been here, he would have said, "the smell reminds me of old England," and the Tasmanian prides himself that his country resembles the old one, and so it does to the extent of that part which is cultivated. English trees flourish well when planted, and it was quite a pleasure to recognise the oak and other familiar trees. Descriptions must cease here, for the shades of night were falling fast, and soon after it became pitch dark. Although we were being bumped along at the rate of ten miles an hour, and although I had a hard seat, I managed to take snatches of sleep, just awaking when we stopped to change horses every eleven miles.

*Sunday, 20th.*—It was daylight at five a.m., so I kept my head out of the window to see the country we were passing through. It was hilly like the night before, and thickly wooded, but when we arrived about twenty miles from Hobart Town cultivation became general. We passed some of the celebrated orchards, and as the trees were in blossom it was a beautiful sight. Some of the larger ones contain as many as 6,000 trees. We also saw hop-fields, or rather, I should say, we saw the sticks up which the hops are to grow. I cannot say that they added much to the beauty of the scene, but at any rate they showed there was a little energy left in the inhabitants. Twelve miles from the capital we crossed the Derwent, here 120 miles from its source; it is a about three-quarters of a mile broad and runs between high hills. It was in this river that trout and salmon were first introduced; the former have done well but the latter have not yet been seen. A little further up the river is New Norfolk where the fish ponds are, and from there they sell the ova to other colonies. At eight a.m. we reached our

destination. The town is situated on a most lovely bay, quite next to Rio, the most beautiful I have ever seen, and rising up behind is Mount Wellington, 4,000ft. high. There was still some snow on the summit, but it always disappears in the summer. There is more going on in the capital, as it is, of course, the seat of government, and a favourite resort for visitors in the summer months. People flock in here to escape the hot winds of Victoria and New South Wales. It was very warm and the glare fearful, but in the afternoon I walked to the Paddock, from which one has a magnificent view of the bay, and then sauntered on to the Governor's gardens. They are well kept up, and the flowers and shrubs are beautiful, trees of heliotropes, and a large shrub called *sinofius*—a mass of blue bloom. We have a small plant of it in the greenhouse, but of course nothing nearly as fine as this. The Governor, Mr. Du Cane, has a very fine residence, situated on an inlet of the bay. I then walked back and went to church, which was well filled—about *ten* ladies to *one* gentleman. I am afraid, however, that the preponderance of the female sex in church is not confined to Tasmania; but what struck me most was, that you saw a bevy of young ladies walking about the gardens with no attendant knights, though there were more young men here than at Launceston.

*Monday, 21st.*—Mr. Giblin, who I met in the coach, called at the hotel, put my name down at the club, and showed me the Museum, Library, and Town Hall. All the public buildings are built of a fine white stone, and are very handsome and large, when you consider that there is only a population of 26,000. The rest of the morning I sauntered about the quays, trying to escape the wind and dust which was blinding; it was one of the regular hot burning winds which they have usually only in summer, and most unpleasant it was. In the afternoon I took a buggy and drove six miles to the Fern-tree gully; it is one of the prettiest drives in the neighbourhood, up hill nearly all the way, through what was once a forest; now the trees are

in a great measure cut down. and large trees they must have been. I saw one 12ft. in diameter, I should think, and of great height; they reminded me of the "sequoia" of California. At last we reached the spot where you turn off for the gully; it is called the Fern-tree gully from the thousands of fern trees which line the road on either side, and extend their wide spreading foilage over your head; some of them rise to a great height, ten or twelve feet; they look better when massed together than when separate, as their long brown stems are not very beautiful, and there are no leaves except a bunch at the top. There was a table and some seats at the end of the road supported on the old stumps, and you were shaded by young fern trees growing in a double column, in fact, forming an avenue. There was a small stream flowing beneath by which Hobart Town is supplied with water. This valley is probably unique; they had one near Melbourne, but the trees have been removed to beautify the Fitzroy gardens, which will no doubt be the fate of these some fine day. From Mount Wellington you must have a fine view of the town and surrounding country, but I could not attempt to go up as there are three miles of walking besides riding. I then drove to the Esplanade, from which you have lovely glimpses of the bay.

*Tuesday, 22nd.*—Did nothing in the morning except potter about. At two p.m. went to the Houses of Parliament, and saw the Houses opened by commission, as the Governor did not see fit to attend. There are about thirty members, including Upper and Lower. The Usher of the Black Rod, in full fig, led in the Commission, and then the Lower House was ordered to attend, and as there had been a dissolution, and consequent reelection, the House of Assembly was ordered to go to the place where they do sit to elect a Speaker; it reminds one of the form of sentence, when a man is to be hung. We then adjourned to the Lower House, and saw Sir Robert Officer elected for the fifth time. The House was then adjourned again, and I went to my hotel, and left at four o'clock in the "City of Hobart"

for Sydney. We had it rough going out of the Bay; it took us half-an-hour to get outside, but we were in sight of land for some hours. Mr. Giblin was most civil; and at the Club I talked a good deal to a gentleman, who I think, must be an *Aide de Camp* to the Governor; it was he who took me to the House and introduced me to the Speaker, who asked me to his place, which is, I hear, the prettiest on the Island; but I had to decline, as there is only a steamer every two or three weeks, and I want to spend as long as possible in Sydney. I seem to get on with the people very well; but, no doubt, the name has something to do with it. I was sorry to have so short a time in Tasmania, as it is such a lovely country, but I could not have thoroughly enjoyed it, as it is a kind of miniature Switzerland, and requires an immense amount of walking; it is so just as well I was not tempted to try too much. Tasmanians are noted for their hospitality; and it is fortunate for the visitors that they are so, for the hotels are poor, the prices extortionate, and everybody expects backsheesh.

*Wednesday, 23rd.*—Fine day and sea smooth; averaged about ten knots. The "City of Hobart" is an old vessel, having been built twenty years, and her arrangements are not very modern. The cabins, with port holes high up, remind one of a well; the screw is outside of her stern post, and she is consequently rather difficult to steer, and the vibration is terrible; however, it is only for three days, and I have a cabin to myself.

*Thursday, 24th.*—Wind came right ahead—so we are pitching considerably. Point Gabo Island—celebrated as having the highest lighthouse in the world (190ft.) It is built of red granite, and is a conspicuous object for miles round; shortly after passed the boundary between New South Wales and Victoria. You can see it at some distance, as there is a passage cut through the Bush, on the top of one of the hills which line the Coast; the latter is here very uninteresting, and sterile to look at; in fact, it is called the ninety miles of sand.

*Friday, 25th.*—Arrived at Sydney at twelve p.m., after a good



run on the whole, as the distance is 660 miles, and we were sixty-eight hours from wharf to wharf. I did not feel at all comfortable, but was not actually ill. There was a horrible land swell, as we kept in near shore, and, after all, the "City of Hobart" is only 360 tons register; so we bobbed about considerably. We had a lovely day for entering Port Jackson, which is considered the second harbour in point of beauty in the world. The entrance is through a passage three-quarters of a mile broad, with two lines of rocks rising up precipitously to a considerable height on either side; after proceeding for a short distance, owing to the way you wind in and out, you imagine that you are on a lake. The bay does certainly not equal that of Rio in grandeur, as the shores of this harbour are low, and there are no snow-clad mountains or even verdure-clad hills of any height, but the beauty of it lies in the numerous inlets or bays which branch off from what might almost be termed the main river; and, when you hear that there are 1,100 miles of shore in the harbour, you can judge of its immense size. Sydney itself is built on four or five promontories, and the small harbours they enclose are filled with ships. There is no need for docks or even wooden piers, as vessels drawing twenty feet come close up, and only need a gangway from the shore. These small bays remind one of the two at Malta, as the water is equally clear and blue; and just at this point the houses are closely packed. The opposite shores of the bay are very picturesque, as they are for the most part thickly wooded, and every now and then you see villas and houses nestling among the trees, and beautiful gardens running down to the water's edge. It was fortunately a lovely day when we arrived at the Heads, and as we steamed slowly up the harbour, what with numerous little steamers flitting across its blue waters and small boats with their snow-white sails gliding round the promontories of the many bays, it certainly formed such a scene of fairy-like beauty as one is only permitted to see once or twice in a life-time. What is wanted, I think, to make the harbour

perfect is a back-ground. If, as a boatman said, you could bring a high range of mountains and stick them behind the shores of the bay, then it would be equal to Rio; but in my opinion, owing to this defect, it plays second fiddle to the last-mentioned harbour. We took half an hour from the time we entered Port Jackson until we arrived at our berth. The coast-line a few miles before reaching the Heads is very rugged, and the rocks rise straight up. The Captain was saying there are fifty fathoms close under the rocks. A ship called the "Dunbar" was wrecked within a mile of the Heads a few years ago, and 340 people were drowned—in fact, all with the exception of one man. It is supposed that the Captain mistook the entrance, as it was a foggy night, and the rocks came in a little just where he went on; more people might have been saved if it had not been for the precipitous nature of the coast. It seems sad to think that they should have escaped all the perils of a long voyage, and then be wrecked within sight of the haven where they would be. It was almost a parallel case to the "Royal Charter," but there does not appear to have been a Joe Rogers on board. I visited Mr. R—, one of the firm to whom I received a letter from Mr. S—. He has put my name down at the Club, and I go and stay there to-morrow, as the hotels here are not first-class. I have a wretched room, lighted from the ceiling; cooking is poor, and, as to attendance, you may ring frantically for five minutes, and then a man comes and asks, innocently, "Did you ring, sir?" Sydney resembles an English town, and consequently it is puzzling to find your way about in it for the first day or two; they are building a new Town Hall and Post Office which will be very fine when finished, though not equal to the Melbourne ones. Up to this time they have been contented with less pretentious buildings. There is a very fine market on the same principle as the one in Birkenhead. The bay is the great charm of Sydney, and the glimpses one has of it are most entrancing. I spent the afternoon in sauntering about, dined early, and went to bed ditto.

*Saturday, 26th.*—I forgot to mention that we passed Botany Bay ten miles before reaching this harbour. It was here that Cook first landed. This morning I took a hansom by the hour, and drove off with my letters of introduction. I called on S—— Brothers, to whom I had a letter from A. H——. I then went to Mr. S——; he was out. Then to Sir James Martin's; he had gone on circuit for a week, but I saw Lady Martin; she was very pleasant; they have a beautiful house and garden facing the bay. Then on to Mr. D. S. T——; he asked me to dinner to-day. I went in the afternoon to the Botanical Garden; they are very well kept—the flowers and shrubs simply magnificent; they are situated on one of the promontories, and one of the numerous inlets does duty as a lake. There are a great number of tropical plants, clusters of bamboos, &c., and, if you have not the rank vegetation of the tropics, you have, as compensation, lawns of at present green grass, and oh! such geraniums—pink, red, and white,—with flowers the size of a saucer; roses, trees of heliotrope and plants (which I do not know the name of, a mass of bloom).—There is a very fine collection of birds, with honeysuckle twining round the cages. I think one of the great beauties of Australia is that tropical plants do well together with most English ones—the latter thrive wonderfully. I then watched some field artillery drilling; they were volunteers, judging from their appearance, as the men were all sizes. The natives here are called corn-stalks, as they are tall and slender, and grow fast. The Cads are named Larrakins. The origin of the soubriquet is this, that some lads were brought up for creating a disturbance, and the policeman—an Irishman—said “Your worship, they were *larrakin* about;” the papers took it up; little did the policeman dream that he had invented a word which would be handed down to posterity. I then saw a race between ten of H.M.S. “Cossack” and ten of the Naval Brigade; there seemed to be great excitement among the populace, but there was none about the race, as the latter crew won by minutes instead of lengths. I then visited the





cricket ground, so did a good afternoon's work ; fortunately, all the sights I saw were within a radius of one mile. In the morning I had a sail across the bay ; it certainly grows upon one, for the water is so blue and clear, and we are having lovely weather ; at the same time, I almost consider it a nuisance in some ways, as when you see a number of houses which appear about a hundred yards off, you suddenly come round a point and find a bay running up perhaps a mile inland. I believe there are over twenty, and one of them runs up for six or seven miles ; however, you must put up with the nuisance, as Sydney would be nothing without its harbour, either commercially or otherwise. The town is rather crowded together, and is seventy years old, and so, of course, looks down upon Melbourne as an upstart. After dinner I sauntered about the market ; splendid-looking beef 3d. per pound, and fruit of all kinds, strawberries, &c., &c.

*Sunday, 27th.*—In the morning I went to Christ Church ; I asked the hotel keeper where I would get the best singing ; he named the above mentioned as being very high, so much so that he thought I might as well go to St. Mary's (Roman Catholic). Well ! to my astonishment, the only fault (if fault it could be called) that could possibly be found with it was a surplised choir ; the clergyman did not intone, nor was there an anthem, nor did they even sing Hymns "Ancient and Modern ;" they used the new Lectionary, and next Friday being All Saints there was to be a full choral service. Saints days are appointed by the Church to be observed. If the good folks here think this is high they would open their eyes at " All Saints " in London, but here they have a Bishop who is physically a High Priest, but his theology is very low, and in the Cathedral where they have a capital choir he only allows choral service in the afternoon. I heard all these particulars from Miss T——, who, with Madame, was groaning over the depths of lowness they are in out here. I certainly think it is better to err on the side of lowness than that of Ritualism, but there is a happy medium. I dined at Mr.

There is a half-pay one, a pleasant old gentleman of 70. They have a nice house standing in its own grounds. I left at three o'clock, and sauntered about one of the numerous creeks, and took a boat to an American corvette; she was in capital order, mounted six guns broadside, and one nine-inch on a pivot in the centre of the ship; half the crew were niggers. In the evening I went to the Cathedral; it is a fine building of large size: I do not know of what style of architecture, but it is in the shape of a cross; the whole is built of a brownish stone, fluted pillars, the ceiling of wood, arched and painted blue with gold stars; the choir is of oak and the pulpit of carved ditto; doors of the same material. There is an immense window at each end of the nave; all are painted. There are no separate chapels at the side as in the venerable piles at home. It is a very handsome structure, and must have cost a mint of money. It was perfectly full, nave, choir, sides, and every place where there was a seat. The singing was very good, but no anthem. The sermon was not striking. I believe it was the Archdeacon who preached.

*Monday, 28th.*—I took the steamer this morning up the Paramatta river. You cross the bay and then ascend the stream to where we landed, a distance of seventeen miles. After you once get out of the bay the scenery is not very interesting, as the banks are flat and covered with the everlasting gum, except where you see orange groves. Paramatta is an uninviting, straggling town. The country round is celebrated for its orange groves and domains in which there are deer. I left the Royal Hotel and came to the Union Club. The latter is a very nice place to stop at. It is situated in its own ground, and although in a central position you might imagine yourself in the country; and it is in a quiet neighbourhood. You dine looking out on the garden, and when warm it is very pleasant. I dined with Mr. R—. Fearfully hot wind and a muggy kind of heat; almost too warm to walk about; I hope it won't last, for if it does I shall decamp. Everybody here, larrakins included, have flowers


in their button holes, so I think it more distinguished to be without. I see by telegraph of the 26th, that the San Juan case is decided against us. I should think we have had enough of arbitration, unless Ireland would like her case to be laid before Count Sclopis as to whether she is to govern herself or to be governed. The town and suburbs of Sydney are scattered over a large space; the population is about 60,000 in town proper, and about 70,000 in suburbs.

*Tuesday, 29th.*—Heavy rain and thunder; still close. Called on Captain Wiseman; he seemed delighted to see me, and I told him all the family news. He has photographs and pictures of F—— in frames scattered about the room. He has not been well of late, and has resigned his managership. He did not remember me and thought H—— the youngest. As the poet saith, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," and Captain W—— was saying that the pretty face and bright smile of one of the sisterhood haunts him still. It would be invidious to mention names, but I may give a wrinkle by saying that it is twelve or thirteen years ago, since he saw the fair vision in the flesh, though as Captain J—— would say—fancy has often brought it before his mind's eye. I went to see the Cathedral by daylight, and from thence to the Museum. It is a fine building, but after all, museums are much the same all the world over, and I did not see anything special.

*Wednesday, 30th.*—Started from the Club at half-past eight, so as to catch the train that goes over the Zig-Zag. I took my ticket to Bowenfels. The country for the first thirty miles or so was flat and uninteresting—except when we passed gardens where the Norfolk Island Pine, and other trees were cultivated, there was nothing but the inevitable gum; and I think it is this want of diversity in the trees in Australia, that makes the scenery appear so monotonous. We then began to ascend the first Zig-Zag—the gradient is one in thirty-three, and, in parts, I am told, as much as one in forty-two. Of course we ascended very slowly; the line is in terraces, one above the other, and



when you arrive at the second one you see the first that you have just come up beneath you, and the one you have to go along above. The highest point we reached was 8,700 feet; after going along the top of the ridge for some distance we came in sight of the Blue Mountains. The scenery now became very grand, and you saw narrow gorges with their precipitous sides, grassy valleys, and in the distance, range after range of mountains—but none very high. I suppose it must be from the clearness of the atmosphere; but never, in any land that I have yet been to, have I seen such an expanse of country—it seems almost boundless—and over all this lovely landscape, hangs the misty blue haze, from which these mountains derive their name. In some places it is of quite a cerulean blue, and resembles “an ocean hung on high.” I daresay, E—— will remember when we sailed past the islands in the Greek Archipelago, the purple glow that overspread them after sunset, which I could only compare to the bloom on freshly gathered grapes. Well, if she can imagine a blue glow, she will have some idea of the loveliness of the scene. We then rapidly descended. I think the last Zig-Zag was the prettiest, as we had to cross two viaducts, and when we arrived below them, they added to the beauty of the view. They use very powerful breaks, and only once has there been an accident. We took six hours to accomplish ninety-seven miles. I met two gentlemen in the train, and after our arrival we humped our swag—*i.e.* put our rugs on our shoulders, and had a walk of about a mile to the hotel. We had dinner there; and after a final look at the views, we strolled to the station, and started back at one a.m., reaching Sydney at seven a.m. It was certainly a fine sight; but it wanted more diversity of foliage—a river or mountain torrent, and a few white houses scattered about, to make it, to my mind, a perfect panorama. I am still undecided as to the New Zealand trip, chiefly because of the difficulty of getting information on the subject, or, perhaps, as Mark Twain would say—“I must have a large mind, as I take so long to make it up.” One



thing I find is a *sine qua non*, I must return to Melbourne for a starting point, for Sydney is quite secondary in importance to the Capital of Victoria, as far as steamers are concerned.

*Thursday, 31st.*—Spent the morning in going to the Bank, and securing berth in “Rangantira” for Melbourne, on Saturday, as I have decided to go to the latter place on that day, so as to be in time to see the event of the year—the Melbourne Cup. In the afternoon, I left a P. P. C. on Mr. T—; he has gone north to Brisbane. I then went to see the Horticultural Show in the Botanical Gardens. I went more to see the human flowers; but, I must confess, they did not come up in beauty or dress to the flowers pure and simple. Perhaps the reason was, that to-day the price was only one shilling for admission. The roses, gladioli, verbenas, and geraniums were splendid, and some of the variegated leaf plants; but I preferred the gardens outside the tent with the crimson flower of the hibiscus, the flowering pomegranate, and oleanders ad libitum—it was indeed a brilliant sight. The evening I spent quietly at the Club, going early to bed.

*Friday, November 1st.*—In the morning I went to call on Captain W—; he was better, and had been out for a walk. The “Collaroy” is still in existence, but the “Clarence” was wrecked. He is a regular old Tory, and has a wholesome dread of Bright and Co. I asked him if he was coming to England. “No,” he said, “do you think I’d come to a country of Dolly Vardens and milk girls, for England is now the home for such as these. In the afternoon I, in company with a young fellow I met at the Club, hired a buggy and drove to Botany. The good folk here never add Bay, as it is too suggestive. It was in this harbour Cook first landed, and he named it from its flora. I cannot say that the latter struck me as being very wonderful. There are certainly no gum-trees near the beach, but instead there is a quantity of low scrub. It reminded me of a Yorkshire moor, whose beauty lies in its wildness, and not in the luxuriance of its flowers and blossoms; for, with the

exception of a small red flower, I did not notice any at all. The Bay itself is of immense size, and the beach is of peculiarly white sand; the entrance is wider than that of Port Jackson, but does not equal that Bay in beauty. We visited La Pérouse's monument. He was a celebrated French Navigator, and was wrecked somewhere about here in 1778, or, rather, he was not heard of after putting in at Botany. On the opposite side of the Bay is a small one erected to Cook, by a private gentlemen. In one of the Sydney Parks there is a marble pedestal, with a pole stuck on the top, where a statue is to be placed to the memory of the great navigator; but money is not forthcoming, which does not say much for the enterprise of the people. We had altogether a drive of twenty-three miles. Coming back we drove by the beach road, and had glimpses of the dark blue ocean beating against the rocky coast. It certainly looks better from land than from the deck of a ship. There have been a number of Bishops here attending a Synod, and there are no end of divines walking about. I was rather amused the other day by being asked if I had met a stray Bishop.

*Saturday, 2nd.*—I left Sydney at one p.m. in the "Rangantira" for Melbourne, a distance of 570 miles, and we hope to arrive sometime on Monday night. We had a favourable wind directly we got outside; but, with sail and all, we can go barely ten knots. This ship is a long, narrow, old tub; the cabins are very small, and as there are four in each, and one basin for eight people, you may imagine how disagreeable it is; in fact, we are packed like Sardines. The saloon is so narrow that there are only two seats with backs, or else the people would not be able to pass. However, up to this time we have been favoured with the weather; if it had been rough the misery and discomfort would have been dreadful. There were a great many people going to the races, and on the whole, they are a sporting lot of passengers; but to counteract the racing fraternity, we have two Bishops, an Archdeacon, and one or two minor dignitaries of the Church. I was not long in Sydney, but

enjoyed my stay very much, and saw a good deal in the time; it is quieter, and not so go ahead as Melbourne—the latter resembles an American city—the former those of the mother country. In Melbourne there is no reigning class; but in Sydney, the Squatters have been longer established, and are looked upon as the aristocracy. At present, Melbourne, by the greater enterprise of its inhabitants, has beaten the older Colony in the race for wealth, but they say New South Wales is looking up again. The Victorians pride themselves that there were never any convicts imported into the colony; the New South Wales people that they never had such gold fever rushes as at first disgraced Victoria; though, to my mind, the excitement caused by Tambaroora in the Northern Colony, equals that of the Southern one about the Sandhurst and Echuca gold fields. There is no doubt that Sydney has a great pull over Melbourne, in its fine harbour, with the uniform depth of water; and it is wonderful what Melbourne has done without such natural advantages.

*Sunday, 3rd.*—Lovely day, and wind directly aft. Had a sermon from the Bishop of Adelaide, and hear there is to be another service to-night. Are now passing Point Gabo, so are nearly half way, and if wind holds on may be in time to land to-morrow.

*Monday, 4th.*—Had a sermon last night from the Bishop of Perth on the observance of Sunday. They are a jolly lot of parsons; you may perhaps judge of them by the literature they indulge in. The Bishop of Adelaide was reading a yellow-backed novel; Bishop of Perth "Lothair;" and the Archdeacon "Faust" and "Eye Opener," by Mark Twain. Weather lovely and sea smooth; have been passing by numerous islands and promontories. No wind; I do not think we shall land to-night. There are two officers from the "Cossack" on board: they have been cruising among the Fiji group for two or three months, also calling at Samoa. They do not give a good account of the missionaries. They say in Samoa, in particular, they do not only

live on the natives, but actually send £5,000 a year home to the Parent Society. Whatever the Roman Catholics do at home, in these islands they do not take any payment from the natives, and the officers were told by several of the latter, that they are going to be Catholics, because the priests did not require any cocoa-nut oil. From all accounts, the men who are sent out by the Missionary Society and the Wesleyans, try to civilize the natives before attending to their spiritual wants, and, in doing so, I think they are right. The Samoans seem to be intelligent enough, and the women have the pretty fashion of wearing fresh flowers in their hair; the missionaries told them it was very wrong to come into church with such things on their heads. Next Sunday, the clergyman's wife went to service with a bonnet covered with artificial flowers, so that the natives after church told their pastor that they seen his wife with flowers on her head; what answer he gave, I know not, but imagine he must have felt decidedly small. The officers informed me that if it is any satisfaction the Fiji islands are certainly not worth visiting, as you run the chance of being forty-five days in a small coaster; so I must try and console myself with this report for not being able to see them.

*Tuesday, 5th.*—They were talking again last night of the missionaries, and a gentleman said that they had begun to trade with the natives in the hope of teaching them to engage in commerce; and though a few may make something out of them, the majority do it from purely unselfish motives, and so that all one hears must be taken "*Cum grano salis.*" We arrived at Sandridge pier half-past twelve Monday night, and at six p.m. we left the ship and drove to Melbourne. All the principal hotels seemed full, and at one they said "We may perhaps be able to give you a shake down on the billiard table!" but they were not able even to manage that; however, after cruising about for some time, we lighted on an hotel that had only been opened a fortnight, and very comfortable and clean it is. I came here with the two lieutenants of the "Cossack," one named E——. It is some use

to be in the navy, as they have free passes for all the railways and tickets for balls. One of them was saying that in Egypt not only did he travel on all the railways free, but if he said "naval officer" he did not pay his bills at hotels. I went to a ball at the Town Hall last night; 700 people present; two German princes. Whether this climate is conducive to stoutness I do not know, but there were three ladies who beat anything I have yet seen for fat, and yet they danced with thermometer—well, say 110 degrees; result was what might have been expected, details unnecessary. There were very few young people there of either sex; they were mostly well-to-do shopkeepers, and the only one I recognised, except young F——, was the manager of Scott's Hotel. If I want to see the beauty and fashion of Melbourne, I must go to the Assembly Ball, on Friday next. The music was capital, and the hall was certainly one of the finest I have seen for a ball; and although the room was hot there were great wide corridors to walk about in. I left about one a.m., and slept this morning till ten a.m., so you may judge what early hours I have been keeping. I dine with Mr. Francis to-night and Mr. L—— on Friday. To-morrow is the great race day, and I have one or two invitations to lunch, and on Saturday I sail for New Zealand via Hokitika, and from there drive over the mountains to Christ Church; then on to Wellington. But I must stop now and post this for the English mail.

## CHAPTER IV.

*Christ Church, Canterbury, New Zealand,  
November 17th, 187—.*

IN my last letter, I mentioned having just arrived in Melbourne from Sydney, to see the race for the cup. I had thought of returning overland from New South Wales to Victoria, as I would not only have seen more of the country, but also the Murray, but I was advised not to go by Mr. R—— and others; and, to tell the truth, there is such a sameness about the country that I have seen, owing to the unvarying foliage, that that, coupled with the chance of seeing the greatest event of its kind out of England, prevailed. And a fine sight it ought to have been for twenty-two sported silk, if the horrible North wind had not brought clouds of dust that made everyone and everything look hot, grimy, and disagreeable, except the fair sex, who, as a rule, looked delightfully cool. I often wonder why ladies in hot winds appear cooler than men; I suppose that they have a more equable temper, or is it partly owing to the cool-looking costumes that they wear? By the heading of this letter you will see that I am at Christ Church, having bid a long adieu to that wonderful country of Victoria, where, thirty or forty years ago, the aboriginals bartered millions of acres for a few glass beads and Sheffield cutlery, and the other day some land in Bourke-street, Melbourne, fetched £350 per foot for a frontage. This speaks well for its progress, if such evidence were needed; but one can read it in the faces and dress of the inhabitants, for I may say I never saw one regular beggar; and although the Larrakins are a noisy lot they have all good clothes,

and one does not see such wretched specimens of humanity as one meets with in the old country. But then a man must indeed be good for nothing if he cannot earn an honest living, for wages are high and living cheap. I decided to go to Hokitika, and from thence to this place, as the Middle Island is considered to have the grandest scenery of the three; and also the drive from the West to the East coast has the reputation of being one of the finest in the world. I can now understand why Australians do not more frequently come to what might be called "the land of the mountain and the flood" (by way of contrast to their own), for they have 1,300 or 1,400 miles to cross of as nasty a sea as it is possible to imagine—their being nothing to break the force of the storms and swells that come rolling up from the South Pole. There is an average depth of three and a-half miles for the whole distance, and when the vessels do arrive on the West coast, there is the delightful uncertainty as to whether or not they will be able to land their passengers; Milford Haven is the only safe harbour on the whole of this storm and surf-beaten coast. Most of the rivers have shifting bars of sand, with only 8ft. at high water; and, if rough, it is quite problematical whether you will be shot up high and dry on the beach or stuck on the bar for half an-hour, getting gradually soaked. Fortunately, the day I crossed to Hokitika was calm, so I did not experience the difficulty; but I will give you a description, taken from Dilke's Greater Britain, of a landing made under less favourable circumstances:—"On the bar three ranks of waves appeared to stand fixed in walls of surf . . . lashing everything that was on deck, and battening down the hatches in case you should ground in crossing, we prepared to run the gauntlet. The steamers often ground for an instant, while in the troughs between the waves, and the second sea pooping them, sweeps them from end to end, but carries them into the still water. Watching our time, we were borne on the top of a great rolling white-capped wave into the quiet lakelet that forms the harbour."




## JOURNAL.

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*Melbourne, November 6th.*—A very warm, close day. Spent the morning in finishing letters for mail of the 8th. In the afternoon drove out two miles to see a jumping match, but it did not come off; so then, in company with R—, went to Sandridge. In the evening dined with Mr. Francis, who has a charming house, beautifully furnished. Played a rubber of whist, and enjoyed the evening very much.

*Thursday, 7th.*—A German proverb says—"Man denkt, Gott lenkt," and so it proved to-day, for a more wretched Cup day, in point of weather, could not be imagined—a regular hot North wind with blinding dust, was the order of the day. I never experienced such beastly weather in all my life, and cannot understand wherein the beauty of the Victorian climate lies, except in its glorious uncertainty; however, the Cup is looked upon as the event of the year, and the whole population is in duty bound to show up, and they did. It is supposed that there were 40,000 people present, and when you think that Melbourne has only a population of 200,000, you may imagine that there were but few delinquents; of course there is an immense influx from the neighbouring Colonies. The Course is surrounded by a low range of hills, and the one behind the stand enclosure was a mass of people. I never saw on any race course, even at Ascot, such a galaxy of beauty and fashion as there was on the lawn, it really was wonderful to think where all the pretty faces and handsome dresses came from. Whether



it is on account of the rise in the price of wool, and greater consumption of preserved meats in England, that enables the good folk of Victoria to appear in such handsome costumes, I don't know, but the dresses must have cost a mint of money. I do not think that there was any special novelty—silk petticoats of various colours with a skirt over seemed the fashion—and chignons, panniers, &c., same as at home. The Hon. Miss M. S— was all in white, and the Hon. Mrs. C. B— had a petticoat of cherry-coloured silk, with over-skirt of white Cashmere. The costume that I admired most was one of pearl grey silk. The two German Princes are fine-looking men; they were in the Governor's box. Twenty-two horses started for the Cup, and the bright colours worn by the various riders formed a very pretty sight; as usual, the favourite was nowhere—the winner was a horse called the “Quack.” The other races were not of much account—in one, a horse was decidedly held back, or else he could have won by lengths; as it was, the Jockey had to do all he knew to prevent him winning. The train runs right on to the Course, and the arrangements were very good. I returned with Mr. L—, and dined with him at the Athenæum Club. After dinner we visited the new Theatre Royal; it is a fine one—larger than the “Alexandra.” We then went to see “Lottie,” “the astounding, the marvellous, the inimitable, the beautiful fairy-like star,” &c., &c. She performs on the trapeze, and is very graceful, and appears to do all she does with such ease that she inspires one with confidence. I bought her photograph for one shilling, but I am afraid it would shock the good people at home if I were to send it. I met Mr. E— of the “Argus” on the Course, and he said he thought Mr. Francis ought to detain me as a hostage; or at any rate, I ought to be made to pay for the Alabama Claims. I replied that I thought that as the Government had been so foolish as to allow that we had anything to pay, they ought certainly to pay up. He quite agreed with me. There were numbers of lunches going on on the lawn. I had been invited to join one

or two; but what with being short-sighted, and the crush, I might just as well have tried to find a needle in a haystack as my kind would-be hosts, so I refreshed the inner man at one of the booths. Strawberries and cream are all the rage, but the former have little or no taste, although they are of a large size. I believe the sun ripens them too soon. All the Banks and Offices were closed to-day after twelve—in fact, it is a general holiday. The Course is a fine one, about one and a-half miles round, but it wants trees to make it a very pretty one. I do not think it comes up to Chester.

*Friday, 8th.*—Very close in morning, and in afternoon it rained in torrents. The drainage, as I have mentioned before, is above ground, and in a short time the greater part of the streets were flooded, and the pavements in some to the height of one or two feet; the gutters had become torrents, so I jumped into a 'bus and rode about for half-an-hour. Carts were also in great requisition. I got out at a comparatively dry spot and took a fly to the International Exhibition, which has just been opened. The things in it are to be sent to the Australian Annexe for the International at home, and also for the one at Vienna. Wool, preserved meats, and home produce, are the chief things to be seen; there were also pictures, machinery, carriages, &c.; in fact, it was very similar to the ones in England, only on a smaller scale. I believe there were 900 exhibitors. Spent evening in packing up.

*Saturday, 9th.*—Left at two p.m. in the "Alhambra," 496 tons register, for Hokitika; only ten passengers; good accommodation and clean. Weather fine, but wind ahead; averaging about ten knots. Before I left, I went to see a whale that had been caught in Hobson's Bay; it was not a very large one, perhaps thirty feet long, but it was a most curious colour, a piebald, in fact, as it had large patches of white all over it.

*Sunday, 10th.*—Weather still fine, but wind ahead. Making fair progress past Kent's group of islands at two p.m.

*Monday, 11th.*—Had Northerly swell; ship rolling terribly, as

she is light. It is very different crossing a sea like this in a vessel of 496 tons, with difficulty going nine knots, to one of 3,000 tons doing twelve to thirteen. I was very sea sick. Wind changed to West in afternoon; blowing hard; it is a favourable wind and blows this way nine months out of the year. The Captain comes from Liverpool, and his mother lives at Wallasey.

*Tuesday, 12th.*—Westerly gale—heavy beam sea—decks wet being drenched with spray; in fact, a wretched day; very ill and uncomfortable.

*Wednesday, 13th.*—Same as yesterday—beam sea—wet decks. Saw Cape pigeons again and numbers of albatrosses. Had reckoning taken for the first time to-day. Still 300 miles from New Zealand; cannot be in till Friday morning. This ship is a miserable tub; nine knots with all sail set.

*Thursday, 14th.*—Wind in morning still on our beam; changed to E. in afternoon; as it is off the land we hope to have calm weather for landing at Hokitika. Saw Mount Cook 100 miles off. Enjoyed dinner for first time; feeding is good, but accommodation is cramped, and no bath-room. They charge high enough—ten guineas for 1,300 miles; but in the Antipodes living is cheap—ten shillings a day—but travelling dear; the reverse of America.

*Friday, 15th.*—We arrived off Hokitika about four a.m., and I got up and went on deck. Although I had heard of the grandeur of the West coast scenery, I had no conception that it would be so rugged and bold. I have never seen anything to equal it in coast scenery, not even in the Straits of Magellan; you might have suddenly been transported into the heart of Switzerland, for, rising above the surf-beaten shore, was a comparatively low, blue range of hills, backed by snow-clad mountains, and towering above all were the snowy peaks of Mount Cook, respectively 13,700 and 13,300ft. high. The sun had just risen behind the mountains, and rosy dawn had thrown a slight pink colouring over the higher dome of the giant, and it gradually overspread the summits of the other mountains, till

the whole was bathed in the lovely tints of the rising sun; it was a heavenly morning; not a cloud, not a ripple; and the only sound was the ceaseless roar of the waves as they dashed on the beach, and I was indeed fortunate to see what is considered one of the sights of the world to such perfection. Mount Cook is 80 miles from Hokitika, due S., and it is quite close to the shore, and is consequently best seen from the sea. I have no doubt that some would prefer a sunrise on the Jungfrau, or some other lofty peak, and perhaps it is equally grand, but the surroundings are so different that one cannot compare the two. We were not tendered till half-past twelve, so we had plenty of time to look about; some of the passengers fished and caught rock cod, a fish with big head and little body; the meat was soft and consequently not very good. A tug at last came out and we prepared to cross the fearful bar, but there was hardly a breath of wind, and the waves just carried us in with the greatest ease and comfort. The steamer has a flat bottom, and if she does ground it is all sand, so it is more the discomfort of getting wet than the actual danger. There were several other schooners and small craft anchored in the river. The tug charges twenty shillings per ton for towage, and at one time made occasionally as much as £1,000 per day; that was in the days when gold was more plentiful than it is now. Hokitika has only been in existence eight years. We had a gentleman on board who has been here from its commencement. When he first came there were only two calico people in the place, *i.e.*, people who live in tents; but gold was discovered, and at one time the population rose to 10,000, now it is only 2,000. The town is simply a clearing in the wood, and is a small, uninteresting looking place. The cattle and provisions of the inhabitants come chiefly from Canterbury, as there is no room for cultivation, the mountains rising directly behind the town. The bar has never more than eight feet of water, and insurance on vessels going to Hokitika is very high; it was formerly five per cent., and even now it is one and a quarter, and only

half to Dunedin, or any other port on the East coast. The chief claims are not at work at present, so, as the day was lovely and I found there was only a coach twice a week, I decided to start by the one leaving at half-past twelve. I had a box seat, and sat next to an old inhabitant of Christ Church. For the first three or four miles our route was by a road lined on both sides with a wood of white and red pines, with a strong undergrowth of creepers; there were also clumps of fern trees about twelve feet high, and ferns of every description, bunches of maiden hair, &c.; also the cabbage tree. The latter has only a single stem with a clump of leaves at the top. The moisture on this side of the coast is so great that the vegetation is semi-tropical, and near to the snow line fern trees and shrubs grow; and fitting across the road were green parrots, and a number of pretty birds, one of them called a parson bird, as it is quite black with the exception of three or four white feathers hanging from its neck. Imagine in Switzerland seeing parrots so near to the snow. The rainfall on the West coast is tremendous. I am told that the quantity of rain that fell in one year in the province of Westland would have made an eleven foot column of water, while the average for Lancashire, one of the counties which has the heaviest rainfall, is only sixty inches; this will account in some measure for the luxuriance of the ferns, which I have never seen equalled. The road does not go over the mountains but keeps by the river beds for the greater part of the way. The mountains on each side are of an average height of 6,000 feet; the scenery was nothing remarkable compared to what I had seen in Switzerland and California, although there were parts where one had glimpses of snow mountains through an opening in the lower ranges. There were also numerous waterfalls; Otira Gorge is considered the finest bit of the whole, and it certainly is gloomy and rugged. After leaving it we had a steep ascent of two miles, up a narrow valley. By this time it was bright moonlight; so light was it that we could have seen to read. It had a very pretty effect, as at the end of the valley

two overhanging crags stood out in bold relief; and right between the two cliffs was shining with its mild light the Southern Cross. I have never seen this brilliant constellation so distinct. The highest point we ascended was 3,500ft. We arrived at the Cass at half-past one, and we stopped the night there. We had no difficulty in crossing the numerous torrents as they were not very full, though at one place where we walked across the suspension bridge the coach crossed lower down the stream, and was nearly taken off the ground, and the horses had to struggle a bit, though fortunately no accident occurred. When the rivers are full there are a great many people drowned in trying to swim across them, and often the coach has to be left behind, and you get across on horseback as well as you can. They have spare coaches all along the road in case of accident. The torrents change their course so often that it is useless to make bridges; we saw one that had cost £5,000 a year or two ago, and now it is no use, as the river had changed its bed. After leaving the River Bealey a lily is found, supposed to be peculiar to this country; the coachman procured one for me; it is pure white and concave in shape. We had it very cold on Saturday morning, as there was a sharp frost. We left at half-past five a.m. The road from here to Canterbury is very uninteresting, with the exception of a zig-zag near Porter's Pass; this is the only dangerous bit of the whole, as it is very steep—one in twelve, and the road is only about eight feet wide, and the wheel was at times a foot from the edge. We breakfasted at Porter's hotel. After about two hours ride we descended into the Canterbury plains. The mountains, after leaving the Cass, were covered with a short grass, and there were numbers of sheep feeding on them. The Canterbury plains stretch to the E. coast for about fifty miles, and extend a long way to the S. They form a plateau 1,000 feet above the sea. The sun was warm, but the wind dry and cold. These plains reminded me of the Kansas Prairie, only, instead of the rich grass, they are covered with dried-up looking clumps of

yellow tassock; a short grass grows underneath, which is good for sheep. There is not a sign of a tree of any description, except what has been planted; wood is consequently scarce, so the fields are enclosed by banks with gorse growing on the top; a few cottages we saw were thatched and built of mud. After driving for about twenty miles we came to more cultivated land, though it looks very barren and bleak. When ploughed up the land yields twenty-eight bushels to the acre. At half-past four we drove into the town of Christ Church. It reminded me of an English country town, as they have hedges as in England, and large grass fields in fifty acre sections. The trees here have also grown up well; they are chiefly the poplar, weeping willow, and gum. The broom was a mass of yellow bloom, and looked very pretty. The houses are all of wood with the exception of the banks, and there is only one stone church. There is a population of 13,000, chiefly agricultural. The port is Lyttleton, from which C. C. is separated by a range of hills. Artesian wells supply the town with water; and if you put a pipe down the water comes bubbling up, sometimes to the height of two or three feet. There is a very pretty river, called the Avon, running through the town, with water clear as crystal, a pleasing contrast to the Australian streams. It is wonderful to think how the trees have grown up, as there was only a single clump of native bush a few years ago, and now there is plenty of green about; but, as in Australia, if anything is sown it soon springs up.

*Sunday, 17th.*—Went to church in the morning and evening; service nicely done. Christ Church was a Church of England settlement; the people are very religious and great church-goers. In the afternoon I walked to the domain; the Avon flows round it, and it is prettily planted with shrubs; then there is an acclimatisation garden—chiefly ducks and fowls. Weather delightful—like May in England; none of your nasty, hot winds; a fire was quite pleasant in the evening. I forgot to mention that the distance from Hokitika to Christ Church is



147 miles. At its first settlement no animals were found in New Zealand, except the rat. There were formerly thousands of pigs, as Captain Cook, whenever he touched, always landed pigs, Norwegian rats (called Cook's rabbits), and a potato. The ordinary rat is in great abundance now, and the native one has disappeared. In Australia rats are only found at seaports, such as Melbourne, Geelong, &c., but at happy Ballarat, and Sandhurst, there is not such a thing, and, when I was in the Western district, I was told that there were none there. It is a curious fact that they have spread all over New Zealand, but have not left the seaports in Australia. They are now introducing rabbits, hares, and pheasants. In Victoria, hares are not allowed to be shot yet, and, when I was in Melbourne, I noticed on the menu, jugged H. They did not put the full name, as it is against the law. The Maories used to live on fish and roots; there are none in this island, so I must wait till I arrive at the Northern ones to see anything of them. A celebrated novelist, when here, seems to have made himself most disagreeable; and if all the stories one hears about him are true, he appears to have thought himself a superior being, and the good folk of New Zealand quite beneath his notice. It is a pity English people give themselves such airs in the Colonies, for they don't go down here, where the greater part of the community have been so well educated. The driver of the coach quite non-plussed me on Friday, by taking of Darwin, politics, botany, &c., and I was told the other day a story that would do for the *British Workman*. A gentleman went to his tailor's, and there saw a man working away with his needle; he thought he recognised him, and said with surprise, "Why, you were at Cambridge?" "Yes," replied the tailor, "and I am now gaining an honest living, which is more than a great many Cambridge men are doing." I hope that Trollope will write a good book on Australia and New Zealand, as I hear a good and accurate one is wanted. Dilke is full—to say the least—of erroneous descriptions. A gentleman told me that Dilke says fifty-six murders

were committed in Hokitika in the first six months of 1866, whereas there have not been five in the whole island; and numerous other mistakes of a like kind. If he goes into figures he ought to get hold of a Blue Book. But then, against this, the same gentleman says that he remembers Dilke being at the Empire Hotel, and fellows cramming him up tremendously—so Hokitika is only just reaping its proper reward.

*Monday, 18th.*—Wrote in morning what I had intended to write on board the "Alhambra," but it was too rough, so I had to scribble up for some days back; then went to the Museum, and saw a splendid skeleton of a moa, one of the finest there is, 11½ft. high. This bird is supposed to have become extinct, by the woods being burnt down. In support of this theory is the fact that Canterbury plains were once a forest, and also that the fossils and bones of the moa are generally found in the caves near the sea, which looks as if they had run there to escape the conflagration. In afternoon drove out to see Sir C. W——, to whom I had a letter from A. H——. He is quite the nabob of the place; he lives five miles out: unfortunately, he was not in. The country is flat and uninteresting, and it is only near the town where trees have been planted to any great extent. I intend to remain here quietly for a few days, as in the drive across I saw the chief varieties of the country, and it is a sleepy, pretty, shady kind of town to potter about in and do nothing. I had a hard week's work, from Melbourne to Christ Church—six rough days in a steamer, with very fitful sleeping; then thirteen hours in a coach, jolting over river beds—two and a-half hours' sleep; then eleven hours' more coach. It was making a toil of a pleasure, only I am glad I did it, as the weather does not look so settled to-day.

*Tuesday, 19th.*—Wandered about in the morning, and fortunately returned about twelve, as Sir C. W—— had just come in his dog-cart to take me and my baggage to Cashmere. I packed up as quick as I could, and drove with him to the railway station, where I joined a large party of ladies, and we went

down by train to Lyttleton, to a dance on H.M.S. "Dido" (Captain Chapman). Lyttleton is seven miles distant from Christ Church, and is separated from it by a range of brown-looking hills. A tunnel of a mile and a-half has been cut through them; it cost £400,000. One cannot but wonder at the enterprise of the young colony in undertaking a work like this, when one remembers that twenty years ago there was hardly a tree, much less a house, in the whole province. Lyttleton harbour is a small one, and prettily surrounded by hills, with the town built on the slopes. There is not very safe anchorage, and the water is too shallow to allow the ships to come near; but, no doubt, they will soon be making a breakwater. The "Dido" was lying out about half-a-mile, and we had rather a rough row to the ship. The arrangements on board were perfect; the quarter-deck was covered in with flags, and the flowers were simply magnificent, and the deck almost too slippery. The ladies were, as a rule, good looking, and decidedly well and handsomely dressed; they certainly do dress well and stylishly in the Colonies. The officers were, as naval men generally are, frank and pleasant; and, if they did not dance well, they went in for it with a zest that put landsmen to shame. I walked through three quadrilles, and tried a galop, but did not feel inclined for more. The "Dido" is of the "Blanche" class, and has only been commissioned nineteen months. She has six 6-in. guns and two 7-in.; everything was in beautiful order. We left about six p.m., and had a "special" to town. We picked up the dog-cart and my luggage, and drove out to Cashmere, where I am now located; but I must leave description of place and people until to-morrow, as it is now late.

*Wednesday, 20th.*—Cashmere is a wonderful place, when one considers that twenty years ago it was a swamp; it lies at the foot of some hills, the sides of which are being planted with evergreens, so as to form a pleasing background. Sir G. W—— plants them at the rate of five acres a year. The water drained from the swamp now forms a river, that runs through the

grounds; it is crossed by numerous bridges, and there are swans on it. The chief trees are weeping willows and gums. Oaks, &c., are planted—but they, of course, take longer to grow up; there are also numerous Californian pines, and evergreens and laurels from the Himalayas. Roses flourish very well—so also the usual flowers that one sees in England. To give you an idea how gums grow: an avenue of them was planted in 1858, and now, in 1872, some of them are 100ft. high. I believe the whole property consists of 2,000 acres, and the amount of money spent upon it must have been marvellous. The fields now bearing crops were six years in arriving at their present state of cultivation. First the water had to be drained off, and some of the drains are a mile or two long; the Maoriheads, a large kind of bulrush, had to be cleared away. This estate was once a forest, and when the water was drained off, the land sank 3ft., and exposed old stumps; it took a long time to remove these. Besides all this, the soil, being in parts peat and in others clay, had to be mixed; the two make a capital soil, and the paddocks now are clothed with splendid grass. But, Sir C. W—— told me that some of them had cost £40 an acre to clear, and I suppose the land, when cleared, is worth two; but, if a proof of perseverance and determination was wanted, I never saw a better. Cashmere might be called an estate, as we understand it in England. Sir C. W—— has one or two sheep stations further South. He goes in greatly for horses, and has a great many of them—some rare bred ones. He is a fine looking old man, and was at the wedding of J. H——. He does not look as though he had been in India for forty-three years; he plays the flute, and is a great admirer of young ladies. Lady W—— is a charming person, and I got on very well there. She manages everything, and, in her way, everybody, and is the life and soul of the establishment; and always seems busy, as she says she thinks it is better to wear out than to rust. Then there are two sons; one of them married an Irish lady—her maiden name was W——; I think one of Lord R——'s family. She and her

husband live at Cashmere, with their six children—fine specimens of health and strength. There are two young ladies staying in the house; one tall, good looking, with fresh-complexion, dark eyes, and the most lovely masses of auburn hair down to her waist. There was a croquet party to-day of about thirty; after a swell lunch, dancing took place on a raised platform. The band of the Cavalry, of which Sir. C. W— was Major, was in attendance. Everything went off well, and it was a lovely day. In the morning he and I drove in his four-in-hand, to meet the Officers of the “Dido” at the train; he is a capital whip, and drives a first-rate team. Three greys and one roan to set them off; they have Arab blood in them, and go along well. We are having splendid weather; the climate is much pleasanter than Victoria—and, judging from the appearance of the inhabitants, it must be a healthy one. The fruits are later here, and we are indulging in forced strawberries, new potatoes, and peas.

## CHAPTER V.

*Wellington, December 2nd, 187—.*

As you will see by my diary I arrived at Wellington last Wednesday morning, having enjoyed my stay of a week at Cashmere very much. It was like an oasis of peace and quiet in the midst of perpetual motion, for my movements, up to this time, have certainly been of the parched-pea order, and are likely to be so for the next three months at any rate; I must confess that I enjoy seeking fresh fields and pastures new, for when I remain stationery anywhere for a week or ten days, and see everybody busy, I feel what an idle, aimless life is mine. Although, perhaps, I ought not apply the latter adjective, as my aim and object is to improve my health, and, though it keeps much the same, still, if we did not live in hopes, life would be hardly worth having. I shall have a real scurry to do the Hot Springs, unless I am more lucky in catching steamers than I have been in the last week or two. Their movements are delightfully uncertain; in the papers they advertise them as sailing on, or about on, such and such a day. The real truth is, there is a monopoly, and passengers play second fiddle to cargo; the charges are extortionate: from Lyttleton to Wellington, sixteen and a-half hours sail, £3—while you can get a return ticket between Liverpool and Belfast for 18s. 9d., and single 12s. 6d. Certainly it will be a blessed day for New Zealand when railways are made, for the sea round the coast is nearly invariably rough, and steamers vary from 100 tons to 299 tons—the size of the one that I am going in; I don't

include McMeckan Blackwood's Australian Boats. It is not quite safe to go overland yet, as in some parts the Maories might stick you up; but Sir George Bowen has kept them very quiet of late. He was saying yesterday that he would give £500 a year to be a good sailor while Governor of New Zealand, as he has so many voyages to make round the coast; and Judge J—— says the coasting is the worst part of his duties, as the steamers are so irregular. I have experienced the same difficulty and inconvenience.

## JOURNAL.

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*Thursday, November 21st.*—In the morning I drove in with Sir C. W— and the two young ladies, to do the sights of Christ Church. We first of all visited the Provincial Legislature—it is a fine room, with pillars of porphyry supporting the arches over the windows; the roof was arched with a good deal of painting. It is a copy of one of the Oxford Colleges. The speaker has a nice small room for himself, with a view of the Avon. We then drove to the Museum, which I have mentioned before. We arrived back at Cashmere at half-past four. Sir C. W— and I then mounted our steeds; I had a thorough-bred chesnut—a most delightful animal to ride, as you could hardly tell she was going, and fortunately she was quiet at opening gates. We rode slowly about the estate, which is nearer 5,000 acres than the 2,000 I mentioned yesterday. There are twenty-five springs in the property, and before it was drained they used to flood the land; in fact, it was a swamp. I have tried before to describe the process by which it has been turned into a grass and crop-producing land; but the more I see of the difficulties that had to be contended with—chief of which are the maoriheads, and remains of the forest, the more I think it a marvel, and an oasis in the Canterbury plains. I was wrong in likening the maoriheads to bulrushes, as they bear the same relation to grass that a tree fern does to an ordinary fern, and you see their black stems covered with a tuft of long grass; they are so numerous, that instead of carting them away they pile



them in heaps and burn them—in fact, when dried their stems resemble peat, and the soil is so peaty that a man smoking will set a field alight with the ashes from his pipe. Sir C. W— was afraid he would lose all his potatoes, as the ground was on fire as we rode by, but they arrested its progress. There is a trout-rearing establishment on the place, and there are seventeen of a good size—one as much as three pounds. There are carpenters and blacksmiths shops attached to the stables, and capital houses for the work people; in short, it is a most complete place. Then there is a sheep-washing place and shearing shed, a granary, and house to store wool. They are shearing a few sheep now, but most of them have been done.

*Friday, 22nd.*—I drove into town in a dog-cart, as escort to a Miss K—; or, she with the golden locks, as I call her in poetical language. In afternoon, rode slowly about the estate looking for pheasants' nests, over which hawks are fond of hovering; and Sir C. W— hoped to have a shot at one. I afterwards strolled about, and had a feast of strawberries in the garden.

*Saturday, 23rd.*—Sir C. W— left for the South to his Station at Rongitata, where he has 30,000 sheep. I shall miss him very much, as he was very civil and attentive to me. He is a fine old man, and a brave one; he was over thirty years in India—and in the Indian mutiny saved more Christian lives than anybody else. He seems to have borne a charmed life, for he certainly did not shirk danger, and was mentioned first in Lord Canning's despatches for a K. S. I. Just strolled about and read a little; in afternoon, played croquet for two or three hours. I made some pretty good long shots; but no tight croquet was allowed. Weather still perfect. If this week has been a sample of New Zealand weather—then give me this climate. They have not much rain here, and little hot wind; so it is, in my estimation, superior to Victoria. They have slight frosts, but seldom or never enough for skating.

*Sunday, 24th.*—"Stir up Sunday." One can hardly fancy

that we are so near Christmas, with this lovely weather. Drove to Church in a carriage and pair. Mr. A—— drove in dog-cart. If Sir C. W—— is at home, he always drives in a drag and four horses, with all the domestics and people about the place who choose to go; and he drops them at their respective places of worship, be they Roman Catholics, Wesleyans, Methodists, Presbyterians, or Episcopalians. Afternoon spent in a Sunday fashion. We were all weighed—ladies and all. I was nine stone one; never weighed more than eight stone nine in my life before. Lady W—— says it is with good feeding, and wants me to stay a week or two longer. If cream and strawberries and general good living tend to fatten one, then it is no wonder that I am six pound heavier than of yore.

*Monday, 25th.*—Left Cashmere at half-past nine with my luggage to go by S.S. "Rangitoto" to Wellington; but when I arrived in town found that her departure was put off till Tuesday. So left my traps at Railway Station, and arrived at Cashmere in time for lunch. In afternoon went on with our match. Miss K—— and I won two on Saturday, but we lost two this afternoon. I simply played atrociously. I received a lecture for not doing what I was told. In evening had a rubber at whist. Sir C. W—— is a great reader; and they have new books sent out every mail; they had "The Life of Brassey," and a book called "The Day after death." It is from the French, and I only glanced at it. The author's theory seems to be that, after one dies, one's destination is the sun—rather a warm place either for good or evil. Altogether, it seemed a curious work—but it would require a good deal of studying.

*Tuesday, 26th.*—In the morning took a final look round, and after lunch, started off with Lady W—— and the two young ladies to make some calls. There are several very pretty places about; but the houses are all of wood. I then went to the station, and from thence to Lyttleton, where I embarked on board the "Rangitoto" at six p.m. We had a fair start, but

the wind freshened outside, and I was anything but happy, and retired early.

*Wednesday, 27th.*—We arrived at Wellington at half-past eleven, after a fast but unpleasant sail. It is a hundred and eighty miles, and we took about eighteen hours. The town is beautifully situated on the bay—which is one of the finest in the Southern hemisphere, both for beauty and utility; it is completely land-locked and of large size. The mountains which surround it are, for a wonder, covered with green grass; as here they have rain, and plenty of it. The town itself consists of one street, running round the harbour, and it is built, with few exceptions, of wood; not only on the score of economy, but as a precaution against earthquakes. It is the Capital of New Zealand—something in the same manner as Washington is of the United States—as it owes this distinction, not to its size, but to its geographical position. It has a population of about 10,000, and is not a very interesting town to look at, and there is not much going on. The Government House is a fine building, and has a commanding situation. In the afternoon I called upon Mrs. J—, Miss B—'s friend; she seems devoted to Miss B—, who is always sending her godson presents of books, &c., &c., and to the Judge, "Nature," and other scientific works, which he appreciates highly. I then strolled about the town to see the sights. In the evening I dined with the J—. The Judge is very busy at present. It was awfully hot in the sun all day, and as Wellington is rather shut in, it is very close and the glare fearful.

*Thursday, 28th.*—Judge J— called for me at half-past nine, and took me to the Houses of Parliament. The lower Assembly have a comfortable looking house with desks before each member. I then looked at the Library; they have about 10,000 volumes. I then went to the Club where his honour put my name down. I then visited the Museum; it is of small size and nothing remarkable, except that one is surprised that a town of this size should have one at all. I then went to the hotel as there was a

strong wind blowing, and dust fearful. I did not venture out but wrote one or two letters until four p.m., when I went and had a swim in the bay; it was very refreshing. I forgot to mention that I was introduced to the Chief Justice and another judge, and one or two other celebrities. They are all quite delighted that young men from England are travelling over the Colonies, as they think the Britishers look upon the colonists as barbarians. The country about is pretty, but it requires a good deal of riding, which I can't do; however, I manage to see most of what is worth seeing, as we can sometimes drive. I had a good ten days' rest at Cashmere, but I am afraid my health keeps in *statu quo*. Judge J—— says New Zealand is a bad place for rheumatism, and I have found it so. I had to carry my own portmanteau about yesterday, as here it is a case of "if you want anything done, do it yourself;" and there are no boys here to carry your bag for 8d. or 6d., but they look on with stolid indifference. I found out afterwards that there has been some row with the cabmen about their licences, and that is why I had to take to a cart. My luggage that I sent from Hokitika I found all right. They only allow 14lbs. in the coaches, which is hardly any when you come to weigh it.

*Friday 29th.*—Last evening I walked out to see the volunteers drill; there were engineers, artillery, rifles, and cadets, but not a very large muster of either. The rifles wore grey, with blue facings; the artillery and engineers similar to the volunteers at home. There are no regulars here now, or even militia, but I fancy there is a mounted police; at least I have seen a great many "bobbies" on horseback, more especially in the middle island. I went by coach this morning, for the drive of the neighbourhood, to a place called the Hutt; it is about nine miles off; we skirted along the bay for some way, and then reached a long valley formed by the river Hutt, which, like most New Zealand rivers I have seen, has a very broad bed with very little water in it; but at times I believe this one is very full. The town lies in this valley, which extends for a long way,

and at the head is Lake Wairarapa, where I believe W. B — was drowned. The hills all round were covered with a very strong growth of New Zealand bush ; the shrubs are low but thick and strong. I did not enjoy my drive very much, as it was awfully blowy and dusty. I dined in the evening at Mr. J — 's ; his old mother is living (eighty-three), and is a lively body for that age.

*Saturday, 30th.*—Went with Mr. J — to the Museum, and was introduced to Dr. Hector, who is the managing man ; he took high honours at College, and is a member of the Royal Society ; he is also a great explorer. I then went to Government House, and was introduced by his honour to Sir George Bowen ; he looks what he is (a Governor). He is very well liked here, but goes to Victoria in March. It is a great rise for him, as it is second only to Canada in importance ; I lunch with him to-morrow. We then had lunch at the Club and called on Lady B —. I was also introduced to the Premier (Mr. Waterhouse). I dined at Judge J — 's. The wind here the last two or three days has been terrible, and dust blinding ; there is a report that paving stones are flying about at times, but I cannot say that I saw any, for the simple reason that there are none to blow, as asphalt reigns supreme as to side walks, &c. There are a few Maories walking about in the town ; the men look superior to the women ; the latter are fond of colour, and generally wear plaid shawls, but, as I hope to go more into the interior of the country, I must defer a minute description of “ ye manners and customs of ye natives.”

*Sunday, December 1st.*—Still blowing and dusty. Went to church, which, like the houses, is built of wood ; it is a very pretty one inside, and service nicely done, but it rocked and groaned so that I thought it was coming down. Met Judge J — and the Chief Justice ; the former was saying that he had to sit to-morrow in the Bankruptcy, Admiralty, and Divorce Courts, so you see that a Judge out here needs to be an universal genius. Lunched at Government House, or rather dined ;

we had a swell menu, entrees, &c. I sat next to the Governor, who I noticed partook of every dish first, so that if he were poisoned, we might have the satisfaction of knowing that we would incur the same fate, which is almost as satisfactory as when you are told by way of relieving the agonies of sea sickness that Nelson was always ill at the commencement of a voyage. Whether it is the usual custom for a Governor to partake of every dish, or only a coincidence, I don't know. There is a fine suite of rooms in Government House, and well furnished, in fact they are rather too large for the income that is attached to this governorship. We then all took a short walk to Mr. T——'s, who had some lovely flowers. Wellington being so shut in has a mild climate and no frost, and pelargoniums, geraniums, and all kinds of flowers, do out in the open air. We then went a little way up one of the hills, and down into one of the numerous gulleys. Masses of ferns and tree ferns; some, I was told by Mr. J——, were as high as sixty feet. I am sure one of the fronds was nine feet long. The trunks of trees are covered with ferns and creepers. The luxuriant growth of all variety of ferns seems peculiar to New Zealand, at least I have never seen anything like it; fences are actually made of the stems of the palm-tree ferns. I fancy it is to the heat in Summer, the abundance of rain in Winter, and comparatively mild climate, and no great excesses either of heat or cold, that we may attribute this marvellous luxuriance. I have not noticed any fine trees as yet, and taking what I have seen as a sample, New Zealand bush consists of shrubs like the manuka and ferns, with a few clumps of white pines here and there. Sir George Arney has given me a letter to a Captain Mair, who has something to do with looking after the Maories. Major P——, the *aide de camp*, is my *beau ideal* of one, as he is tall, good-looking, gentlemanly, and obliging; he manages the balls and dinners very well, and is a great favourite. I went to church in the evening, and had a good sermon from the Bishop.

*Monday, 2nd.*--Wind blowing harder than ever—in fact, a

strong gale. The wretched "Taranaki" was put off for twelve hours, and my prospect of Hot Springs are becoming smaller and beautifully less. The Volunteers I mentioned the other day are only so in name, as they are obliged to go anywhere, if the Government orders them. They are chiefly commanded by old officers of the army. The mounted police are the ones that really do the work, and are for the most part gentlemen, and a fine body of men.

*Tuesday, 3rd.*—We left the city of "howling North-Westers" at two a.m., and crossed over Cook's Straits, on our way to Picton, which we reached at eight a.m. The first four hours it was pretty rough, but, when we got into Tory Channel, and out of that into Queen Charlotte's Sound, it was calm enough, as the latter Sound is completely land-locked, except the narrow entrance that you come in by. The hills round are well covered with bush and birch trees, and no town could have a more picturesque site than Picton, but it is too shut in, I should think, to be healthy. They are going to make a railway to a place called Blenheim, which will, no doubt, add to its prosperity. The railways in New Zealand are all being made by a Mr. Brogden, who has, I believe, contracts to the amount of £10,000,000. On our way out we passed close by Ship's Cove, where Cook used to put in to refit his ship. They have a piece of the tree he anchored his vessel to in the Nelson Museum. It was rough when we got outside Cape Jackson, but, in a short time, we came under the lee of D'Urville Island, and then went through the celebrated French Pass. One can only go through with the slack of either low or high tide, as the current is so tremendous; the straits are not so narrow in themselves, but a reef runs out a long way, and I should think we went within fifty feet of the shore, through whirlpools and currents of all descriptions. It is called French Pass, because the "Astrolabe" was the first to go through, and the captain did not mean to do so, but was taken by the current; it saves forty miles. We arrived off Nelson at seven p.m. A pilot came on board, as

there is a difficult bar to cross. We cruised about for some time, as they have to wait for high water, but now (ten p.m.), we are safely moored to the wharf, where we remain till eight p.m. to-morrow, so I shall have a day in which to see the wonders of Nelson. The coast line all along has been very bold, some of the peaks being 4,000, or even 4,800ft. high.

*Wednesday, 4th.*—Went by tramway to the town which is distant one mile from the wharf. Nelson is a pretty, English-looking village of 5,000 inhabitants. I walked up a hill at the back, and had a good view of the surrounding ranges; some had a good deal of snow on. Hops, vines, and cherries in abundance grow here; and geraniums and Japanese lilies grow in open air. In the afternoon went a short way up the Matai Valley, and bathed in the river. Wild roses, and all other English wild flowers seem to do well. We do not start until nine p.m. as tide will not suit before that; there is a rise and fall of seventeen feet. The harbour, when the tide is out, is a perfect lagoon. A troupe of Japanese have arrived *en route* for New Plymouth. People connected with theatres and circuses are carried in most of the steamers at half price, or, at any rate, at a great reduction. I heard rather a good story apropos of this arrangement: When the Bishops and Archdeacons had to attend the Synod at Sidney, one of the former asked the A.S.N. Co. if they would make a reduction in their tickets; a telegram was sent in reply that they might be carried "same as theatricals!"

*Thursday, 5th.*—Reached New Plymouth at two p.m.; had a splendid view of Mount Egmont (early in the morning); it is conical in shape, and is best seen some miles off, as all that one sees then is a snow-clad cone, apparently rising straight out of the sea, but it does not improve on a nearer acquaintance; its height is 8,250ft., but it looks higher as it stands alone, and there are no rival peaks to vie with it. It rises from a plateau, with a few bush-covered hills in the foreground. The country all around, and down South to Wanganui, is the garden of New



Zealand, as it is free from bush, well watered, and has capital natural drainage. You land at New Plymouth in surf boats, as it is an open roadstead, and it is only when it is fine that one is able to land; the sand on the beach is iron sand, and is black and very heavy. The town has a population of 3,000; it owes its rise to the war, as Taranaki was the centre of operations for a long time, and they had three regiments here. I went up to the old barracks and had a splendid view of the surrounding country. Mr. M——, manager of the bank of New Zealand, very civilly asked me to drive with him to a town called Waitara, ten miles off. We passed many old paha and remains of stockades, and a Maori settlement; the houses are built of posts stuck up, with a thatched roof. The only advantage that I can see in their style of architecture is, that they have thorough ventilation. The men are fine strapping fellows, and are very apt and sharp in picking up or learning anything they like. One was pointed out to me who had helped to eat the brains of a missionary. The Maories are fond of eyes; I suppose this peculiarity arises from the fact of their being so easily digested. I fancy they would glide down like a raw oyster, but having eaten neither one nor the other, this is only a supposition on my part. We crossed over many rivers on fine wooden bridges, and arrived at our destination in an hour and a-quarter. Waitara is quite in its infancy, and is only just being sketched out; you are shown the main street, which at present consists of a field; but towns spring up so rapidly here that in ten years it may be a flourishing city. It is an historically interesting spot, as it was here the Maori war first began. A Maori sold some land to a settler; the chief of his tribe interfered, but Governor Brown insisted on the purchase being confirmed, and the fighting commenced; this was in 1860. There were as many as 10,000 regulars here at one time; they do not seem to have done much good, but the country was difficult to the European as there were no roads and the bush is almost impenetrable; as I heard a gentleman say, you might as well have sent an elephant

to look for a rat as an English soldier for a Maori in the bush. The red coats did best, I believe, down the Waikato River, but the Colonists here do not speak of the British army with much respect. There is no doubt the Maori is hardly a savage in the ordinary sense of the word ; it is a fact, I believe, that a massacre never took place without the English having full warning of it, as the chiefs of the tribe always sent a messenger to say they were coming ; you can hardly call a nation savages who have such notions of chivalry amongst them. All the various tribes are pretty quiet now except the King tribe, and if you went into their territory they would tell you to go back, and if you refused they would perhaps tomahawk you, but there is really no great danger ; and I was told to-day that even the latter people allow you to visit their country if you do not attempt to settle there ; all the other tribes are friendly, and there is no danger to be apprehended from them. The policy that the Government now go in for, is what might be called the " sugar and blanket " one ; *i.e.*, they keep them quiet by feeding and clothing them. The Maories formerly lived on fish and roots of various kinds, till Cook introduced hogs. They are great fishers, and make capital sailors. There are four Maories in the legislature ; they are great talkers. Judge J—— told me that he thought the great mistake had been in not making the young generation learn English, instead of translating books into their own language. Like all blacks they are dying out before the whites ; there are about 80,000 in North Island, and two or three thousand in Middle Island ; the whole population of New Zealand is 280,000. The Government are trying to keep the natives quiet till they have made roads into the interior, and then British soldiers will be able to cope with the Maori on equal terms. I cannot help feeling sorry for them, as there is no doubt they are a brave, chivalrous race, and it seems hard that we should drive them out ; however, they say everything is fair in love and war. I heard rather a good story of a leading Maori who was dining at Government House with

the Duke of Edinburgh : His Royal Highness's bagpiper came in and after he had played, the Duke asked the Maori what he thought of it ; he said, " too much noise for me, but suit white man well enough." This was said with complete nonchalance, and as you may suppose amused the white men pretty considerably. On my way back I was pointed out where a fight took place between 800 English soldiers and 38 Maories, who laboured under the delusion that they were destined to end the war ; the latter were picked men and none under six foot. They were beaten and lost thirty men. Their pahs were very difficult things to take, as they were always built on some hill or rising ground, and then they used to fire down at the troops struggling up through the bush. Like most savage nations the Maories fought well when they were in numbers, but singly they were no good. The English certainly did not gain much kudos in the war, but both combatants were glad to make peace, as the Maories lost numbers of their young men ; but, as in the riots at Belfast the other day, the women were the ones that kept them at it. We left New Plymouth at eight p.m., and are now on our way to Manakau. I have been lucky in seeing a sunrise on Mount Cook, and a sunset on Mount Egmont ; also in having had the opportunity of visiting the seat of war. The bush is chiefly composed of supplejack interspersed with creepers, &c., and it looks like a quickset hedge. I saw rather a good description of New Zealand bush the other day :—" Further inland was the bush, evergreen and bunch-like in its foliage, and so overladen with parasitic vegetation that the true leaves were hidden by usurpers, or crushed to death in the folds of snake-like creepers ; " but it must be seen to be appreciated.

*Friday, 6th.*—We arrived off Manakau harbour a ten a.m., but we could not go in (as there is a tiresome bar) till high water. We fished, and caught numbers of Snappers—a flat fish, weighing from eight to fifteen pounds ; it is good eating. At twelve, signals were put up that we could enter. There are three entrances to the harbour, all more or less dangerous, owing

to the shifting bars of sand and great surf; it was in the middle entrance that Her Majesty's ship "Orpheus" was lost six years ago, with 140 men. Since that none of Her Majesty's ships have entered. It is twenty-six miles from the entrance to Onehunga, where we disembarked, and drove in a coach seven miles to Auckland. The drive was through well cultivated land, with English looking hedges; but the great want is trees—there were some willows and poplars, chosen rather, I should think, from their rapid growth than beauty. Auckland seems a town of huge size, after the small ones I have been seeing of late; it has a population of 26,000, and is finely situated on rising ground. Thanks to Mr. M——, I am living at the Northern Club, from which one has a splendid view of town and harbour. It is quite delightful to have a look at some of the English papers, and to enjoy the luxury of ice, as the weather is very hot.

*Saturday, 7th.*—Spent the morning in making enquiries about Hot Springs, &c., and called on Mr. L. C——, to whom I had letters from A. H——. Started at four p.m. for Tauranga in "Southern Cross," a small steamer of 76 tons; however, as only one boat sails a week, and as there is less riding from Tauranga than going all the way inland, I decided on this route. I was told that if we encountered head winds, the "S. C." does not try to steam against them, but quietly subsides—however, we had lovely weather, and averaged between six and seven knots; but the motion was terrible, and I was very uncomfortable, and not much inclined for meals; no attempt at making up berths; but we lay on the sofas, which, after all, is a very comfortable way of sleeping—preferable to doubtful beds.

*Sunday, 8th.*—Arrived at Tauranga at half-past four p.m. We reached Mercury Bay at four a.m., and remained there two hours. It is a pretty harbour, but the town Whitiangi consists only of a few houses. We then kept pretty close in and crossed the Bay of Plenty. Day fine, but very hot. This town has about 800 white inhabitants, and was of considerable importance during the war. Near here are the ruins of the celebrated

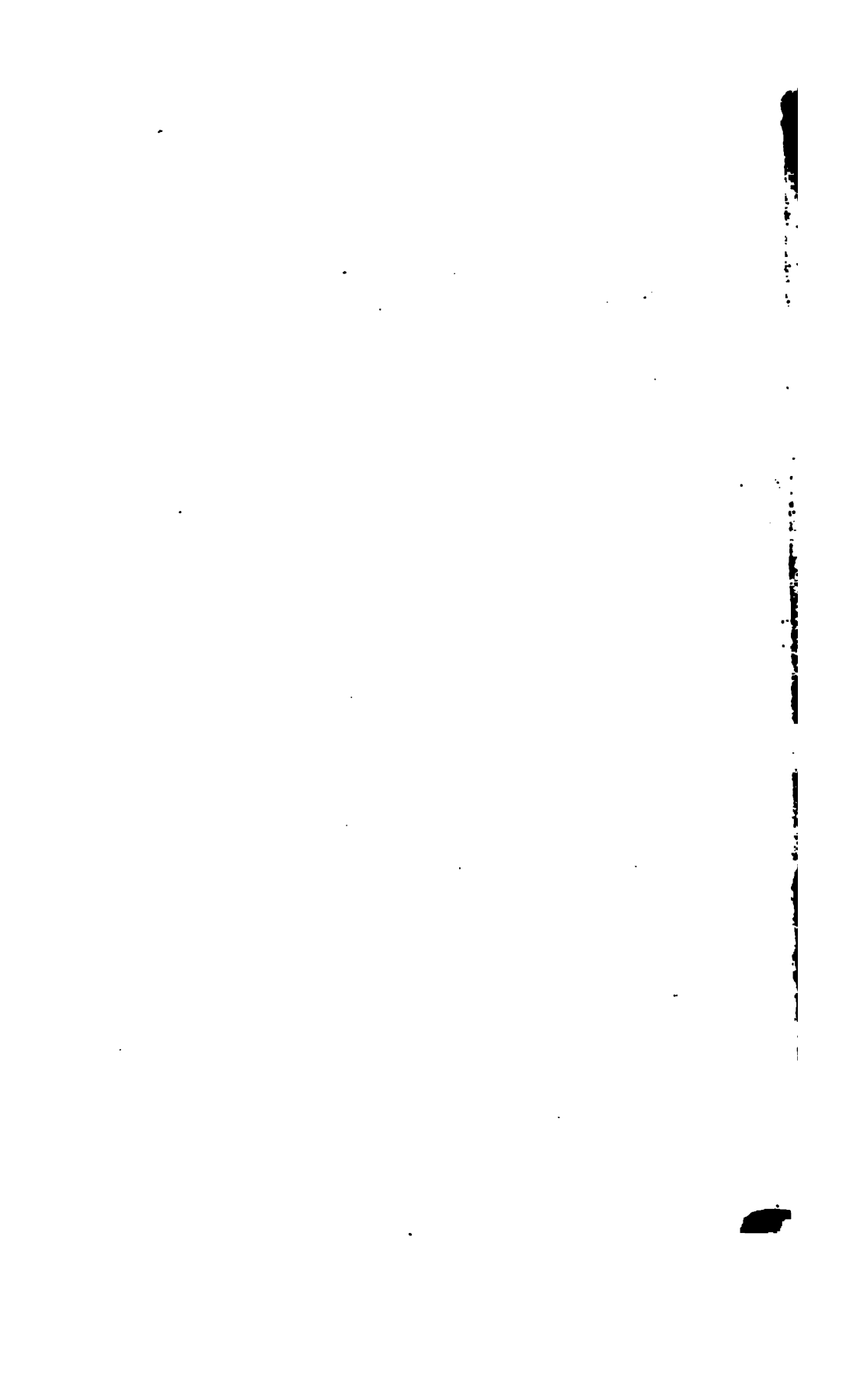
Gate Pah, where twenty or thirty officers lost their lives. There were 2,500 soldiers and sailors combined against 160 Maories; but the latter were hidden in rifle pits, and the officers rushed to the front, thinking the Pah was empty, and they were shot down. Next day they killed a great number of Maories, and took the Pah. I saw the graves of the officers in the cemetery. All through the Maories seemed to have been in immensely inferior numbers; but one way or another, the English soldiers did not do well.

*Monday, 9th.*—Had a great many volunteers for the office of guide—the first one wanted for two horses and himself, 30s. per day, but came down to about 20s.; another offered for 22s. 6d.; one for 15s., and one for 17s. 6d.; and one came last night and said he would give me the horses for nothing, if I would only pay the guide. I decided upon a half-caste called Faulkner, as he has made the trips several times, is honest, and speaks the Maori language. It was most amusing to hear the rival candidates, as each one said in turn that if I took so and so's horses I was bound to be stuck up. I started at two p.m., and rode half a mile, when we had to cross a river one mile broad; we took the saddles into the boat, and the horses swam behind. It was a long swim for them, and one had had quite enough before we reached the other side. Our road lay along the beach for most of the way, and as my horse had an easy canter I got along quickly, and without accident. We arrived at Maketu, where we stopped for the night, at about five. We had to cross a river in a canoe, and we swam the horses the same way as before. It seems a comfortable hotel, and I had a good tea. The distance I came to-day was about twenty miles.

*Tuesday, 10th.*—We left Maketu at eight, as we had a ride of thirty-eight miles; it was a good road, but scenery most uninteresting—the ground covered with dried-up looking ferns. After about twenty miles we reached the Tiaka River, that flows out of Lake Roto Iti; it is a lake of considerable size, but the banks are not striking. After a six miles ride, we arrived at the

old mission station of the Ngai; we stayed here for lunch. There are no sheep or cattle here, so we had to do with eggs, bacon, and tea, as no spirits or wine are allowed to be sold about here, and I shall have to be a teetotaller for a week. There are no missionaries here now, as they have given the Maories up. At first they listened to the missionaries, as the natives are fond of anything new; but they soon became tired of religion, and they are now, as a race, gone back to their old ways, with the addition of a few Christian vices. We now came down upon Lake Rotorua—it is about twenty miles long, and a fine sheet of water, with a pretty island called Mokoia in the centre, famous for all manner of Maori legends and tales. After skirting along its banks for about ten miles, we reached Ohinemutu, which is a real Maori village. The natives live in low houses, made of dried reeds, that grow in the marshes. The men are dressed—as to their upper costumes, like Europeans; but instead of the usual continuations, they wear a blanket in the style of a Highland kilt. The women dress *à la European*, and children with a shirt, or nature's own clothing. The men tattoo their faces in a fearful manner; and women might be passable in looks, but they dye their lips and chin, and tattoo as well. Some of them have a piece of ribbon through their ears, and a green stone hanging down—this latter is considered very precious, and is handed down as an heirloom. The Duke of E—— wanted to buy one; but he was told no money would procure one. There are hot springs here, and the smell of sulphur is very strong. I had a refreshing bathe in one after the dusty ride; some of them are boiling hot, and the natives use them for cooking—in fact, the bread we had to-night, instead of being baked, had been steamed. The ground is honeycombed, so to speak, and there are little springs bubbling up everywhere; but one does not see them in perfection till one reaches Rotomahana. They are building a large whare here, or house, where meetings are held. There are carved figures all round the walls, done by the natives. They are supposed to represent their ancestors—for instance, one of their

Chiefs was a great thief; but, to avoid detection, they say he used to walk on stilts, and accordingly two stilts are cut out at his feet. The carvings are not easily made out; but the organs of sense are shown by shells—as for instance, the eyes, ears, &c., and on one of the fingers, they now stick a shell to represent a diamond ring. This is entirely an innovation, and rather spoils the romance of the thing. The natives have been hard at work for five years, and are still chopping and carving. Had sardines for tea, as we are now quite out of the range for fresh meats, except pork; and pigs, thanks to Captain Cook, are pretty plentiful all over. The natives are dying out rapidly—chiefly from consumption. They nearly live in the hot springs, and I suppose it agrees with them. I was told by a gentleman that in none of the other tribes has he seen so many children; and one advantage is, at any rate, that they are clean; as, although, intellectually, the Maori is superior to most savages, and physically finer, they are savage in their habits and mode of living; they are not Cannibals by choice, but have been so by necessity. If food ran short, as it often does, they used to eat each other; but now Government supplies them. They are a most improvident race, and have no idea of saving for bad times. If they have a poor potato crop, they eat all they can get at once and, then half starve for weeks. They do not seem inclined for work, and as long as they can make enough to live on they are quite happy. They are dark copper in colour, have thick coarse, black hair, good eyes, and some of them handsome noses—hence their superiority in appearance to most barbarians; the majority are tall and well-made. The women are the beasts of burden, and some of them, I was told, can carry one hundred weight on their backs. They do all the gardening, cutting wood, drawing water—in fact, all the hard work. The men used to fight and talk, but as the former occupation for a time is gone, they content themselves with doing the latter. The women are the best swimmers, and the greatest smokers; they carry their infants on their backs, as a rule, but not invariably







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so. I saw man to-day who had lost his horse; he had been seen to swim toward the Mount from Tauranga, a distance of four miles. At first it was thought he was going for a swim, but he did not return. Horses have so much river work to do here, that they become quite fond of it; fortunately bridges are the rule now, not the exception, hence one does not hear so much of drowning. Some of the Maories have been employed on the roads by Government; but instead of using the money in a sensible manner, they spend it in gaudy shawls and ribbons for their wives. Very few of them speak English; but theirs is an easy language to learn; A and I are pronounced in the French manner. I have seen one or two chiefs, and fine looking old men they are; the only mark of distinction appears to be that they are more elaborately and hideously tattooed than the rest. A good many of the natives stick feathers in their hair; they have, as a rule, all good teeth.

*Wednesday, 11th.*—Spent the morning strolling about the hot springs. There was a grand meeting of natives held in a new whare, to discuss about a school house and sundry other matters; the Superintendent (Mr. Clark) and Captain Mair were present. It was amusing to see the natives speak; they become awfully excited, and sway their bodies about, and have long pauses between what they say to give them breathing time, both for their bodies and minds. Some were lying down, others squatting, but they all stood up when they began to speak. One of the chiefs, an old man marvellously tattooed, sat beside Mr. C— and myself; he was much amused at my glasses, and I had to let him look through them. He had a pair of old spectacles on, and he insisted on me putting them on my nose. He enquired the price of mine; whether he intends to procure a pair or not, I don't know. They varied the monotony of the proceedings by occasional songs with full chorus; it did not appear very musical, and sounded like a prolonged wail that suddenly rose to a howl, and then gradually descended into the lower notes again. There were a group of admiring women

outside, that did not venture within the precincts. The hotel at Ohimemetu consists of a large whare with matting partitions between the rooms. It was not over clean and the feeding decidedly poor ; however, we were fortunate to have anything, as neither sheep nor cattle can live on the ground about, as it is so sulphureous, and consequently we had to put up with sardines and dried beef, which is anything but palatable. We left at two p.m. on our way to Wairoa where we the night stopped, preparatory to going to see the wonder of wonders, Rotomahana. We had a ride of twelve miles ; the first six were very uninteresting, but we then rode through a beautiful valley with masses of ferns on either side, and emerged out on Lake Tikitapu, so called on account of its blue waters. A narrow ridge of mountains separates it from Lake Kaiteriria, at the end of which Captain Mair lives ; it is the headquarters of the Arawa contingency. I saw him to-day, and hope to pay him a visit on Friday. We soon after arrived at our destination. I put up at the old mission house ; it is kept by a Frenchman ; it is surrounded by English trees, and has a lovely site overlooking Lake Tarawera. An American missionary and his wife settled here thirty years ago, but they have long since departed. The grounds must formerly have been very pretty, but now the garden is in an awful mess ; fortunately there is an abundant supply of fruit, cherries in particular. We start to-morrow in a canoe to see the terraces at five a.m., and hope to return in the evening, but may have to camp out. The little church in the grounds looks in a good state of preservation, and I hear there is an organ in the house.

*Thursday, 12th.*—We were up punctually at a quarter past four, and had breakfast at quarter to five, and were in a canoe ready to start at five a.m. The Maories were active and up at the house by daylight ; our craft was of the regular kind, hewn out of a large tree, it was quite plain and had no ornamentation of any kind ; it must have been thirty or forty feet long, and we were propelled by four men, three in the bow and one in the

stern. Both steerer and crew used paddles ; they take their time, and we were two hours and a half doing the nine miles. Tarawera is a pretty lake, and its banks are thickly wooded, and there are numerous little creeks and bays, with ferns and shrubs growing down to the water's edge. After the end of nine miles we reached Little River ; the water began now to be lukewarm, as this stream is partly supplied by the hot springs. The current was very swift, and we took a long time to paddle up, or rather, I should say, be pushed up, for the men jumped out at parts and shoved us along, but by dint of long poles and any amount of shouting, we at last reached, as I read the other day, " the haven of our desires and the culmination of our hopes." I cannot hope to give anything like an adequate description of Rotomahana, but no doubt Trollope, who was here the other day, will do so in his new work on the Antipodes. I have heard that people who have seen the Yosemite and Niagara say they are not to be compared to this, but I think comparisons of this kind are odious, as each in their way is incomparable. The chief advantages that these terraces have, is, that they are probably unique in their way, and stand alone, unless Livingstone has discovered some in the centre of Africa. The hills all about are teeming with hot springs, mud ditto, out of which the liquid mud dollops up, and the smell of sulphur is horrible ; in fact, what with the steam and boiling water bubbling up on all sides, it resembles a miniature Hades, and once or twice I had the unpleasant sensation that I was sinking, as the ground appears hollowed out by the numerous springs. The first terraces we arrived at were the white ones ; they are the larger of the two, and are certainly a sight worth coming to see. At some height up is situated what appears to be an extinct volcano filled to the brim with boiling water of a light blue colour ; it is of great depth, and every now and then a column of water is thrown up six or seven feet, and sometimes as high as thirty feet. I was almost blinded by the steam, as the wind happened to blow in my direction. There is a rim of a white substance formed like the

most delicate filigree work, almost resembling lace work in its regularity and beauty, projecting somewhat into the boiling cauldron, and it is shown off to advantage by the intense blue of the waters. Naturally the water overflows, and this is the supposed cause of their formation, at least, so I read the other day. "They (the terraces) are made by the deposit of sulphur and silica from boiling springs on the top of the hill, which pouring down the sides thereof have crushed down the tea scrub and other trees growing there, and formed an incrustation thereon;" and then the writer adds that this theory seems to be borne out by the fact that many of the basins are made of what appears to be petrified tea scrub or ferns. This I noticed myself, and picked up little bits of the formation, and found that it was only the small twig of a tree incrustated as though with frost. The terraces are semi-circular in shape, projecting considerably out in the middle like the fountain of Trevi in Rome. On each one there is a pool of water decreasing in temperature the further they are from the great Geyser; the water is beautifully clear and very deep in some of these naturally made bathing places. From below the *toute ensemble* is a splendid sight, as there are several of the terraces in regular gradation, each three to four feet high, and the width is considerable, at a mere guess I should say 100 yards. It is difficult to walk on the terraces as they are so uneven; I foolishly tried without my boots, but it was penny wise and pound foolish, as, although hot water might have spoiled my boots, the formation, which is as sharp as a razor, cut my feet badly. The Maories never wear boots, so their feet are hardened. I had a delicious bath in one of the pools; I noticed that on the surface it was warm, but it gradually became cold a little way down. I suppose the reason is that the hot water just flows off to the next terrace without arriving at any depth. I then visited the steam pipe; the noise can be heard a long way off, and you would think a vessel was letting off steam. We also saw a spring where the water was thrown out of a fissure

in a rock ; it reminded me exactly of the way a screw sends up water when a vessel is light, and, it may have been my imagination ; but I fancied I heard the thud. It would tire you to attempt to describe all the various kinds of hot springs I saw, as the whole ground was honeycombed with them ; the curious thing is, that there is luxuriant vegetation to the very edge of some of them. We then entered a canoe and paddled over to the pink terraces ; these are not so large but exactly of the same formation as the others, only, instead of being pure white there is a delicate pink tint running through them ; the cause of it I don't know, but the effect is lovely in the extreme. I think I must give the palm for beauty to these, but am not quite sure. I had a bathe here as well, and then soon after we left and arrived at Wairoa at seven p.m. I had a good look at the terraces and spent several hours between the two. I suppose if there were a guide book for this district it would tell you you ought to see these terraces and die, as you are told before you visit the Yosemite and Niagara. I must confess, for my own part, the more I see of these natural wonders the more should I like to live, if only on the chance of seeing fresh novelties. I am the only pakeha who has been here by way of Tauranga for two months, so they do not seem to be appreciated as yet ; but they are certainly out of the way, and the accommodation and food, except at Peter's, where I am now, is worse than indifferent, but no doubt in a few years you will come by train to see one of the most wonderful phenomena of nature in existence.

*Friday, 19th.*—Left Wairoa at ten a.m., and rode leisurely along to Captain Mair's station, at the end of Lake Kaiteriria, where we remained to dinner. He has fifty mounted police under his charge. I bathed in the Lake, and forgot to put on a spur after coming out, and when I went to look for it it was gone ; the Maories being fearful people for stealing ; there appeared to be no chance of my recovering it. There is no restriction as to bathing, and the native women go in quite

promiscuously with the other sex. They are splendid swimmers, and if they get hold of an unlucky pakeha (white man), the great pleasure is to put his head under water. We left again at four p.m., and arrived in two hours at Ohinemetu by a different road; there was nothing remarkable to be seen, except some more hot springs, of which, if I am not tired of the sight, I certainly am of the smell.

*Saturday, 14th.*—We started at half-past six from Ohinemetu on our last day's trip to Tauranga, a distance of forty-one miles; we went by the new bush road; it is not yet finished but is a large undertaking, as there are some very difficult engineering works to be done, in the way of bridging torrents, blasting rocks, &c., &c. The first part was along the beach by the lake; we then entered a forest which continued some miles, and we had a good deal of up and down hill work; we were eight and a-half hours on the route. I had a successful trip on the whole, and was favoured with fine weather; but six days in Maori villages is sufficient, as the feeding is atrocious, and, if there were only as many live stock on the hill side as there are in the beds, it would be a change for the better; but, unfortunately, although the former cannot find food enough, I should think that I have supplied the latter for some time to come, judging from the wretched, yet lively nights, I spent at Ohinemetu. I am surprised how very well I have stood the work; but, after all, the riding I have done is not along the hard high-road, but along narrow paths, and through the bush, and the time we take to do the distances show that we do not go fast—in fact, it is nearly all walking, and every now and then we have a canter, so it is not necessary to be in A1 condition. The horses went well, and I was not stuck up; but as the steeds had two and sometimes three feeds of corn a day, it was not surprising. In Victoria they did not seem to get any corn, and when I asked if they ever gave them any oats, they said, very seldom, as they became so fat with the rich grass in December and January, that they have to live on the fat they then accumulated;

although in the Autumn and early Spring they look more, as *Punch* would say, like "the framework of a horse" than the genuine article. As there was no steamer for Auckland till Wednesday, I thought I would go back by the Thames, so took a small boat and half sailed and rowed over to Kati-Kati, distance twenty-five miles. I arrived about nine, after a pleasant sail. Kati-Kati consists only of two houses, an hotel, telegraph office, and one or two huts. Had a tolerable good night, but bothered by mosquitoes, and other animals too numerous to mention.

*Sunday, 15th.*—As a rule I try to spend a quiet Sunday, but as there was no church here, I thought I might as well study the beauties of nature from horseback, as listen to the roaring of the sad sea waves—and accordingly I started at twelve p.m. for Ohinemouri, distant twenty-eight miles, with a Maori for my guide. The first six miles were along the shore, and I had a charming gallop; after that our progress was very slow, as we were up and down hill most of the way, and crossed numerous rivers. The guide's horse would not face the water, so I had to lead the way, and was bogged on several occasions; but, by dint of my one spur and light weight, arrived safely. These river beds were the only places where a guide was wanted, as in some of them you had to ride up the stream a good way before you came to a sound place for getting out. Before reaching our destination, we went through the most lovely valley or glade I have yet seen, with splendid fern trees and pines, with ferns growing up to the topmost branches—in fact, it was the typical bush of New Zealand, in which parasitic vegetation is in the ascendant. I have not seen many fine trees as yet, with the exception of birches and pines. There are scarcely any that are indigenous to New Zealand, as it excels in low bushes and ferns. It was most difficult riding through the gully, as the road was almost as steep as the side of a house, and I had to get off and lead the horse down; however, we forded the river all right at the bottom, and ascended the other side,



and arrived at Ohinemouri in eight and a-half hours. It is prettily situated on the river of that name. When I arrived at the hotel, I found that a steamer had left for Shortland an hour before, so I had to stop the night. The guide I had, as it turned out, had never been here before, so it was a regular swindle on the part of the hotel man at Kati-Kati; and the man's dislike to facing the river first is easily accounted for. The Maories never wear boots, and the guide I had stuck the stirrup between his big toe and the next one—rather painful, I should think. I forgot to mention that when I was at Rotomahana, the Maories caught some ducks, which they half plucked and allowed them to see the fire, and then eat them with great gusto, with the blood streaming from them—in fact, they were half raw. They wanted to keep one for me, but Faulkner told them he did not think I would appreciate it. A Maori does not care to eat a white man, as he is too salt, but a Maori is, I believe, quite sweet, and resembles pork in taste. I was told that the chief reason that the Maori has done with Christianity is, because the missionaries were always telling them to look to heaven, and not to think of things belonging to the earth. But as some of the clergy appropriated a good deal of the land, the Maories soon began to see through them. I never heard a good word of the missionaries out here; but perhaps they may have been a bad lot.

*Monday, 16th.*—Left Ohinemouri at seven a.m., with an Englishman. I sat in the bow in the orthodox way, and paddled until I was tired. It is not so easy as it looks, and we took eight hours to go forty miles; but, although the tide was with us most of the way, the wind was unfavourable. We were in the Ohinemouri for seven miles; the Peiho then joined, and the two rivers combined are called the Thames. It was, at first, a clear pretty river, with green banks and a few weeping willows and wild flax; but, as we neared Shortland, it became dirty, and the banks uninteresting. The tide became so strong against us at three p.m. that we landed at a place called Kopu,

five miles from Shortland. The guide professed to know the way, but I soon found that he did not, and we were lost in the tea scrub for one hour. I tore my trousers and clothes generally, and was anything but happy in the prospect of having to spend a night in the bush, especially as I had had nothing to eat since half-past six. At last we espied a Maori settlement, and I was put on the right road. A road in New Zealand means a path about two feet wide, with bush on either side. I only had to cross two rivers, which, fortunately, owing to the dry weather, were only up to my knees, and I arrived at a half-way house where I secured a cab into town, and so ended my day's adventure. My arms and shoulders fairly ached with the unusual exertion, and blisters were at a discount; as I told the man it was the hardest, most expensive, and unsatisfactory day I had had for some time—as instead of catching the steamer to Auckland, I missed it by two hours; however, I can say I paddled a canoe on a New Zealand river, and got lost in the bush.

*Tuesday, 17th.*—Stayed the night at Graham's Town; this place, Shortland and Tararu, form what are called the Thames gold-fields. They are separate townships, but are almost joined together, and consist of one long street facing the bay. The mines are directly behind—in fact, nearly in the town, and there is a good deal of smoke always hovering about. Like all mining towns—men and drinking saloons predominate. Mines here like, everywhere else, are now dull. At one time there was a population of 22,000; but now there are only 18,000. Everybody one sees appears to have lost in the gold diggings, and it is a mystery to me who is the lucky person that wins—one never seems to meet him. The mining here is in reefs, and the same process is gone through as to crushing, &c., as at Ballarat and elsewhere. I sailed at half-past four in the "Royal Alfred" for Auckland, which place I reached at half-past nine, and once more found myself under a respectable roof, instead of a whare, or wooden shanty.

*Wednesday, 18th.*—I had a good sleep for the first time for ten days ; did not get up till a quarter to nine. The weather has at last broken, and it is raining and blowing. I was afraid I would have to spend five weeks here ; but the “ Nevada ” has just arrived, after a protracted voyage from Honolulu of twenty-two days, owing to defective flues ; she will take two weeks to be repaired. Spent the morning in going to shops, as boots, &c., are beginning to want renewing.

*Thursday, 19th.*—Very warm day. Lunched at Mr. L. C——’s ; they have a charming house, with beautiful view of the bay. In the afternoon drove to their country house, four and a-half miles out, where they are going for the Summer. Large garden and plenty of strawberries. Had a good view of the country for miles round. Auckland certainly has a beautiful situation as regards scenery, for the bay is almost unrivalled ; and the country at the back is well cultivated, and has great natural beauties as well. Mrs. C—— is a daughter of Sir G. W——, and is pleasant and hospitable. There are two daughters—one about fourteen, and the other eight or ten ; but no sons.

*Friday, 20th.*—Crossed over in the boat to the North Shore, and went up to the signal station, where I had a splendid view. I see the Maories, following the example of the whites, struck for higher wages the other day, which they did not get, as the foreman said the work they did would not pay for their meals.

*Saturday, 21st.*—Went to a croquet party at Dr. C——’s ; played tolerably well. In evening, dined with Sir G. A——, who I met at Wellington ; he is the Chief Justice. His house is in a fine situation, with a balcony all round ; he swears by Auckland harbour ; the configuration of the bay is far superior, in his estimation, to that of Naples. There are numerous islands, volcanic and otherwise, scattered about ; but the water, though blue, has not the same intensity of colour as that of the world-renowned bay ; and then there is not the marble city of 500,000 inhabitants, that looks so beautiful at a distance.

*Sunday, 22nd.*—Went to a church close at hand—service nicely done by a young high-church parson, a recent importation from England. From his sermon he is evidently trying to educate his congregation into bowing and scraping. In the afternoon sauntered in the domain, which is prettily laid out. I have an invitation to spend Christmas with the C—'s, which, I suppose, I shall accept.

## CHAPTER VI.

*Steamer "Nevada," at Sea,  
January 9th, 187—.*

By the heading you will see that I have at last left New Zealand, after a stay of nearly two months, during which time I was blest with good weather, and consequently saw everything to advantage—and thanks to my letters of introduction, I met some very pleasant and agreeable people; but, as they say money makes money, so friends make friends. As you will see by the journal, we encountered a severe hurricane, and I hardly thought we would live through it, and when the captain said next morning, that he was glad to see that I was in the land of the living, it was with truth I replied that I thought I was going to be bumped out of it—so fearful were the shocks. I was two days at Honolulu, and in that time took the principal drive, and saw what there was to be seen in the not over-interesting island of Oahu; but if I had only known that we would have run short of coals on our way to San Francisco, I would have stopped two weeks, and visited the island of Hawaii, distant 150 miles, on which is situated the largest active volcano in the world, called Kilauea, besides which Vesuvius is a mere trifle. The latter's crater is about 2,000ft. in circumference, and about 300ft. deep—while that of Kilauea is ten miles in circumference, and varies from 900 to 1,300ft. in depth. It is now in active operation, and must be a grand sight. On the neighbouring island is an extinct volcano, whose crater is twenty-seven miles in circumference. These figures are official; and, as

Mark Twain says, "if the bottom were level, it would be a fine site for a city like London." I have written a letter to M——, in which I congratulate her on being the first of the L——, at any rate, of the present generation, who has taken to a life on the ocean wave from pure and simple love for the briny deep ; and go on to say, that hope now springs up in my soul, that I, too, may become enamoured with the dark blue ocean, and that, following the example of my sailor sister, I may be able to exclaim in the words of Byron—

" And I have loved thee, Ocean."

## JOURNAL.

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*Auckland, Monday, December 23rd.*—Spent the day with E—and his wife, and called on Mr. R—, the father-in-law. Weather showery.

*Tuesday, 24th.*—Posted letters by “Hero” for England, via Brindisi; in afternoon drove out with Dr. C— to One Tree Hill, to spend Christmas.

*Wednesday, 25th.*—A piping hot day; just the reverse of the weather to what we do, or rather, did expect in England at Christmas time; for of late years, we have not seen much snow on this day. There is no holly here, but instead they have a shrub called the Rata, which has a profusion of dark red flowers, that form a very good substitute, and is largely used in decorations. We drove into town in the morning to church; it was prettily decked out; the fact is, I have never before seen anything so pretty, so graceful, or so simple, in the way of ornamentation; there were immense fern leaves, about eight feet long, nailed to each of the pillars, and these leaves, with a few of the lovely crimson Rata blossoms and a few flowers entwined round the pulpit and communion rails, were all the decorations used, but the effect was charming. Another church I was in was decorated with a pretty kind of grass, mixed with red geraniums, and the graceful fern leaf twining up the pillars as in the other one. The service was well done, and we had the Hallelujah chorus. After our return, we had the conventional dinner of “roast beef and plum pudding,” for the fine old

custom of good cheer at 'Xmas is kept up here with all due honour. The sun is intensely hot, but there is generally a cool breeze blowing at Auckland, which makes it bearable. Bishop S——, when he arrived in England from New Zealand, said that the stillness of the atmosphere and the smallness of the trees were the two things that struck him most; the former is certainly true, but I can't agree with the latter, as there appeared to be very few native trees at all. There are certainly forests of birch and pine, for I drove through one coming from Hokitika to Christ Church; but, although the pines are tall they are slender, and some of the trees in Richmond Park would beat them in circumference if not in height. The Cowrie pines are undoubtedly of immense size, but they are very rare. The English trees, when planted here, grow very fast, and the climate seems to suit them. Dr. C—— was saying that the Autumn growth of the trees here is almost greater than the Spring one. In the afternoon we strolled up on to the top of the hill, behind the house, and had a splendid view of the harbours of Manakau and Auckland proper.

*Thursday, 26th.*—Went to see the Caledonian Games; they were very poor. In the evening dined with Mr. M——, manager of the Bank of New Zealand; we had croquet, and dined about seven; he has a very fine garden, and an endless variety of flowers—oleanders, pelargoniums, mangolias, all flourishing in open air and in sheltered places; bananas will grow equally well with peaches, strawberries, &c., &c. I think I am wrong about bananas, as it is further North, in the Bay of Islands, that they thrive so well. Aucklanders are very angry with Dilke, as he made a sweeping assertion that wherever bananas flourish, commencing at Auckland, to, I forget what degree of latitude, the people are invariably indolent and good for nothing. If you want to read a good book on New Zealand, read Hochstetter's; he is a German; if you want to amuse yourself with a book full of anecdotes, read Dilke's. The latter never was in Auckland, and only about two days in Wellington.



*Friday, 27th.*—Visited E——, and stayed tea at the R——'s. Had a long chat with Mrs. L——, and slept at the Club.

*Saturday, 28th.*—Drove out with Dr. C—— to his house, to take part in a large croquet party of sixty; three sets of hoops, and I had charge of five young ladies, and enjoyed the afternoon very much; the guests left about seven, after a successful party; ladies not remarkable for their skill in the game. They dress in the latest fashions, fearfully exaggerated.

*Sunday, 29th.*—In the morning went to church, and spent remainder of the day in lounging about the grounds, as it was very warm.

*Monday, 30th.*—Called on Mr. M—— and Sir George A——, and played croquet, as usual, in the afternoon; it is all the rage here.

*Tuesday, 31st.*—Left Dr. C——, and returned to the Club. Lunched at the Bishop's. They have a delightful house: large drawing room, with a magnificent view of the bay; a private chapel, library, &c.; all most complete. It was built by Bishop Selwyn; the latter seems to have been a most energetic man, and anybody coming after him would have hard work to fill his place. The present man, Bishop C——, is not very popular with some, but no doubt will be so in time. He was in India as chaplain to the late Bishop of Calcutta, and has fine views of Cashmere, with its avenues of poplars, and splendid mountain passes. His wife is very pleasant, and quite absorbed, as most mothers are, in their latest born—a fine specimen of New Zealand growth, if not of beauty. We played croquet the remainder of the afternoon; tight croquet was allowed, and there was a delicious slope with beds of roses at the bottom, and I am afraid balls found their way to the flowers, and that some of the players found that roses had thorns. The harbour grows upon one every time one sees it; unfortunately now, the grass is all burnt up, as the soil, for the most part, is composed of scoria, and consequently the green turf is not of long duration. I took tea with E—— and his wife, and

bade them adieu. Slept at night at Mr. R ——'s; they have a very clean and highly respectable hotel.

*Wednesday, January 1st.*—Went to the people's excursion, to the Island of Kawau; 2s. 6d. there and back, distance thirty-one miles; the steamer was called the "Golden Crown," built in Auckland—machinery in England; she is very fast, even with a head wind; we averaged eleven and a-half knots. About 500 people on board. It was rather rough; and, as English are the same all the world over, when out for the day—*i.e.*, regardless of consequences—they eat all manner of fruit, oysters, &c., the scene on deck may be more easily imagined than described. The island belongs to Sir George Grey, twice Governor of New Zealand. He lives here by himself. It is five miles in circumference, and is prettily wooded. Sir G. has a charming house, full of all manner of curiosities; there are deer, kangaroos, and emus, running about the place, and I enjoyed the four hours on shore very much. We arrived back at the wharf at eight p.m. Passed several islands—notably the "Rangitoto," an extinct volcano, whose sides are now covered with brush; it is a favourite excursion, but the road is very rough, as it is composed of boulders of lava, which may be good for shoemakers but not for weak ankles, so I did not attempt it.

*Thursday, 2nd.*—Started on another 2s. 6d. trip to the hot springs of Maurhangi, thirty miles distance. A lovely day, and the steamer not so crowded. Landed and had a bathe at one of the springs, temperature about 120 degrees. Great excitement in Auckland, owing to the arrival of the American Circus of twenty-five horses.

*Friday, 3rd.*—Very hot and close. Packed up and wandered about in the evening. Heard the sailing of the "Nevada" was again postponed till Sunday, at five p.m.

*Saturday, 4th.*—Heat still oppressive. Met a gentleman who came from England to New York with Mark Twain. He says he is a most amusing man. He took his *non de plume* for the reason that, when he was a passenger on board one of the Mis-

Mississippi steamers, the leadsman used often to say, "By the line, Mark Twain." From what this gentleman says, his stories are not often original. He takes the advice of Captain Cuttle, and if he hears a good thing makes a note of it. He was incessantly writing down notes in his pocket book; he is going to write a book on England, and he was talking about Oxford University, and my friend told him the two well-known stories of the Good Samaritan and Jezebel, and he instantly out with his note-book and put them down.

*Sunday, 5th.*—Went to Church in morning, and at four went on board S. "Nevada." At five p.m. weighed anchor—ten days after our time. Her tubes wanted renewing, but she had 1200 put in. After we had gone a little way, I heard the port shaft was cracked, and that we would not be able to go more than half speed. One side of her crank is also bound up with two ribs of iron. Her upper works and decks all want recaulking. Fortunately the skin of her boiler is in fair condition, but, as for the rest of her, as Dickens says somewhere of some ship, "she only holds together from mere force of habit." It rained in torrents, and I discovered that my cabin leaked, so had to move into another. There are only ten saloon passengers, with about sixty-one steerage. The saloon is a fine one, and there is a comfortable house on deck called the Social Hall, where one can have any amount of fresh air. The Captain is a fine, gentlemanly man, and a good officer, I think.

*Monday, 6th.*—Wind in our favour; only going nine knots; however, it is better to use only 10lbs. of steam, and go eight and a-half revolutions, than blow up. Wind increased in the afternoon, with heavy rain, and we pitched about considerably. Glass falling rapidly.

*Tuesday, 7th.*—Barometer down to 28.62, lower than the Captain has seen it for twenty years. Air very close, blowing hard, with squalls of rain. Thinking we were on the rim of a hurricane, ship was turned round to course S.S.W., just opposite to our proper one, which is N.N.E. In afternoon came on our right

course, when we were suddenly caught by a hurricane. One of the skylights was blown clear off, and the Captain was afraid the deck houses would be swept away. The seas were tremendous, but the wind seemed to cut off the tops of the waves. The thuds under the sponsons and stern were frightful; shook the whole ship; engines were just kept going, so as to give steerage way. She behaved splendidly—much better than I expected. The supports of the sponsons were broken, but no further damage was done. She is a wooden ship, and the creaking, groaning, and crackling that went on, was certainly rather alarming; but I am not nervous. Storm continued till midnight, when it gradually lessened in force. The Captain is a first-rate man, cool and collected. He has crossed the Atlantic seventy-six times in one of the old passenger sailing ships, and has been at sea forty-three years, but never saw such seas, one or two in particular. He says he knew that the "Nevada" was a first-class sea boat, but did not think she would have behaved so well. It is lucky that the hull is in good condition. It is the second, and I hope the last, hurricane that I may be in—though, unfortunately, the season for them is from January till March. Just before the hurricane commenced, the wind hauled across against the sun, and the Skipper remarked that it was a bad sign. It was certainly a dreadful night. My fear was that from the frightful bumps we would go apart, and I am not sure that she is in bulkheads, as I have not been below yet. She was built in 1867, so is comparatively a new ship. The law of storms is so well understood now, that a captain generally manages to run his ship out of the hurricane, but it came very suddenly upon us.

*Wednesday, 8th.*—Wind moderated, but a nasty jumble of a sea, and decks very wet. We are going along now at our usual speed. As we cross the Meridian to-morrow at four a.m. from E. to W. longitude, we will have two Wednesdays the 8th—so we gain a day. I don't understand it, but I suppose that when we are in 180 longitude, we are just on the opposite side of the

world to Greenwich. I am tired of the sea, and come to look upon a sea voyage as a lesson of endurance rather than a pleasure, it is so awfully monotonous—thirty days of it to San Francisco and twenty-one to Japan. I enjoy the land part, but nature did not intend me for a sailor.

*Wednesday, 8th (No. 2).*—A lovely morning, and hardly a ripple. The Pacific is now the Pacific in more than name, and long may it continue. One can hardly realise what one has gone through in the last few days. The feeding on board is first-rate—more in the English than the Yankee style—joints, and not little plates of meat with all the juice cooked out of it. There is a very pleasant lady on board (a Miss B—), a connection, I believe, of Bishop W— and the late Archbishop Sumner, who has been staying with the Bishop of Melbourne. She is travelling for her health, and intends to stay for a few weeks in the Sandwich Islands. The rest of the passengers, with the exception of an old gentleman, are not a very lively lot, and different to those on board the “Great Britain.” No log put up, so I am in happy ignorance where we are. Going about eight knots.

*Thursday, 9th.*—We have now reached the perfection of weather, as the sea is smooth, and we have the South East Trades to keep us cool, and luckily they are favourable; but the ship carries so little canvas that it will not do us much good—still every little helps. This vessel is full of creeping things—cockroaches, earwigs, weevils, and rats by hundreds, also white ants; they fortunately do not penetrate to where my cabin is, but a lady told me she counted ten cockroaches on or about her berth last night, and did not sleep in consequence. I dread the latter more than rats, for, on no less an authority than Bishop C—, they have a great partiality for toenails, and I am almost determined on making ten little bags, and filling them with Keating's insect powder, and putting them on my feet. There were three cockroaches crawling about the seat at tea last night. I am inside and have a back, but those that sit on the opposite side

have none, not even the usual one that swings backwards and forwards—not that I think the latter is of much use, for, as the Yankees would say, “they are a cuss and a delusion.” We hope to reach the Navigators’ group of islands about Monday, and, if we happen to pass in the daytime, a pilot will very likely come off. The Captain was saying that the sea is very imperfectly explored, and his experience is that if you want to miss an island run straight for where it is marked on the chart, and you are bound to get clear; he thinks ships would be much better employed in surveying the sea about these islands than in trying to find the North-West Passage.

*Friday, 10th.*—We generally meet the South-East Trades in 26 South, and hope to keep them till latitude 12, but we lost them to-day, and have head winds. The heat is oppressive, and will, I am afraid, increase until we reach the other side of the Line. We ought to pass an island to-night, of which the principal white man is a so-called Wesleyan Missionary, but he attends more to trading in copra, the kernel of the coconut, which is used very largely in Hamburg for hair-dye, and perfumery in general, than in Christianising the natives. A gentleman who is on board, just arrived from the Navigators’ Islands, says that this man, Mr. B—, received £5,000 for a cargo he took up there the other day; so he makes his missionary work a paying business; and this, I am afraid, is why the missionaries are so unpopular among the natives. The London Society do not allow their men to trade, which is a good thing.

*Saturday, 11th.*—Heat fearful. I never felt so limp and exhausted before; do not feel able to do anything; if one attempts to write, glasses slip off nose, and pen out of fingers. Bed is torture, though being on the hurricane deck, we have large windows. I can keep door open. I lie tossing about, as a

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NOTE.—In the “Day of Rest,” June, 1874, it mentions that the Tongans may claim the palm as the most Christian of people. At sunrise the Settlement is vocal with hymns of praise sung in the cottages at family devotions, &c., &c. If this account is a true one, I am afraid that rumour and people who ought to know do not give the Tongans, or rather their teacher, the credit he deserves; but as I do not speak from personal observation, I must leave my readers to judge which report is most likely to be the correct one.

gentleman expressed it, sweltering; in that state I go to sleep, and I awake sweltering. The water that comes into the bath from the sea is 80, so that it only overheats one, and makes one feel sticky for the rest of the day. I sponge down leisurely, and take one hour to dress; put on as little as I can with decency. One can understand now how the natives of the Samoa group wear little or nothing, with the exception of hair powder, for they adorn their hair most gorgeously with all manner of dyes. It is the rainy season in these parts, and also the height of Summer, so that, although there is plenty of rain, it does not freshen the air, as the drops are warm. We have now head winds. I think these Trades are a misnomer. Coming in "Great Britain" we had no North-East, but South-West, and now, when we ought to have South-East, we have North-East.

*Sunday, 12th.*—Some of our tubes have given way, and the fires of one boiler are put out; but as we are only allowed 10lbs. of steam we can do with two. I should think out of 5,600 tubes, two-thirds are new. Still sweltering.

*Monday, 18th.*—Head wind. Will miss seeing Navigator's Islands, as, owing to the faithless S.E. Trades, we will not reach land till dark. Torrents of rain falling. You may fancy what a state I am reduced to, when it is almost too hot to eat; any exertion is trying.

*Tuesday, 14th.*—Past Navigator's about eleven p.m. yesterday. It was a most unfortunate time, as these steamers generally call in at one of the finest harbours in the group, and go through a narrow passage between two islands—Tituila and Arnua, one mile in width. We also missed getting any fruit, and oh! my kingdom for an orange, as the claret on board is atrocious, and I have to drink Tennant's pale ale, as the only genuine article we have in the way of liquor. The Samoa group of Islands are very beautiful, and from all accounts they resemble the West Indies, particularly the Windward Islands in appearance. This is the rainy season, so everything will be looking green and fresh; in fact, like Antigua and Nevis, they resemble "an emerald in a dark blue setting." A gentleman from the islands,

who is on board, says the natives are splendid looking men, and I had quite hoped to have seen them, as they generally come off in canoes. I noticed that Earl P—— in his cruise seemed to keep principally to the lagoons, and never stayed longer than two or three days at an island; but, as the natives live chiefly on the white strand, with their houses nestling among the feathery palms that fringe the beach, you can see all in a short time, as you have not to go into the interior of the island; for they are so superstitious they do not live there, as they think the woods are the abode of evil spirits. They seem an idle race, but as nature has provided them with breadfruit, cocoa-nuts, yams, &c., they need not work much, and they don't. If the heat is always as great as it is now, I can excuse them; but, I believe, nine months in the year the temperature is pleasant enough. These islands, when cultivated, will be very valuable, as coffee and sugar will grow on them; but, to develop the country properly, I am told the invaluable Chinese will have to be introduced, as the natives won't work. It seems as if the Chinese would soon supply the labour market of the world; for instance—the Southern Pacific R.R., in the U.S., is being made entirely by them.

*Wednesday, 15th.*—We stopped suddenly to-day for an hour or so, to repair something in the engines; it is the first time I have ever done so in mid ocean; save, once, in a French steamer in the West Indies. We passed within seven miles of the entrance of Tituila Harbour. Still sweltering.

*Thursday, 16th.*—The thermometer only registers about 80, but there is a moisture in the air that makes the heat intolerable. The water is 83, or, warmer than the air; but we are in a warm current, one and three-quarter knots against us. If Johnston ever wants to swim his twenty miles again, he should try it here, and not in the English Channel. I wonder how long one can melt without dissolving; I am afraid I must have lost the 7lbs. I gained in New Zealand.

*Friday, 17th.*—Shall be glad to see land again; tired of this dreary waste of water, though, as an old tar once said: "Waste



of waters : no. it ain't ; what would navigation do without it ?" Rather badly, one might add. Last night I was able to enjoy the luxury of a sheet ; the thought of a blanket is almost too great a bliss to think of. By degrees, hearing more about the hurricane, it turns out that instead of running out of it, we ran right into the thick of it. There was a lovely sunset to-night : colours : mauve, buff, and green ; not a very good combination you might think, yet they blended together wonderfully. The mauve was the uppermost, and gradually lost itself in the more familiar blue.

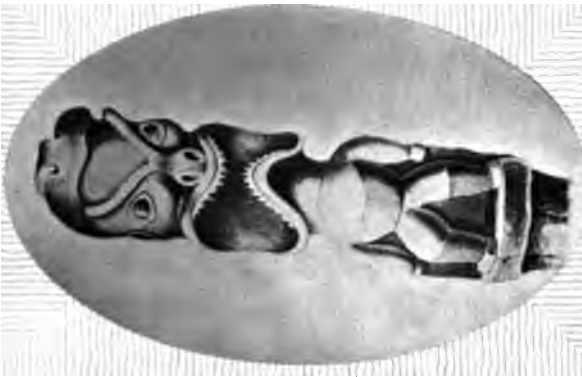
*Saturday, 18th.*—Crossed the line at ten p.m. Weather still oppressive.

*Sunday, 19th.*—Weather fine. We actually ran 202 miles in twenty-four hours : as Dominic Sampson would have said, "*Pro-digious!*" In latitude 2 North, 1,225 miles from Honolulu. Ship very uneasy.

*Monday, 20th.*—Wind in our favour—heavy rain. Closer than ever ; are at last out of the Westerly current ; we got into it in lat. 15 South, and are now in lat. 5.82 North, long 163.31 West. Time passes slow, as my eyes are, and have been, very painful, and reading is nearly impossible ; I suppose it is owing to the heat and wind combined.

*Tuesday, 21st.*—Showery and close. It is curious that in the Navigator's Islands, their rainy season is in the Summer, and in the Sandwich Islands in the Winter. We have only had two entirely fine days since leaving, and rain at sea is simply horrid. There are two families on board, on their way from New Zealand to Oregon ; they do not give a cheerful account of New Zealand ; they say the land, on the whole, is anything but fertile, and that, sooner or later, difficulties are sure to arise with the Maories. The latter used to till little enough, but now hardly at all, as the Government feeds them ; they seem to think the Maories are only biding their time ; but, perhaps these emigrants take a rather gloomy view of things in general, and New Zealand in particular ; but it does not speak so well for the





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prospects of a young colony, when people begin to emigrate on account of the poorness of the soil.

*Wednesday, 22nd.*—209 miles ; pretty good, considering condition of ship. Miss B— knows Charles Kingsley very well, also his brother, the author of "Ravenshoe;" and Mrs. Charles, authoress of the "Schönberg Cotta Family." She (Miss B—) is decidedly clever, and has written herself, and is now writing a book. Saw the Pole Star for the first time in lat. 4 North, sooner than, the first mate says, he has ever seen it. Have now, or will soon, lose sight of my old friend the Southern Cross. It was discovered first by some Spaniards, who coming round Cape Horn saw the constellation, and from its form gave it the name of the cross ; they fell down on their knees and prayed, thinking it a sign ; whether for good or evil, I don't know.

*Thursday and Friday, 23rd and 24th.*—Still progressing ; about eight and quarter knots an hour.

*Saturday, 25th.*—Reached Honolulu at eleven a.m. ; it is a difficult harbour to enter, as a coral reef runs out a long way ; but there is a narrow passage well buoyed, and we entered it without mishap. It is not a very convenient one when you get inside, as there is hardly room for a vessel as large as this to turn ; but there is a capital wharf when once one reaches it. From the sea, this island is not very inviting, and the hills are, for the most part, volcanic and barren ; but there are some valleys green and fertile enough to look at. I was very much disappointed, as from all I had heard and read of the South Sea Islands, I had expected to see them a mass of vegetation and "verdure clad." Oahu is the least tropical in appearance, and most unproductive of the group ; and it is only on account of its harbour that it is made the seat of Government. The surf beats over the coral reef, and you see the natives bobbing about in their canoes ; they are very narrow and have a piece of wood two or three feet distant from the boat connected by two bent sticks ; it is, in fact, a kind of outrigger, and prevents the canoe upsetting on the one side—and on the other it would take a good lurch to lift the outrigger out of the water, so they are safe for those that

know how to handle them. The natives are fond of bathing in the surf, and some of the more athletic go out some distance, taking a board with them; this they throw on to a huge wave, and themselves on to the board, and so they are carried in. It looks easy enough, but, no doubt, is very hard to do. The difficulty is, I believe, to throw yourself on the board at the right moment. The town has a population of 15,000—it lies low, but the houses are white, and what with the cocoa nut, and other trees, it has a pleasing and novel appearance. The natives are a fine-looking race—the men in particular; the latter all wear clothes in the European style; the women wear a loose kind of sac, “flowing free and unconfined” from the shoulders to the feet; the colours are various, but generally white or pink. Their hair is long and black, and they usually have a wreath of flowers round their heads. They have good eyes, pleasing countenances, and fine figures—looking as if they fed on the fat of the land. They have a free and easy walk, and their native dress is certainly a great deal better than the European style, which does not suit them at all. Judging from the specimens I saw at church—nature evidently intended them to wear loose flowing robes. The children are dressed “in tatters, or in sunshine,” according to the fancy of their parents. Their colour is a light brown or copper. The Sandwich Islanders are great riders; the women ride astride, and they have yards of stuff wound round them, and as they generally go at a hand gallop, the calico, or whatever it is, floats behind them like a banner—and with their long black hair decked with flowers, they have a very picturesque appearance. Miss B——, another gentleman, and myself, hired a buggy, and started at first for the drive of the island—to the Pali Cliff, which is distant seven or eight miles. We drove through a valley which is bounded on either side by a high narrow ridge, covered with green turf to the top. The vegetation is semi-tropical, and though there are plenty of cocoa-nut trees near the sea, bananas and bread-fruit only grow in gardens; and there is not that luxuriance of vegetation that one sees in real tropical climates—still it was

very beautiful. From the cliff you look down a height of 800ft. upon a plain below, bounded by the white surf that beats over the coral reefs; for the island is only twenty-four miles across, by forty-six in length—and from this point we could see Honolulu on one side, and the plain Manoa on the other. There are some very pretty houses and gardens in the neighbourhood of the town; and we passed by Queen Emma's residence. There were masses of flowers of every shape and colour, and all looked green and fresh after the rains; oleanders, roses, and jasmine, seemed to do well. They plant the taro here a great deal—it is a large root resembling the potato. There is a capital hotel on the island, and I took my meals there, but slept on board. I went to the theatre in the evening to see a one-legged dancer; it was a lovely night—not a breath of air. Cocoa nut trees look best by moonlight; but I am not sure that I admire them very much, though I dare say they would grow upon one. Mark Twain describes them as follows: "We came to a grove of cocoa nut trees, with clean branchless stems, sixty or seventy feet high, and topped with a spray of green foliage, sheltering clusters of cocoa nuts: Not more picturesque than a forest of colossal parasols, with bunches of magnificent grapes under them, would be." Yet, for all this, there is something graceful and fascinating about them.

*Sunday, 26th.*—Went to church twice. Heard the Bishop in the morning; he was sent out by the Bishop of Winchester, and gave us a good sermon. He is very high church. The choristers were native boys, who looked well in their surplices; but the singing was not first-class. In the afternoon I took a boat and rowed off to visit the "California," a large American frigate; she was a fine vessel and in good order. Eighteen nine-inch guns, and on the top deck two one hundred-pounders – and a sixty-pounder forward. They certainly have not a powerful fleet if this is one of their finest, and they have no sea-going ironclads; but what is the use of men of war to the Yankees? if they can frighten other nations to giving them all they want without.

The "Scout," an English corvette was near; but as she was going to be painted, all her decks were in a state of upset. Weather hot and oppressive, and after being so long at sea, "the chasm like valleys," with their dark green sides, were refreshing to look upon.

*Monday, 27th.*—Pottered about in the morning. At two p.m. we started for San Francisco; we took on board a large cargo of sugar and fruit. The former goes to America to be refined; it grows on the other islands, and comes here for shipment. At one p.m., the new King Lunalilo drove down to the landing place, and embarked in a barge for the "California;" the yards were manned and salutes fired. The late King Kamehamela only died about two months ago, and as he left no family, it was thought there would be a free fight; hence the arrival of the men-of-war. But Lunalilo, commonly called Prince Billy, was elected, and everything passed off quietly. He is a well educated man, and has an intelligent countenance. His only fault is, that he is too fond of gin—not a very royal drink, you will think. The people now hope he will leave off, and turn over a new leaf. The first officer of the vessel was a friend of his, and the last time he visited him he was digging up potatoes in his garden; so, like Cincinnatus of old, one may say he was taken from the plough. He receives 25,000 dollars a year, as much as the President of the United States, and he has private property besides. The population of the islands is about 40,000; but as the natives are dying out at the rate of fifteen per cent., it is calculated that at the end of fifteen years, there will be hardly any left; this is, indeed, a sad reflection. Captain Cook, when he was here, estimated the population at 400,000. Though it is nearly a century ago since he was killed here, the Kanakas do not like to speak of it to this day, as they are so ashamed of the murder. The war correspondent of a U.S. newspaper is on board. It is a leading paper, and from what I can gather, the Yankees had serious thoughts of annexing the islands. They sent two men-of-war here; but the election

of a new king passed off so quietly, they had no pretext for violent measures. The "California" was sent of at a moment's notice, and a General S— on board as well; and this correspondent told me one evening that he had been rather sold—as he had left at a moment's notice to come down to the islands and write an account of the annexation. I stared at him in surprise, and I think he thought he had let the cat out of the bag; as, of course, England and France being protecting powers as well as America, the latter had no right to do it; but that they had thoughts of so doing, I think is probable; as in the above paper I saw a paragraph that the death of the king would be an advantageous time to seize the Sandwich Islands, as H.B.M. Consul was away, and the American one had two frigates to back him up; but, unfortunately for their little game, the "Scout" appeared on the scene—having been sent down in haste from Vancouver's Island, where she had gone to winter; and Her Majesty's ship "Chameleon" was ordered to follow. It shows that the Captain in charge of our station (for I think the new Admiral has not yet arrived in the "Repulse") was on the alert. The Chaplain of the "Scout" is on board, having had leave given him. There is also an engineer on his way home, and I know the general impression is, that if their vessel had not arrived, the Yankees meant mischief; the natives think so themselves, and they talk of the conduct of the Yankees in no measured terms. I have no doubt the United States will eventually have these islands, as they are most anxious to own some islands in the Pacific; but I doubt the policy of England letting them take them, as they lie right in the track of steamers from Australia to San Francisco and British Columbia. I think we have given them enough; but I fancy they must be becoming elated by their success in arbitration, and so imagine they can seize what they like with impunity. The American Consul and one or two of the leading merchants are now on their way to Washington, to give an account of the proceedings. On the "Scout" were some of the



marines who were on the island of San Juan. Before leaving, they cut down the flag-staff, and carried it on to the "Scout," as they were determined that no Yankee flag should fly where the British Ensign had been. One marine went so far as to set fire to the barracks, but he was detected, and received nine months imprisonment. From their account, the loss of the island does not seem to be of much importance, as we have still one good channel that we can use in time of war.

*Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 28th to 31st.*—Strong heads winds and rough sea. Feel very miserable. Going wretchedly slow, 163, 175, 152, 142, 132 miles—so you see the days' runs are becoming smaller and smaller, and beautifully less.

*Saturday, February 1st.*—At eleven p.m. turned back to Honolulu for more coal, as we had only six days' fuel left, and we were 1,400 miles from San Francisco. I suppose it is the wisest plan, but it is awfully provoking—ten days' misery for nothing. The fates have been against us, as, with the exception of two days, we have had head winds. Our misfortunes are owing to gross mismanagement, as the captain was under the impression that we had 600 tons, or sixteen days coal on board; so we had, but instead of Sydney, we had some from British Columbia, which is not nearly so good; and besides, though one can hardly believe it possible, yet, "'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true:" that this coal had been on fire for weeks, and, consequently, all the gas was taken out of it, and we had to burn sixty tons per day, instead of forty, and even with that had hardly any steam. The engineer was greatly to blame, as the captain had arranged with the agent to have Sydney coal, and thought it had been put on board, but it turns out that the agent, without letting the skipper know, shipped this horrid stuff, and hence cost the Company thousands of dollars. The engineer did not tell the captain about the coal until the fourth day out. The former ordered him to estimate the quantity in the bunkers, and directly he knew what was left, the ship was

turned about, because the winds were ahead ; and finding yourself two days from San Francisco, in the Winter time, with no coal, particularly in a ship with little or no sail, would have been awkward ; and this incident gives me greater faith than ever in the captain. I shall start again in the "Nevada," from Honolulu, for none of their steamers are in first rate order, and it might be out of the frying pan into the fire ; for this I know, we have a good captain, a sound hull, and lastly, that although the tubes leak, the skin of the boilers is good, so there is no danger of blowing up ; but, if anybody thinks of trying this line, I should say to them, in the words of *Punch* to those about to get married—"Don't !"

*Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, 2nd to 5th.*—With wind in our favour, going along better. I was just beginning to luxuriate in blankets and cooler weather, when we had to turn back to tropics again. If the coal will not last, there are 3,000 barrels of sugar on board, which makes capital steam, but rather expensive—ten dollars per barrel. The captain has never actually tried sugar ; but, as it possesses carbon to a great extent, it ought to be of use.

*Thursday, 6th.*—Arrived back at Honolulu, and intend taking in 600 tons of, let us hope, real coal, and not fuel that has been on fire for six weeks. I lunched on the "Scout," and in the afternoon sauntered up one of the valleys. Dined at the hotel in the evening. Miss B— has gone to visit the Craters. I hear that Kilauea is ten miles round ; there are only small vents where the steam and lava come up ; and it is not one vast cauldron, like Vesuvius. I visited the market ; crowds of Kana-kas there, and interesting on that account. A pig is cooked whole, and slices cut off to the size required by purchasers. All varieties of roots—taro, sweet potatoes, &c. ; the former is sown on little mounds of earth, surrounded by water.

*Friday, 7th.*—Sailed at two p.m. Had a bathe in the morning, and breakfasted with a Mr. M—, an English gentleman,

residing on the island. Heard news of Napoleon's and Mr. Graves's deaths.

*Saturday, 8th to 20th.*—Wind strong ahead, and sea rough, for the first ten days, as runs will show:—180, 143, 160, 141, 155, 192, 147, 165, 140, 141, 187, 162, 199; this is fine running for a mail steamer. We had a fair wind the day we made this astounding run of 187 miles, and not one boiler gave out. The same evening the wind changed to a gale, with tremendous seas; you may imagine the force of the wind, when this ship (of 2,143 tons, with her two small masts), could only carry a double-reefed topsail. The next day we had a heavy Northerly swell. Wind bitterly cold, and blinding showers of hail. I enjoyed the change, as Artemus would say, "muchly," after all the heat we have gone through. I find Maury very useful and wonderfully accurate. We lost N.E. Trades about 26.28., and then had little or no wind for two days, as we were in the doldrums in lat. 30. We were out of the tropics in 23.22., in fact, the latter extend for 47 degrees of latitude. I do not think I mentioned that the late King Kamehameha weighed about 400lbs., and his mother weighed 450lbs. The Royal Family pride themselves upon being fat, and they carry their immense size with a portly grace. The late king slept twelve or fifteen hours, and then fed on lumps of fattest pork, dropped into his mouth by his faithful attendants. I suppose it is owing to Captain Cook—who always landed pigs—that the Royal Family of the Sandwich Islands take so kindly to pork. The new king is not so fat, and let us hope he will not try to emulate his predecessor in living on pieces of pork, much less in sleeping fifteen hours a day; but, anyhow, his propensity for gin would, I should think, keep him thin.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS AT SAN FRANCISCO.

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*Friday, February 21st.*—We reached 'Frisco to-day after a long passage of forty-seven days from Auckland; the distance is 6,000 miles, but the return to Honolulu for coals, when we were 800 miles out, makes it 7,600. The schedule time for the voyage is twenty-five days; rather a difference. After all, I suppose, I must be thankful that I arrived here at all. It is certainly owing more to the comparatively calm state of the seas of the Pacific, than to the seaworthiness of the "Nevada." I have not been actually ill, but have felt very miserable, and, as I remarked to somebody the other day I have been forty days in the "Nevada," and "still, I am not happy." The time has passed very slow, the passengers have been few, and, if it had not been for the hourly uncertainty of whether I should be able to take the next meal, and a still greater uncertainty of when we should reach San Francisco, I should nearly have died of ennui; not only from the want of something to do, but of something to think of. The only consolation that I have, is, that I have certainly had my money's worth out of the company. I had forgotten to name the great cause of excitement, viz.—the boilers, of which there are four; one only was in perfect order as to tubes; and, on an average, one a day, sometimes two, had to have their fires put out, so as to enable the engineer to plug a leakaway tube or two; in fact, it is owing to the defective tubes, that the delay has arisen. This boat has been running for two years constantly, with never

more than two weeks rest, and she has been going since last April without a certificate ; but then, you must remember she is an American craft, and that the "almighty dollar" can do, or rather did, anything in the United States ; but now, I am told, the inspector of machinery is more particular ; so the "Nevada" has been running for the last few months between Honolulu and Auckland, to keep out of his clutches. The engineer says eleven months ago he had not a single grey hair ; he now looks an old man. He certainly must have had a trying time of it ; however, fortunately we have not blown up, and "alls well that ends well."

*Friday, 21st.*—Arrived at five p.m. The entrance to the bay of 'Frisco is by the Golden Gate ; what it derived its name from I don't know, for more barren, dried-up surroundings, I never set eyes on, though the bay is a fine one, being sixty miles long. San Francisco is built facing the bay, on a narrow strip of land, about eight miles across. I should call it a city of sandhills, as, wherever you walk, you generally end in running up against one. It is not till one gets fairly into the interior, that one sees the fertile plains and valleys ; but I have tried to describe the country of California when I was here two years ago, so I need not repeat it. The city, as far as architecture goes, resembles the Eastern towns—large fine stores, but wooden dwelling houses, shockingly paved streets, and the general flimsy, unfinished look about the whole, that appears inseparable from new cities in America. The streets are wide and built at right angles, and the principal one, Montgomery street, looks well at night, when the shops are lit up. The Winter season here is considered the best, as there is not so much wind, and consequently less dust. The rain is nearly over now, and the sun is very powerful, but the wind is cold, like an East wind in England.

*Saturday, 22nd.*—A general holiday in honour of Washington's birthday. Went to numerous shops. Called on Messrs. C. B. and Co., and had my name put down at Union Club.

*Sunday, 28rd.*—In the morning went to a High Church Conventicle ; in fact, almost ritualistic. Singing beautiful—one boy in particular had a heavenly voice.

*Monday, 24th.*—Secured berth for Japan in S. "Japan." A young Englishman on board the "Nevada" told me some of his American acquaintances would hardly believe he was English, because he did not drop his h's, and had not red hair. Out West they seem to think these are two necessary qualifications of the genuine Englishman ; if you do not possess them they look upon you as an Anglo-American. I think that the bay improves on acquaintance, as there are numerous islands dotted about—and the hills, though rocky and barren, have a certain degree of rugged grandeur. I cannot say as much for the town, as it has a yellow, dusty appearance, and there is at this time of the year any quantity of smoke hanging about ; however, the latter ought, perhaps, to enhance the beauty of the scene, as it reminds one of Old England. They have open fires here, and not the horrible stoves so common in the Eastern States. The ladies, as a rule, are well and handsomely dressed ; but, as usual, a little bit too fast. Their hair is drawn up in a bunch at the top of the head, and on this erection a small hat stuck, while long ringlets hang down their back. Furs are all the rage, and very handsome ones there are. Weather cold, like March in England, only sun hotter ; perhaps I feel it more having so recently arrived from the Tropics.

*Tuesday, 25th.*—In the afternoon a Mr. C — called for me, and took me a drive in his sulky, with a pair of fast trotters. We went the drive of San Francisco—*i.e.*, the Cliff House Road ; it is about six miles in length. We certainly did rattle along, and nothing could come near us ; inside of two minutes forty seconds, Mr. C — told me they would go round the track. He then drove to his house, where I dined.

*Wednesday, 26th.*—Went over the Exchange—a poor building, and the smell of stale tobacco fearful ; the Yankees spit, chew, and smoke anywhere and everywhere.

*Thursday, 27th.*—Mr. D——, the first officer of the “Nevada” dined with me to-night. He is a Welshman, and talks a great deal about the Ancient Briton; but is a good fellow withal. We afterwards went to the theatre, where there was a little Shakespeare, and a little opera—in fact, a *pot pourri* of everything.

*Friday, 28th.*—Post letter to-day, as I start early to-morrow for Japan.

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**PART II.**

**JAPAN AND CHINA.**

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## CHAPTER I.

## VOYAGE IN "JAPAN."

*At Sea, S. "Japan,"*

*March 19th, 187—.*

Lat. 80.0, From the short note that I wrote from the centre of the Pacific, dated March 12th, and sent by the homeward-bound steamer "Alaska," you will have heard that up to 2,000 miles from San Francisco, we were steadily steaming on to our destination. It is not often that one meets with a post-office in mid-ocean; they generally calculate on this line of so doing. for, in the winter months, they invariably keep along the 80th parallel, so as to avoid the bad weather; for, if you study Maury's Physical Geography, you will see that the Calm Belt of Cancer lies there, and, although it has hardly been true to its name this time, still we have not had much bad weather to complain of; and one must remember that March is an unsettled month in the Pacific as well as in the Atlantic. I shall not attempt to give a long log as in the "Great Britain," because it would be merely repetition, as one voyage is so similar to another, and on this one there has been little or nothing doing in the way of amusements; and I fancy that it is not in many that we will have such a high old time, as we had on that ship of blessed memory. By the daily runs that I enclose, you will see that we have not made more on an average than seven and three-quarter knots an hour. This in a first-class mail steamer would be deemed absurd, if one did not remember that it was a Yankee one. There is no doubt that

walking beam engines are out of date, and, however much in advance of the age, the Americans are in the pace, if not safety, of their river steamers, they are beaten by every other nation in the ocean race for speed; and it is lucky for passengers that they are not the carriers by water, as their charges are high and their performances small, by comparison. However, this voyage of 5,000 miles, that now takes twenty-eight days, will, in two years or so, be done in sixteen to eighteen, as there are rumours of an English line being started, and this company (P.M.S.C.) are building numerous propellers by way of anticipation. There is no reason why steamers should not average 800 miles a day, for the sea is usually as calm as a mill pond, or, as one of the officers said, "you might go in a rowing boat all the way." This is the worst time of the year, so no doubt we shall be a day or two longer than usual. The "Japan," as far as comfort goes, is a first-class steamer; she is of 4,300 tons burden, 400 feet long, and 50 or more feet beam; the saloon is on the main deck, and the staterooms lead out of it; a balcony runs all round, and forms a passage; the windows open out on this, and consequently you can always have them open. I have a cabin to myself; my berth is four feet wide; in calm weather it is a decided advantage over the narrow ones, but I am not so certain of it in rough weather, as one receives such an impetus, nothing can stop you, and you cannot jamb yourself in as you do in a narrower berth; but she is a first-rate sea-boat with little motion, so up to this time I have managed very well. The feeding is good, and there is an abundant array of dishes; but there are so many mushes, succotashes, corn food, &c., that, although the dishes are numerous, yet, after one has taken a survey, there does not seem much choice. The hours are half-past eight, one p.m., and six dinner: this is a better arrangement than on most steamers. The saloon steward is a nigger, and all the remainder are Chinese, with their pigtailed. The black man lords it over them as if he thought himself very superior, but this is not to be wondered at when one remembers that

the Australian aboriginals, who, certainly, are the lowest class of humanity that I have seen, think themselves infinitely superior to the Chinese. The latter are certainly quiet, attentive waiters, and glide about so gingerly that it is quite pleasant by way of contrast with the generality of stewards, who clatter the dishes and throw down the plates as if they meant to deafen you. The saloon steward arranges everything by a bell. At the first sound, the waiters advance with the dishes; at the second, they place them on the table; at the third bell, off covers, and so on with the different courses. Not a word is spoken all the time. A gong is used for summoning to meals and getting up in the morning, and it is sounded in a way that would charm W——'s ear to hear—not a thump, but a long and gradual increase in strength till it reaches the climax, then it gradually descends till the sound is barely perceptible; but I must confess it is rather a nuisance, especially in the morning, and I can quite appreciate the feeling that prompted a passenger on board the "Nevada" to throw it overboard. We hope to arrive in Yokohama by the 28th, or five weeks later than I expected; and if I had gone by the P. and O., by way of Galle from Melbourne, I should have been in Yokohama a month ago; and I can now understand why all the Australians advised me to go by that route, in preference to trusting the American lines; however, one lives and learns. The Captain of this steamer is a very gentlemanly man, and tries to do his best to amuse us. We play quoits in the day, and I generally play whist in the evening. If you are hard up for something to read in a morning aloud, buy some of Washington Irving's Works. I have been reading his "Columbus," and had no idea before that the discoverer of America was such a fine character. He makes him out to be a kind of paragon. I like his style, as it is pleasant reading, and you feel that he writes with a thorough appreciation of his subject, and there are none of those long confused sentences that one meets with in Carlyle. I suppose I cannot thoroughly understand the latter, and what appear to me

fearfully and wonderfully involved sentences, are, in reality, marvels of composition. Irving seems to have been devoted to England, and his pictures of country life there are most interesting. Before I left San Francisco, I had to pay at the rate of sevenpence a-piece for washing; this includes pocket handkerchiefs, collars, &c., and, as I bought ten paper collars for a shilling, it is certainly economy to wear them. My beard is becoming a nuisance, and is much more trouble than shaving—the latter only needed two or three artistic scrapes, but the hirsute appendage requires constant combing to keep it from becoming matted, and, as my beard partakes of the curliness of my whiskers, it is a painful as well as a laborious operation. I have serious thoughts of cutting it off—to tell the truth, I rather dread the operation; so, taking all things into consideration, I think I shall let it grow, and as you have made a special appeal on its behalf, I shall stay the execution, and commit its owner to penal servitude for life, letting the culprit hang in effigy, as a warning to others that the chief use of a beard is to swear by “By my beard”—*vide* Shakspeare in his “Two Gentlemen of Verona,” where one of the outlaws says, “Ay, by my beard we will, for he is a proper man.” You may judge of the fine weather we have had, when I tell you that it was never necessary for me to close my cabin window, even on account of the spray. I have, up to this time, been 148 days at sea, and 100 on land, and have traversed 30,000 miles. You will see by this that I have spent most of my time on the “Ocean Wave,” but I fancy I shall stay more on land for the remainder of the time.

## JOURNAL.

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*Saturday, March 1st.*—Left at twelve p.m. for Yokohama ; there are twenty saloon passengers. The accommodation is first-class. There is a large deck house, called the Social Hall, with luxurious lounges and arm chairs—and in this there is a piano. It is the favourite place for sitting in. There is not much musical talent on board ; but there are two missionaries and two ladies going out to instruct the Japanese ; so we have service on Sunday, and plenty of psalm singing, with the good old-fashioned tunes that they use to sing at the time of the Covenanters. Only averaging about eight knots.

*Sunday, 2nd, to Wednesday, 12th.*—Runs 190, 194, 154, 145, 187, 190, 190, 185, 193, 193, 208. Had variable weather, with occasional showers, with Northerly swell. This steamer, burning forty tons a day, and in perfectly smooth water, can average eight knots. She is a large mass to send through the water. There is no opposition, so they charge what they like, and go at what speed they fancy ; it is the longest mail route, without calling in somewhere, in the world—5,250 miles, and when we are half way, I should think we must be further from mainland than anywhere else in the world. We spokethe “Alaska,” homeward-bound steamer to-day ; she had 1,280 Chinese on board. The emigration from China is immense, and there is a great dispute in California, whether it is wise policy to allow it, as they do not come out of their own accord—or, perhaps I should say, on their own account ; for an agent pays their passage, and is bound to bring them back to the Flowery Land



at the end of a certain time alive or dead—hence the numbers of coffins that go over is wonderful. The Celestials like to be buried in their own country; they, consequently, save up all the money they can, and take it back to China, and do not spend more than is absolutely necessary in the land of their adoption. They are industrious, and do most of the light work in California. They are also the washingmen of San Francisco. It is a great source of complaint with parents who are blessed with a numerous progeny of young boys, as the work that the latter might do is done by the enterprising Chinese—hence, you see daily headings in the papers, “what are we to do with our boys?” and it is the origin of Bret Harte’s saying—“that we are ruined by Chinese cheap labour.” The Chinese make capital servants, and always appear neat and clean. I have mentioned elsewhere the steward’s on board this ship. They might be called dumb-waiters, only they divine what you want before you ask. They do not understand much English, and one day I asked for Capon à la Cranberry sauce, and I was handed boiled mutton. The names of the dishes are a study; Epigramme of Mutton, Brain’s à la poulette, Floating Islands, Patties à la Financier, &c. A flying fish flew on deck the other day. I should think to the top of the hurricane deck must be twenty feet; the fish was about three-quarters of a foot long; it has no fins, but two wings that resemble them, until you spread them out. It was bleeding from the nose, from the violence with which it hit the deck. They have a new game on board, called pitching bean bags; they are, as the name denotes, beans sewn up in canvas, and you pitch them from one to the other. It is not a very brilliant amusement; but it is exercise without the trouble of running about.

*Thursday, 18th, to Saturday, 29th*—Run 218, 218, 208, 141, 120, 206, 177, 210, 200, 200, 210, 218, 215, 196, 190, and 236. As you will see by the improvement in the runs, we had for three days a lovely sea—calm as possible; but then a N.W. gale sprung up, so we made little headway, as there is an immense

amount of top hamper to catch the wind, though the masts are little better than signal poles, and no square yards set. This is why I do not like these huge wooden tubs, for if the engines break down you are done for; and I do not think we could set enough sail to give her steerage way. If one paddle wheel is smashed, they can disconnect and use the other. The walking beam of this engine weighs thirty-eight tons, and is the largest in the world, with the exceptions of those on two steamers that run to Newport. I should call this particular one "a crawling beam;" but the lighter we become the faster she goes. We have had a good deal of swell, and very high seas, and I must say I was never in a finer sea boat; she is very dry, but then she lobs along about four miles an hour. We missed out Tuesday, 18th March, as we passed longitude 180, and were in the other side of the world; or, in other words, entered the second half of the globe. When it is midnight with you, it is midday with us; but, no doubt, you understand the reason better than I do, for I must confess my ideas are rather vague than otherwise. We have at last reached Yokohama, on the afternoon of the twenty-ninth day out—total distance, 5,082 miles. I shall, in future, studiously avoid American ocean steamers. I have only been in three—one from Havana to New Orleans, where we averaged six knots; and then in the "Nevada" and "Japan," in which we have taken seventy-four days to accomplish 11,182 miles, or rather slower than a sailing ship would probably have taken, being an average of six and a quarter knots. We had splendid steaming weather, with the exception of four or five days. The "Nevada" ought hardly, perhaps, to have been taken into account, as she was not in trim; however, there is no use crying over spilt milk, and the five weeks that I have lost will make me hurry up in seeing Japan; and, after all, as the parson says, considering the head winds, head sea, and capacity of the ship, we have done remarkably well.

## CHAPTER II.

## EXTRACTS FROM LETTER.

*Yokohama,*

*April 8rd, 187—.*

IN my last letter you will have heard of my arrival here, and I have been busy sight seeing ever since ; and I have attempted to tell what I have seen in my journal, but it is a dreadful place to write a letter in, as everything is so new, that I want to rush out every minute to see what is going on. I can quite understand why the people who first landed here, proclaimed it an Elysium ; but, as there is no rose without a thorn, so Japan has her drawbacks ; and what the people who first arrived here considered the great charm of the Japanese, viz., their wonderful urbanity, and the readiness with which they received the rest of the world, is likely to be one of their great sources of trouble, or, in other words, from all I can hear, they are going ahead and altering their laws and customs too fast to be permanent ; and many think that the more stolid Chinese is taking a better course, by his passive resistance to innovations, than the wholesale reception of them by the Japanese. The Government, to begin with, is not a very stable one. The Mikado, or Emperor, is of the original family of Emperors, who was at once head of the Church and civil ruler, though, as he concerned himself more with the spiritual welfare of the people, he had a Generalissimo who managed the civil portion of the affairs. One of the latter, more enterprising than the rest, took the whole power into his own hands, and, in fact, did not consult the Mikado at all, and kept him as a kind of state prisoner, and called himself a Tycoon.

When Europeans first came here, they treated him as the real Emperor ; and there is a characteristic story told of Lord Pam, that when he heard he had made a mistake in recognising the Tycoon, he said, " Well, now that it is done, we must stick to it ;" but, I suppose he was overruled, as, after a good deal of fighting, the office of Tycoon was abolished, and the two offices were again merged into one ; but all this is a matter of history that I don't pretend to go into. The present Mikado is of the original old family, that have reigned for centuries ; he is looked up to as almost a divine person ; and, I am told, that when he took the civil power as well as the spiritual, he said, that, like our Saviour, he became a man for a time. He is strongly in favour of foreigners being allowed into the country, but there is a strong party against it, and consequently, constant fighting is going on throughout the country. There are at present six parts open to foreigners—Yedo, Yokohama, Nagasaki, Kobé, Osaka, and Hakodadi. The class that are chiefly opposed to it, are the farmers, an independent class in most countries, but here especially so ; however, I hope that they will come round. Laws are made in an arbitrary manner, for instance, an order is given that people must all wear clothing ; this is certainly a most necessary one. Then the people are advised to take to the Bhuddist religion ; then there is another—that all the wrestlers, who were a class by themselves, must in three years, find another occupation ; and so on. The Japanese, as a nation, are not very clever, and are easily taken in by anything novel ; they have not, as yet, much idea of the value of money, and spend it rapidly when they get it. They are not thrifty like the Chinese, and there is not nearly so much money amongst them, in comparison to their numbers ; for the Celestials, from all accounts, know how to keep what they receive ; but a Japanese if he earns a thousand dollars in commission, will spend it all in amusement ; or, to sum up, the Japanese character is shallow, and they want a little more stability to keep them from rushing into wild speculations. There is no doubt that the fact of allowing

railways to be built, and telegraph wires laid, shows that they are anxious to improve the state of the country ; but all these enterprises cost money, and they are mounting up a large debt ; and I have heard one or two gentlemen say that they think it probable this country, eventually, will become a province of some great power ; however, one cannot help admiring them for their pluck, if not good sense, in going in for improvements so rapidly. The resources of the country have been much exaggerated, and though there is no doubt that there is plenty of coal, and, I believe, copper, the mines are not, as yet, much worked. Paper money is the order of the day, and very awkward the notes are to carry, as they vary from two inches to a quarter of a foot in length, and they are so thick that they won't double up. There is a copper coin called a Tempo, but after that paper. I believe there is a gold currency, but I have not yet received any, and for a new country (at least, in one sense) to have to descend to paper so soon, is not a good sign. I always thought that the population was about 30,000,000, but I am told that 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 is nearer the mark ; as, although the towns are thickly populated, the country is sparsely peopled. These few remarks are gathered from what I have heard. People say if you read DeBeauvoir you would think it was a perfect country ; but he writes everything with a certain *coulour de rose*, and his account, though most interesting, must, I think, be taken *cum grano*. The country itself is certainly lovely, but the people have not as much in them as at first supposed, and their faces do certainly not convey a great amount of intelligence ; but teaching may do a great deal, and I have no doubt that the next generation will, with their improved education, be much more able to hold their country together. The army is drilled on the French model, and the navy on the English. I have only given one side of the question of Japan, but dare say, and hope, that I shall be able to give a more flourishing one.

JOURNAL.

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*March 29th.*—We have at last reached Yokohama ; the sail up the bay took two or three hours ; but long before that, we had a fine view of Fusiyama, a mountain 14,000ft. high ; it is conical in shape, resembling the dome of one of the large cathedrals ; it was covered with snow, but unfortunately, owing to the cloudy state of the atmosphere, we did not see it to perfection ; still, it was a noble sight, and few places are blest with a more splendid landmark. The bay is an immense one, but it did not look so well as I expected, as, owing to the late Spring, the vegetation is backward, and the hills were brown instead of being of an emerald green, which is their usual condition at this time of the year. This town faces a small bay, leading out of the main one which ends at Yedo. It lies low, as it is built on level ground, but there are hills at the back covered with houses. The latter are, as a rule, two-storied and tiled ; they are neat and clean in appearance, and the roads are macadamised and well kept. The population is about 40,000. The large steamers lie a quarter of a mile out, and we had to land in boats called sampans ; they are flat bottomed and look rather frail, but I am told they are very safe. A man and his wife are generally in charge ; the man is dressed in something that resembles a dressing-gown ; the majority of them have a cross, or some mark of that kind on their back, to denote who they belong to ; a relic of the feudalism that is nearly done away with now, owing to the advance of civilisation. There are very few horses here, and all the carrying is done by coolies. Their legs are a

sight to see ; in fact, the calves of some are of such dimensions that it becomes almost a deformity. They push with their shoulders, or if they are pulling, have a rope over one. I first of all went to the hotel, and then called on Mr. W—, of J. M. & Co., and, as he asked me to remove to their house, which is attached to their office, I had my luggage removed there, and then wandered about for two hours or so ; but I cannot attempt to describe, as yet, the different dresses and looks of the people, for, as Mark Twain says of his map of Paris, "it is totally unlike anything of the kind seen before." We passed numbers of large sampans on our way in ; they are high at the stern and gradually get lower at the bow ; they have a large square sail in the middle, and sometimes a minature one at the bow ; they do not look very strong, but are picturesque, and therefore characteristic of the country and people. The weather here is cold, and a fire is pleasant ; thermometer 45.

*Sunday, 30th.*—I have a very nice room, with a bathroom attached—with a fine view of Fusiyama from my window. It certainly is a beautiful object. I heard a learned professor say that it was a hyperbola in shape. We dined at half-past seven, and then adjourned to the billiard room. This morning I breakfasted in my room at eight, regular meal is at twelve ; but you order what you like to be brought up, when you turn out of bed. They lit my fire at half-past five, or thereabouts, and brought coffee later. A Chinese attends upon me ; but a Japanese gets the bath ready ; so you see I do not want for attention. The breakfast is brought up on a small tray of lacquer ware, and the table is made of ditto. I went to church in the morning ; service was nicely done, and a good congregation. In afternoon I sauntered about. The Japanese ladies draw their hair tight from their foreheads, and have a chignon, more on the top, than the back of their head, and a gold skewer or ornament of some kind stuck through it. The hair is stiff with pomatum ; it is black in colour, and about the same texture as a horse's tail. Their dress is a loose kind of robe, fastened at the waist, and

wound apparently round their legs, so tight that it hinders them walking. The stuff that the outer garment is made of, depends upon the rank of the wearer; what the poorer class use is cotton, and is usually blue. The majority wear clogs; but as they have not slippers on, the fastening goes in between their toes, and this fashion, combined with their style of dress, makes their gait a shuffle rather than a walk. The men wear a loose robe, or dressing gown—in fact, tights like a clown, made of thick blue hose. When they are running, and drawing things, they tuck the outer garment up—this is in towns. In the country, I hear the men of the Coolie class are chiefly remarkable for their want of dress; they seldom wear hats. Some of their heads are shaved, with the exception of a roll like a sausage on the crown; for you must know pigtails have been abolished by law. Some of the better class have their hair cropped close. Whether it is the loose robe or not which resembles, in some degree, a Toga, I don't know; but, I have been reminded, by a few of the fine looking men, of the pictures one has seen of the ancient Romans, and as you cannot accuse a Japanese of having a Roman nose, the resemblance is, probably, more owing to the dress than to the man. It certainly is a picturesque costume, and what with the close-fitting hose and various coloured coats (or whatever you call them), with the crosses and figures on worn by the natives, the whole makes a scene such as only one sees at home in a theatre. Blue is the prevailing colour. Of the upper classes, I have not yet seen any specimens; but, I believe, they wear European dress for the most part, and, in consequence of their aping the manners and costume of the more civilized nations, they have spoiled the charm of novelty for a traveller, and, I am told, destroyed what pretension they had to good looks; as you will hardly recognise a Japanese in a large wideawake and ordinary clothes, for they are, as a race, decidedly small—and it needed the loose robes to set their figure off to advantage. This short account is, as you will perceive, a very hurried one; only, I thought I would



scribble a few words on this, my first day in Japan; and as they say, first impressions are the best—perhaps they may remain good.

*Monday, 31st.*—There were five gentlemen at dinner last night, amongst them a Captain S—— of the Marines, stationed here to look after the interests of the English. I started this morning at half-past seven on horseback—or rather, I should say, on pony-back, for the horses here are small, but sturdy, and, I should think, of good stamina. I was accompanied by a Betto, or running groom. I called upon Mr. K——, who came in the “Japan,” and off we set to visit the great figure of “Daibutz.” After a ride of six miles, through a valley planted with rice, we reached Toska, where we stopped at a tea house, and two smiling Japanese girls came out wonderfully attired, and persuaded us to take a cup of tea; it was very weak, and of a greenish colour, and looked and tasted of seaweed. We then mounted our steeds and proceeded on our road. We passed numbers of Ginrickishas, a small carriage on two high wheels, drawn by a Coolie. They are the only means of travelling in Japan, except on horseback, as carriages are few and Sedan chairs done away with. In fact, Coolies here are the beasts of burden; they average about five miles an hour for a short distance, and two of them drag a “gin” thirty-five miles in eight hours. The Bettos we had were not very good runners, and I must confess that I did not like the idea of men having to keep up with a horse. Our two Bettos were clothed in blue tight-fitting hose, with loose sleeves, but numbers we met outside the town had only on a waist cloth, but were so elaborately tattooed with dragon’s heads, pretty young ladies, &c., that they resembled harlequins. It is no wonder that they do not live long, as the exertion of running for so long must be dreadful. Six miles further we reached Kanasawa. The way still led through a wide valley planted with rice, and surrounded with hills covered with trees. We passed numbers of camellias; Japan is their native place, and they certainly

seemed to flourish. In the greenhouse at home, I remember a plant with large red blossoms with yellow petals; this is the commonest sort here, and grows with the greatest luxuriance, and one sees large trees of it lining the Tocaïdo and other highways. The country is beautifully cultivated, and the landscape had a smiling and pleasing aspect about it, corresponding with the young ladies at the tea houses; indeed, wherever you meet them they appear as if they were glad to see you. They are not good-looking, as they have not decided features enough, but they all seem plump and jolly—plenty of colour in their cheeks, natural and artificial. Some of the fair sex are quite fair, but the majority are of a brown colour; their noses are small, rather inclined to the celestial; naturally they have good teeth, but when they are married they have a horrible practice of blacking their teeth; at first I thought they had none, but then I discovered that they had been coloured; tastes differ, but a more unsightly practice than this I don't know of. They open their gowns in front, showing some pretty coloured vest, and have a large roll of a gay material round the waist, which is caught up behind in a bunch, like a panier. In fact, as they say, there is nothing new under the sun, so paniers and chignons have been introduced into Europe from Japan, and the later fashion, of hair cut across the forehead, from the Chinese. I don't know exactly from whom the Japanese are sprung. They are not as fair as Europeans, and do not seem to have whiskers or beards—at least, very few. They are not black or copper, and they are not yellow, like the Chinese; Carlisle calls them bronze, which is about the right colour, I think, but both men and women have rosy cheeks. The better class of women are white enough, but I have only seen the poor, who are exposed to the sun, as they do not wear any hat or bonnet, for fear of spoiling the fearfully and wonderfully-made chignon; it is no wonder they are browned. They use parasols made of paper of various colours. I met one or two young girls, who had an underskirt of red under a loose robe; this is, I believe, a

sign that they are of higher rank than the generality of people. They were fair enough, and had cheeks like a very rosy apple. Five miles from Kamasawa we came to Kama-Kura, old seat of the Shoguns. There is a splendid view from here of both hill and dale ; it is, I believe, one of the seven views of Japan. From here we had a further ride of three miles to Daibutz, where we put up at the tea house and baited the horses, while we strolled to have a look at the great Buddha. It is an image of bronze, and of immense size, 45ft. high and 98ft. in circumference round the folded legs, for, as usual, the god is represented in a squatting posture, similar to the way a tailor sits at his work ; his two thumbs are crossed. The image is hollow, and we went inside. The countenance has the usual air of mournful repose, the lips being closed, the eyes downcast, and the head slightly bent, which gives the face a quiet, self-satisfied look. Buddhism is now the religion of the country ; it was formerly Sinto, but now the two have been, to a certain degree, amalgamated. The followers of Sinto do not worship images, but pray to airy nothings—or, in fact, spirits, who, though unseen, are supposed to intercede for them with the Great God. There is a hill in the background prettily covered with trees of the fir kind, and an avenue of azaleas and camellias lead up to it, but the former are not yet in flower. We then had some refreshment, and continued our ride of four miles to the seaside village of Katase ; from here we rode half a mile along the beach to the so-called Island of Inosima, though it is very seldom that one cannot reach it by walking along the strip of beach that connects it with the mainland. There are several temples on the island, and a wonderful cave. We then watched a number of soldiers drilling : they are armed with *Spencer* rifles, and are clothed like the French, and do not march in step ; they look very young and small, but active. Katase is a fishing village, and the smell of bad fish is awful. The whole place stank of that and other horrors, and, added to this, the inhabitants did not look so fresh and nice as





in other villages ; however, the tea house was tolerably clean ; they are, as a rule, built of wood, and are two-storied ; there is no fire-place, but a kind of oven ; the floor is raised two feet from the ground, and covered with mats, made, I think, from the bamboo, which grows in great abundance ; they also use it for hedges and binding the thatch. You have to take your boots off before entering the house. As the natives wear sandals or clogs, it is not much trouble to them, but laced boots are different, and I am afraid I transgressed the law. There are no windows—at least not in our acceptation of the word ; in the daytime they are commonly open, and you can see in, but at night they draw frames covered with paper across, in the same way as sliding doors ; the paper is pretty tough, and keeps out the air, but the house is not very substantially built, and the partitions between the rooms are decidedly thin. One of the party (for we were joined here by five others) remarked that in case of a fire it would not be necessary to pull the windows back, as you could take a header through them, like the clown in a theatre. There are no chairs or beds, and where you dine you sleep ; they bring you a thin mattress and a thickly-wadded dressing gown, very warm and comfortable, great wide sleeves, and a very thick collar ; they give the wearers rather the appearance of Powder Pigeons. We had tea, eggs, rice, and fish ; so did pretty well. I am tired of tea, and had a bottle of Allsopp's Pale Ale. What a blessed invention beer is. I drank nothing else on the "Japan," because being Bass or Allsopp, one knew that it would be genuine. I slept pretty well, considering the hardness of the couch, but the fl—, as Mrs. Gamp would say, were quite rampageous. I do not think that the Japanese manners and customs improve on acquaintance, and, if it were not for the bright faces of the attendants I am not sure that a tea house would be bearable. On looking over what I have written, I think you may be astonished at my using such a strong word about the bad fish, but it is good old Saxon, and when Dr. Johnson was once told, when he was walking in Billingsgate,

of how the fish smelt, he said, "Sir, that fish stinks, because I smell it."

*Tuesday, April 1st.*—I was up early this (Tuesday) morning, and wandered to a temple near; its roof was in the regular pagoda shape, and inside were images, and numbers of ornaments and flowers. The Buddhists believe that there is a God, but that he only hears prayers through the medium of an image or saint, so each family have their own Penates, to whom they offer their prayers, expecting the Great God will answer them. K—— and I started back at half-past seven, and reached Yokohama at half-past eleven, distance eighteen miles. We had a successful trip on the whole, as it was lovely weather, and we saw what we intended to see, except that we did not come home by the Tocaïdo; only it is difficult to make the fellows understand, as they cannot talk a word of English. The country is very beautiful; there are fine large trees, and, I should think, the Japanese are good farmers, as the fields are so neat, and no weeds between the furrows; camellias are in abundance, huge trees of them, but we are a month too soon for Azaleas. I am told that in some parts near Hakodadi there are acres of lilies of the valley, filling the air with their fragrance, and also any amount of other lilies. I called on Sir Harry Parkes, and found him laid up with rheumatic gout, and not visible, but I saw Lady P——. Over one of the tea houses near Daibutz the sign board read thus:—

“IRON DUKE,”

KATASE RANCHE, HOTEL DU LOUVRE, ET SEW 4TH.

REFRESHMENTS OF ALL KINDS.

TRUE HOSPITALITY.

ENQUIRE WITHIN AND FEAR NOT.

A.D. 1872.

Another, “Wines, Spirits, and *Pickles*,” as if the latter was the only solid to be got.

*Wednesday, April 2nd.*—I went to Yedo this morning in company with Mr. K—— and an American. There is a railway journey of eighteen miles—it seems curious going with the iron-

horse to the capital of the Mikado. The track is well laid down; it was contracted for by an Englishman, and cost £20,000 per mile—a tremendous price, considering they had not to buy the land. It runs through a level country, with the rice fields and patches of barley; there are rows of a tree resembling the poplar along the banks, that divide the paddy fields, and the *toute ensemble* reminded me of the country one goes through between Calais and Paris, as there are no hedges. After thirty-eight minutes we reached the metropolis, and instantly jumped into three ginrikishas, and said "Hotel," not knowing a word of Japanese; we were landed at a French one, and having ordered tiffin at one p.m., the hotel-keeper directed our bettos, and off we set to the Temple of Asaksa, distance four miles; but, as we had two men a-piece, we rattled along. The streets presented a very busy appearance, but there is not much variety in the houses; they are generally two-storied, with tiled roofs; the shops are open to the streets, and there are lattice windows to the upper part of the house. The people all squat down on mats. There are no chimneys to the houses, so they burn charcoal and use braziers. The novelty of the dresses is wearing off, and I need not describe them again. The Temple of Asaksa is built of wood; the roof is ponderous and of great height. I don't know how to give you an idea of it, except by telling you that it resembles a lych gate, magnified one hundred times. Inside there are a number of images, lamps, artificial flowers, and numerous other decorations and ornaments. The roof is very pretty—black and gold; the lacquer work being like polished ebony. Floors are black also; and, although there is a certain tawdry look about the ornaments, still the main part of the Japanese Temples, for they are all much alike, are handsome without being gaudy. What can be in better taste than black and gold? The pillars were red. There are numbers of well-worn images outside, in the same form as I have described the Great Buddha. The people rub the image, and then touch the corresponding part of their own bodies,



expecting to be cured of whatever ills afflict them, and, as there are always numbers doing it,—the image, like St. Peter's toe in St. Peter's at Rome, is rather the worse for wear. I suppose the people believe they have only to touch to be healed. The whole Temples and surroundings are in good repair; and in this are in pleasing contrast to the Mosques at Cairo and Constantinople. The priests have their heads shaved, and wear a brown loose robe over white; they, as a rule, look young. The worshippers before they approach the Temple wash their hands and drink holy water. Outside there is a kind of fair—circuses, shops, shooting saloons, &c.; they sell here figures of Saints on a roll of coloured paper, very much in the style of Fra-Angelica pictures in Florence. We then drove, or rather were dragged, to the theatre street, and went into one; the performances go on night and day—there were three or four women on the stage most gorgeously gotten up; but there appeared to be no acting. Every now and then they would say something in their sing-song way; whether it was high or low comedy, I don't know—but, judging from the squatting position they were in, I should say low, and decidedly slow. There were sentry boxes on the stage, and at stated intervals another actor or actress would appear. There was a large audience. We only remained fifteen minutes, as it was not very amusing. The dresses were certainly wonderful. From here we rode a round about way to the hotel, where we lunched. There is very little variety, and when you see one street you have seen all; but, of course, I only got a cursory glance, and one ought to examine the shops more closely to appreciate them. After tiffin, we rode two miles to Shiba, the tombs of the Shoguns or Princes, Tycoons, and other big guns; there a renumerous small temples in, what might be called, a grove. We went into four or five—they certainly are very pretty; roof in the same style as the temple of Asaksa, but I think the lacquer ware was finer. The roof was composed of it and gold, and the walls had flowers, peacocks, and animals of all kinds, painted on them. There were most superb cabinets with folding



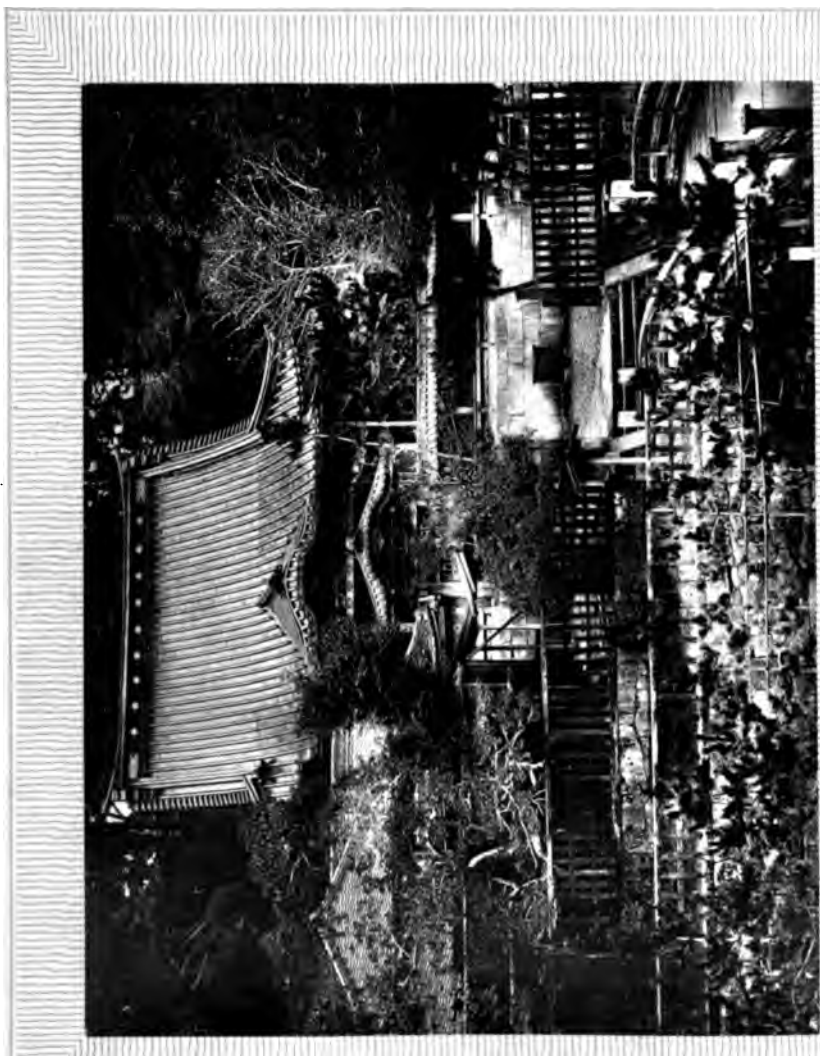


Figure 1. A traditional Chinese building in a wooded area.

doors, and in them were the arms of the various princes worked in silk; at least I imagined so, for you must know we could not get a guide that could speak English. There were also magnificent bronzes—the favourite subject was a crane standing on the back of a turtle. Floors were polished and black as ebony—in fact, everything was scrupulously clean and neat. The great beauty of these temples is, that all the ornamentations will bear close scrutiny, and look solid, plain, and good. The pillars were lacquer, gilded over. In one there was a huge sarcophagus or urn. We spent nearly two hours here. The trees are mostly firs of immense size, and they formed a fitting background for the Temples and their picturesque roofs. I cannot attempt to give an adequate description of them; but if you think of how much one cabinet of Japanese ware is thought of in England, imagine walls, ceilings, floors, made of lacquer, with exquisite little cups in China ware, vases, bronzes, &c., scattered about on tables or brackets. From Shiba we were pulled along to Atango-Yama—it is a hill, from which a magnificent view of the city is obtained. On one side you have a sight of the blue expanse of the bay, and a capital view of the town, as the roofs of the houses are all about the same height, and there is no smoke to obstruct the look-out. I believe the city covers thirty-six miles, but this includes an immense amount of paddy fields, &c. Population at present is only about 800,000. It was formerly more, as in the good old days the Daimios used to come with their 5,000 retainers, or some of them with even more; but now they live as ordinary noblemen in other countries. We had the usual cup of tea brought by the smiling Moosmés. I always feel thirstier after it than before; but I am not yet Japanned enough to appreciate the fragrant leaf in its unadulterated state, and prefer the tea as we have it in England—so you see how one's taste becomes vitiated by habit. The Japan tea is almost entirely used in America, and in Great Britain China tea is the article consumed. The tea before it leaves here is burnt, as for one reason it would not keep during

the voyage, and it also sells better when black. We then drove the Shiro, or residence of the Princes; it covers an immense space; but all the barrack looking kind of buildings, where the the Daimio's retainers used to reside, are now empty, and foreigners are not allowed within the gardens, where their palaces are situated; perhaps I ought to have said outsiders, because I do not think natives are admitted. O-Shiro is here also, the residence of the Mikado; his palace and grounds cover about five miles square; the whole are surrounded by walls, moats, and fortifications. We were allowed to go within the second moat, and that was all. We then went back to the station, calling in our way to see a bathhouse; formerly there were streets of baths, and they formed kind of social re-unions, where the company used to go in for the principle of "beauty unadorned, adorned the most;" but now the advance of civilization has sent the bathers into bathhouses, and they are not allowed to parade the streets. They always use warm water, and have little pails which they pour over themselves, so that they are hardly baths in our acceptation of the word. We then caught the five train, and reached Yokohama in good time, after a successful day's trip. What has struck me most, is the neatness and cleanliness of the Japanese, both in their houses and their persons. The floors shine again, and the outside of their houses are clean, and the streets are kept in good order. The policemen and guards in the train are neatly dressed, and then they are so polite; everthing seems a pleasure for them to do, and they bow and scrape at a great rate. In fact, it is a wonderful country; but every day their old customs are being done away with, and then a great deal of the charm will have gone. A Japanese is not bad looking in his native dress, but as soon as he has a hat on he turns from a man into a monkey, for their mouths are generally open, and you see their teeth. I never could have believed such a change possible, and think it might be a study for Darwin.

*Thursday, 8rd.*—This morning I was up at half-past six, and

went a ride with Mr. W — ; I was on a Chinese pony. There is certainly a great charm about the country of Japan, and what you notice in the town is doubly apparent here ; *i.e.*, the neatness and trimness of the people ; everything looks well cared for. We passed the racecourse. Barley is the chief crop next to rice ; the former is cut in June. A Japanese pony is a curious animal to look at ; they have a very powerful neck, straight shoulders, and a general tucked up appearance ; their favourite gait is a species of amble ; it is pleasant to sit, but to look at, to say the least of it, puzzling. All the legs seem to be going at cross purposes ; some of them trot fast, but, as you might suppose, a short, stilty kind of jog ; still it is easy to rise to. They nearly invariably pull, and with their tremendous necks, you might as well try to pull against a house. They are full of tricks, and require careful handling ; not a very cheerful description you will say, but of course there are exceptions. In the country, owing to the few good roads, pack-horses take the place of carts. There are some native cattle—black, and a common looking kind they are, but they make capital beef. I did not know till to-day that this place is very subject to earthquakes, and that even a stone house has a strong frame work of wood.

*Friday, 4th.*—Been busy arranging about our start up the country to-morrow. A windy day, and looks like rain.

## CHAPTER III.

## EXTRACT FROM LETTER.

*Yokohama,**April 10th, 187—.*

RECEIVED a letter from F—, with extract of his speech on the opening night. I should think it was what might be vulgarly called a “settler,” for Mr. W— and other gentlemen who make insinuations out of Parliament, that don’t go down in the House, as well as when addressing a Radical meeting of their constituents; but in this, they only follow the example of their great pseudo leader, Mr. B—, who is always remarkable for the different tone of his speeches when “on the stump,” to those which he delivers in the august Assembly. They say “What’s in a name?” Well, I think, from my experience in Japan, there is a good deal; for the number of people that have called on me now is very numerous. I mentioned Mr. C—, who was in the House for about two weeks; and then Mr. P—, who will *never* forget the great kindness shown him at Birkenhead during the building of the “Kwang Tung” Yesterday, I was told that Col. R—, of the marines stationed here, had called to see me, and a Mr. H—, editor of the Japan mail, also left his card; then Sir Harry Parkes, who has given me letters to the Consuls at the various parts, and one to Mr. Wade, our Minister at Peking; and last, but not least, J.M. & Co., with whom I am now staying. I enjoyed my five days up country very much, excepting that, in the cool mountain air, I would have given anything to been able to have walked up the hills instead of being carried; but it is certain that the next best thing to being

able to use your own legs, is to be able to pay for the use of others, be they human, or otherwise ; so I must rest and be thankful. I have not bought any curiosities here, as it is so difficult to know what are genuine ; and another reason is, I am told London is so overstocked with Japanese goods that they are cheaper there than here. H—— bought a small cabinet at Meonoshta for eleven dollars and a half ; it certainly is very pretty and cheap at the money, but he has found that a packing case, shipping expenses, &c., will be fourteen dollars, or, more than the thing is worth, and then there is the risk of it being smashed when *en route* to England.



## JOURNAL.

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*Saturday, April 5th.*—I left Yokohama at seven a.m. in company with young H——, who is travelling about Japan. We started in ginrickishas, and had two men apiece; we had thirty-five miles to go to Oudawara, and from there we were to have gone on to Meonooshta, distant seven miles, but were prevented by the rain. I do not yet like the idea of being dragged by men, but they seem to enjoy it rather than otherwise, if one is to judge by the shouting and laughing that goes on. We took eight and a half hours to accomplish the thirty-five miles, and, as the road is hilly, it was pretty good going. We stopped at several tea houses. The country is looking very beautiful, and the trees are all in blossom. The villages are very much alike, and when you have seen one I think you have seen all; as they invariably consist of one long street, perhaps three miles long. You will think it absurd, when I say that I saw Yedo in a day; but after you have seen the principal things that I did, there is nothing left, as, after all, Yedo is a collection of small villages rather than a town; and there is not much variety in architecture; no large stores or public buildings. Yokohama is really a fine looking town, but not so unique, as most of the shops and Godowns (warehouses) are built in the European style. It is generally more instructive for a traveller to visit the country parts of a new land than the towns. This is particularly the case in Japan; as in the villages you see some of the old habits and customs of the people,

which are now nearly obsolete in the cities ; for instance, we saw a wandering troupe of minstrels, if they were worthy of such a name ; for their instruments consisted of a drum, a flute, or rather, a penny whistle, and some others of which I did not know the name ; they all played at one time, not, I fancy, with the idea of producing harmony, or if they did it was a failure ; but there really was some good juggling. They seemed very quick with their hands, and the various ways in which they manipulate the fans is wonderful, but I dare say you will remember seeing the Japanese in England with the butterfly trick. The number of children one sees is amazing, and I do not think there is any chance of the population dying out. The women carry them on their back inside of the loose gown, and the band round the waist prevents them from slipping further. The more one sees of the tea houses and dwellings in general, the more is one impressed with the cleanliness of the Japanese ; everything looks clean and bright, and, although I am told they are not a very moral, or a very religious people, there is no doubt they possess the virtue that is placed second to godliness. The dress seems to be the same all over, and long may it be before the women leave off their picturesque dresses, for that of the European would not suit their flattened features at all. Barley is well on ; rice fields at present have only the remains of last year's crop, and the ground is not yet ploughed up. Rice is the great article of consumption among the Japanese. Pines still seem to be the chief tree, and very fine ones they are. We crossed several rivers, and about twenty miles out were outside of the Treaty Limits ; but there is no danger of any trouble so near Yokohama. It was raining so heavily when we reached Oudawara that we decided not to go any further that night. We found tiffin laid out for us, as we had sent on a man with provisions ; and when you hear that we had oyster soup, fish, and steak, you will think we did not do badly ; but as my companion said, "We may as well live in a decent manner." You can always have rice, fish, and eggs, and, of course, tea anywhere in

Japan, but no bread, and the Japanese cooking is not of the best. I quite envied the coolies with their little, or next to nothing, clothing; what are clothes good for in heavy rain except to be soaked through? fortunately, we extemporised a covering over our ginrickishas, so were comparatively dry. Oudawara is a considerable town, and near it is a residence of a Daimio. DeBeauvoir talks of the castellated walls, but I must confess I did not see any. We had bedsteads but no sheets, but the same wadded covering as at Katase. The paper windows are very neat too look at, but they let in a deal of cold air, and the frames are anything but substantially built, and are sometimes blown in bodily. The men, in wet weather, have a huge mushroom hat on, about four feet in diameter, and a waterproof made of paper and oiled, over their shoulders. The women carry a large paper umbrella, with pictures on it, and clogs on their feet. The only word that I know is "Chow chow!" it means food, and is universally used both here and in China. The money is difficult to understand, as there are rios, bous, half bous, ichi bous, and numerous other bous; these are all notes of about the same size, and the only means of telling their value is by the writing, which is Greek to me. In time one will get to know their size; at present I am at the mercy of the Japanese, who, I think, are honest, so though they go through the form of presenting me with a bill, in my present ignorance of the language I am obliged to trust them as to details, and pay the amount demanded. The bills are on very thin paper, and are made out with a paint brush; they paint up and down the page instead of across. There are numbers of beggars; they generally live in a small kind of hovel, or kennel, built of straw, and, like Diogenes, sit at a small opening. I noticed that the cats have no tails. There are plenty of dogs, but they are very harmless. The Japanese have great taste in making their houses pretty, and they have a good idea of setting out a table; this is more curious as they generally dine on the floor; but, for instance, at Oudawara they had two neat wooden pots, with dwarf cherry

trees in blossom. I wondered whether the idea of flowers on the dinner table came from Japan—highly probable, I think. They are, as a nation, most polite, and bow and bow till one is tired of returning the salute. Saranara is “good bye,” and very pretty it sounds coming from the ruby lips of young damsels with white teeth ; but oh ! the difference when it comes from a matron with her ebony ones ; certainly this blacking of their ivories is a most barbarous custom.

*Sunday, 6th.*—We left Oudawara at seven a.m., and reached Meonooshita at half-past nine. There is only a narrow path, and consequently not room for a ginrickisha, so I had to be carried in a morimon ; it is a species of sedan chair, but most uncomfortable, as there is hardly room to stretch your legs, and you have to sit with your knees up to your face ; however, there was no help for it ; fortunately wages are cheap, about 2s. a day. By the time we had reached our destination we were fairly in the mountains, and very pretty it was. We were surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills about 6,000ft. high ; it reminds one of Switzerland, as there are pines, torrents, &c. There are hot springs here but not sulphur. They have very nice bathrooms ; I did not patronise the social one. You need not be shocked because the habits of the natives are so primitive, and remind one of the garden of Eden, when our first parents walked about unclathed in complete innocence. It is a first-rate tea house and we have two rooms adjoining. From the outside, it reminds one of a Swiss Chalet, if you put for windows and walls sliding frames of trellis work, covered with paper ; the weather is cold, and I think I prefer glass. There are no fire places up here, but we have braziers with charcoal in them. In the morning we walked a short distance to a very pretty waterfall. The sun was warm, and when sheltered from the wind it was pleasant enough. I am told by a gentleman who has been in Japan some time, that in his opinion the country about here beats anything in the Islands for scenery. The Japanese are a very inquisitive race, and we hold a leveé every morning ;

and this evening, in an unguarded moment, we accepted the invitation of two Japanese swells to go into their room ; we were there about three minutes. They have honoured us with a return visit and remained two hours ; watched us intently eating our dinners, and when I began to write, looked over me so closely that all mistakes in writing must be forgiven. They have a dreadful habit of sniffing and of clearing their throat, and in this resemble the Yankees. One of them could speak two words of French, and favoured us with them every other minute. I am afraid it does not say much for their knowledge of the English language, when the only word they understood was, when we had nearly lost all patience, my friend told them to go to a certain hot place ; they instantly grinned and repeated it with gusto, evidently not having heard it for the first time. The swells wear their crests on their back. This is the Baden-Baden of Japan, and consequently some of the grandees are here. Their style of dress (ladies) is the same as I have before described, but of handsome warm looking materials, edged with red ; then in their hair they have something of same colour to match. Paint is laid on by bucketfulls, and after bathing there is still a cake of paste on their neck and face. All look fat and jolly, and if anybody wants to laugh and grow fat, they ought to visit Zipango, as it was called by the ancients. (For further particulars of how Columbus thought that, when he had discovered Cuba, he had found Japan, see Washington Irving's "Life of Columbus"). Even in his time it seems to have been celebrated for its riches, and, although I suppose it is not now considered to be as advanced in civilization as some of the European nations, there is no doubt that the Japanese and the Chinese were to a certain degree civilised, while the rest of the world were barbarians ; but, they have not progressed in the same ratio. I see no reason, however, from what one can hear, why they should not go ahead now.

*Monday, 7th.*—Started at seven a.m. for Ashyniou, H— walking ; I had a morimon, and no doubt the numerous

Japanese we met on the way thought I was an invalid going to take the waters. It was only a distance of four miles to the sulphur baths; the road was not interesting as the hills were barren, and there were no pines or trees of any description. There was only a public bath, and as there were a number of Japanese—maimed, halt, and blind in it, it did not look inviting; the smell of the sulphur was horrible. We then continued our way to Hakoni Lake; we had a fine view of it from some distance off. It is not of large size, but the sight of blue, placid water is, I think, always pleasant. We then reached the Tocaïdo, which is one of the old roads; it was made 1,000 years ago; it would be rather rough for driving, but does very well for walking or riding. We met in the streets of Hakoni—a running post, which in these days of steam is a curious thing to see. Two men with a light bamboo on their shoulders, and at each end was hanging a small basket with the mail. They were running at a good, steady trot; they have relays, and do forty miles a day. They are not encumbered with clothing, having about as much as the African king, who thought he was clothed when he had on a cocked hat and spurs; but they really would be fine men for a Highland regiment, or a London footman, where fine calves are at a premium. For about a mile before reaching Hakoni, we had a lovely view of Fusi-yama; there are no snow mountains near it, so that it is a conspicuous object for miles. It is an extinct volcano 14,000ft. high, and at present covered with snow; but you may judge of the heat here in Summer, when you hear that it all melts. The snow limit in Switzerland is from 9,600 to 10,000ft. There is a splendid avenue of huge cedars before reaching Hakoni—quite one of the finest I have ever seen—so straight and regular. There is not much to be done at Hakoni, so we retraced our steps, or rather, I should say H—— did; I was carried in state down the hills, but walked up, as I find that going down is more trying to my ankle than up hill. On our way we passed a small figure in the shape of Daibutz; it was cut out of the solid

rock, and had a halo of glory round its head, the same as the Great Figure. We reached Meonoshta at two p.m.; had lunch, and then had a bathe in a pool under the waterfall; the water was cold, but as there was a hot spring close at hand, we had all varieties of temperature. The springs here have little or no sulphur in them, and are very delightful, but relaxing, I should think. There was a sharp frost this morning, but the sun soon melted it. The Japanese towels are about the size of a napkin, and, being made of thin material, are not of much use except for show; they have all some design on them, and consequently are characteristic of the country. I am sorry to find that the white complexion of the Japanese ladies is chiefly derived from paint, as it is impossible to procure soap at these tea-houses, which is a bad sign, and I think they plaster the powder over whether their face is dirty or not. There is a nice garden here with the sweet smelling Daphne, and a pond with huge gold fishes in all stages of colour. From the air and scenery you might be amongst the Alps. H——, who has been at Ragatz, thinks it is very like the latter place, but who ever heard of camellias strewing the paths up to the Baths of Pfeffers. I suppose we must be about 3,000ft. high.

*Tuesday, 8th.*—Did not get up till half-past seven this morning, and we have spent to-day in the true *dolce far niente* style. After breakfast we sauntered up to the waterfall, and lounged about there, listening to the roar of the waters for an hour or so, and then had a bathe, with the addition of a natural-made shower bath. We then returned to lunch, and after that retired to the shade of the trees in the garden, pretending to read "Happy Thoughts," by Burnand; but, I am afraid, I was soon in dreamland—dreaming the tranquil hours away, when a happy thought struck me, that I had better do a little writing, or I shall be terribly behind hand. The weather is perfect—scenery grand. I have a pleasant companion, and what more can I want. Everything about this tea house is suggestive of the country—the small cups, plates, china spoons for the soup, and

lamps constructed of variegated paper and globular in shape. If you ask for kettledrum, they bring you a small stand of lacquer ware, with a neat red tray, and on it two or three little cups, with small teapot. They do not use sugar or milk. The mats are so clean that I have begun to take off my boots when I enter our rooms, as it is a shame to dirty them. The cocks here have splendid plumage; I don't think I ever saw such feathers. The hens appear to be small, and there are a great number of bantam fowls. Fish is quite one of the chief articles of food in Japan, and in the villages near the sea I noticed hundreds of small fish, resembling sardines, drying on boards before the houses. Then you generally see hanging up in the tea houses the remains of a sturgeon, or some large fish. I do not fancy that the natives eat much meat, as beef is difficult to procure, owing to the scarcity of pasturage; but I hear that there are numbers of cattle near Kobé, and they are brought to Yokohama principally for the use of foreigners. Tea is, of course, the chief beverage; but there is a drink called Saki (pronounced so), made from paddy—*i.e.*, the husks of rice, and, consequently, when I want a bottle of Bass, I ask for beer-saki, or wine, claret-saki, &c.; but there is little drunkenness in the country—at least, I have not seen much. They smoke pipes, with a long stem, and carry the pouch and pipe in their belt. At first I thought it was a pistol or sword; but the two sworded men are now a thing of the past. A Yakonin, or officer in the army, came up yesterday in a morimon; his outer garment was a handsome dressing gown, turned up with green; he had four or five attendants, whose arms chiefly consisted of two huge cotton umbrellas, rather different to the time De Beauvoir was here, when he had to go attended by a body guard of Yakonins, to prevent his party being attacked by two sworded men.

*Wednesday, 9th.*—We left Meonooshta at eight a.m.; had intended to have started at seven, but could not make our major domo understand exactly what we wanted. He was supposed to



speaking English perfectly, but he knew hardly any, and, although it may seem an Irish bull, what he did know only appeared to puzzle both himself and his hearers, more than the Japanese who did not pretend to understand it at all. However, we started at last, and received a present from the hostess of the hotel, in the shape of a small cup and wooden bowl of Japanese ware, and numerous *saranaras* from the attendants. I was carried most of the way down to Oudawara, distant eight miles; there we hired two ginrickishas, with two men pulling in tandem fashion, and we reached Yokohama at six p.m., having done the thirty-five miles in seven and a-half hours. Very good going when you consider the bad roads and stoppages. We came along the Tocaïdo, through Fujisawa and Toska. The Japanese are very fond of raw fish, and you see them devouring great lumps of it with their rice; after all, Europeans eat raw oysters, and in some parts, for instance—Italy, the people eat raw ham, and in Holland the Dutch eat raw herrings; so there is not much to choose from between the various nations. As a rule, I do not think very old women handsome much in any country; but they are particularly ugly, or, as I was going to say, repulsive, in Japan—as, when young, the females have little enough bridge to their noses, and it is only their fat looking cheeks, and faces inwreathed with perpetual smiles, that make them attractive; but in their old age, they, of course, lose the bloom of youth, and what bridge they had seems to disappear, and the effect may be easier imagined than described. H—— and I have to part now, as I am going over the same ground he has already traversed, so our ways lie different. I have enjoyed my trip, on the whole, very well. There is certainly something fascinating about the country of Japan, as there are plenty of trees, and then the cultivation is so neatly done, and everything looks green and fresh. The great lack is the want of birds; but where in the world are there such sweet songsters as in England. The air is so clear that it enables one to see an immense expanse of country; in this last respect it resembles

Australia; and it is here Japan has the advantage over England, the climate, of which it is supposed to resemble more than that of any other country. I do not think that Milton's lines in "Paradise Lost" give an exaggerated description of this favoured land—

" Sweet is the breath of morn—her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun  
When first on this delightful land he spreads  
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth  
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful evening mild."

For who could imagine a more delightful combination, than the verdure of England, coupled with an Australian sky. This sounds impossible; but then one must remember that rain falls more or less all the year round in Japan, and keeps the herbage green, and where else could be seen cherry blossoms, camellia trees, and clusters of bamboo bordering a road, lined by an avenue of cryptomeria pines.

*Thursday. 10th.*—I spent the morning shopping, and in the evening dined at Mr. C——'s; we had a party of sixteen. The table was beautifully decorated—such camellias, they would have made your mouth water—pink, red, and white, with yellow petals, fluffy ones, which you would have sworn were carnations, unless you had known them to be camellias, ferns, &c. We had plenty of music and letters. A young bride, the daughter of a Prince, came in to-day at lunch to say good-bye to Mrs. W——; she was going back to Yedo. She was beautifully dressed, the same style as the poor class, only she had a satin collar to her robe, and a lovely panier of Japanese silk, and her hair was elaborately done. The poor creature threw herself on the ground and rubbed her nose. I felt inclined to pick her up; but she would not stop rubbing her face on the floor, until we had sat down. The Japanese treat women as beasts of burden, I believe; but they are improving now, and one great advance is, that they are allowed to appear

in public, and Mrs. Mikado, or whatever they call her Majesty, rides out, I hear, in public at Yedo.

*Friday, 11th.*—Went to church, being Good Friday, but did not have any Cross-Buns. I then set off with Mr. P—— to Yedo by train; it certainly is a great convenience, although we miss witnessing the palmy days of the old Tocaïdo, when Daimios, with their 5,000 retainers armed with swords, used to march along; yet, in those good old days, if you stopped to admire the feudal scene, you were in danger of being stuck, or run through with a sword, and, no doubt, people were glad enough to get out of the way of these processions. H—— and another gentleman met us at the station, and we started off by the train. The Portuguese Minister, Mr. L——, who dined here on Wednesday, very kindly procured an order for H—— and myself to visit Hamagoten, one of the old palaces and gardens of the late Shogun. The Mikado visits it occasionally for a day or two, and it was here that the Duke of E—— was put up. The paper on the walls is wonderfully painted—one scene represents hawking, and then there are other numerous designs; the flowers in particular were exquisitely done—so natural, that they almost seem to stand out. The rooms were filled with gems of gold lacquer—the latter is becoming very rare, and you seldom see it; but the whole effect was spoiled by the introduction of a well-worn mahogany table and dining-room chairs. The European furniture suffered by the contrast, as might be supposed. The gardens are large; there are fine trees, bent in all manner of curious shapes. The Japanese are fond of miniature lakes, and there are numerous bridges and fish ponds, and there is some real English turf. I forgot to mention the fan room; as its name implies, the walls are covered with fans, painted in a most artistic and wonderful manner. We then engaged ginrickishas, and were dragged by the men to Aveno, distant six miles. It is one of the old burying places of the Tycoons. The last battle between the Tycoon and the Mikado was fought here, and

the pretensions of the former were settled, as his army was completely defeated. It is now going to be turned into a park, and, I must confess, I envy the Japanese. There is something that savours of antiquity about it ; groves of magnificent cedars, and intermingled with their dark foliage is the light green of other trees, and hundreds of cherry trees now in full blossom. The latter grow wild and bear a small bitter fruit. This was a holiday and there was a fair going on, and a more fairylike scene I have never beheld—the only thing that I can compare it to, are the Champs Elysées on a Sunday afternoon in Spring ; but how infinitely more picturesque is the fair we are now walking through ; instead of stalls, platforms raised two or three feet from the ground, and covered with neat clean-looking mats ; with the young ladies all in their best attire, and painted up to the eyelids, smiling and laughing more than ever. Besides these attractions, the variegated lamps, streamers, and other pretty devices in coloured paper, which could only be executed in Japan. Children are much the same all the world over, and they were blowing their small whistles and trumpets as much out of tune as in England. I am sorry to say that numbers of both sexes were rather the worse for “saki,” and the performances of the dancing girls were more pronounced than elegant. We were nearly three hours walking about this wonderful grove of cedars, and every now and then one would arrive at one of the tombs of the Tycoons ; but, when you have seen Shiba, I think you have seen all. I have never seen fruit trees covered with such masses of blossom before. From the fair, we drove round the official part of Yedo ; the Public Offices are only one storey high, and resemble barracks. The Mikado seems to go about a good deal ; he is only twenty-three years old, and is supposed to be descended from a God ; but the people are becoming too enlightened now to believe it. He can trace his descent for 2,500 years, or 220 generations. I was told that it is probable that Christianity will be introduced ere long. The Catholics have a good number of converts ; but, curious enough, they say

that the majority have a tendency toward Presbyterianism. The crest of the Mikado is a chrysanthemum ; it was over the entrance of the palace at Hamagoten. We caught the six train, and reached Yokohama at seven. I dined with Mr. T——. I don't think I have mentioned the tea plant ; it is a bushy looking shrub, about two feet high ; the leaf is something the shape of a camellia leaf, only darker and smaller ; it has a small white flower. The higher up the leaves, the better they are supposed to be ; the leaves are burnt before being shipped, and that is what gives the tea in Japan the colour of seaweed, and the taste, I suppose, I must have imagined. Mr. D—— was saying he remembers that, at the first ball he went to at Birkenhead, he tore H——'s dress twice, and he thought she was a most angelic creature, as she murmured not ; but smiled sweetly. I only ejaculated—"Suppose it had been a brother." I leave to-morrow for Kobé, and then *en route* through Inland Sea to Shanghai.

## CHAPTER IV.

S. "New York," Nagasaki Harbour,

April 24th. 187—

By my last letter you heard that I was about to leave Yokohama for Kobé, and in my journal you will have an account of what I saw at Kioto Exhibition. If any of the family go to the Vienna one they ought to be sure and notice the Japanese Annexe, and then they can form some idea of the inhabitants of Japan, for photographs cannot do justice to them, owing to their want of decided features; in fact, I think their whole attraction consists in their plump, rosy cheeks, cheerful countenance, and picturesque dress. The panier behind gives a certain pertness to their figure, which is charming. Japan is most interesting, both as regards her people and the country; the latter, from what I have seen, is as nearly perfection as possible, both as to scenery and seeming fertility. Although what I have seen is the garden of Japan, still, I fancy there may be something grander, if not so well cultivated and fertile, as the parts I have been to; of the people I am not so sure. The majority of foreigners, as I mentioned in my first letter, think they are going ahead too fast. They say—what kind of character must a nation have, who, after having had laws and regulations amongst them for thousands of years, change so suddenly; and, is not the slow, the very slow (it may be) progression of the Chinese, likely to be more permanent? Others, again, take the other view, and think that Japan in twenty years will be one of the first powers in the world. I am afraid their character is fickle and childish from all accounts, and they are constantly changing everything before letting it have a fair

trial; in fact, their love of change is intense, and although some of the European officials receive very large salaries, yet they never know that the work they are superintending may not suddenly be stopped without warning, and they receive their dismissal, with a present of a small cabinet from the Mikado as a mark of esteem. Still, for all that, one cannot help liking the Japanese, as they are urbanity and politeness itself, and it seems a real pleasure to do anything for a foreigner. When I said that half the charm of Kioto lay in its not having an air of spurious civilization about it, I ought to have added, of our civilization, for one cannot call the Japanese an uncivilised race, with all the bronzes, paintings, and monuments to prove to the contrary. They have a history authenticated for 2,500 years; how small this makes us feel, or, perhaps it might make us feel proud of the rapid strides England has made, when once she left her state of barbarism. The wonder is where the Japanese learned their art and perfect good taste. Is there a finer monument in the world than the figure of the colossal Daibutz, with its face in mournful repose. Its grandeur impresses one in the same way as the countenance of the Sphinx. Then again, the knowledge they have of weaving silk, and the various patterns. I have never seen more wonderful painting than the fan room at Hamagoten; and, I suppose, there is no doubt that we learned our ideas of ornamenting paper from the Japanese. The only way that one can account for it, is, that art is inborn, and that it comes as natural to some nations as the reverse to others. Besides all their knowledge of the ornamental Arts, they excel in the useful ones as well. Their steel is of the finest temper, and their suits of armour, centuries old, prove that they understood this art to perfection. (I have tacked this on to the end of your letter, as I am now in China, and have done with Japan, but did not wish it thought that I had called the Japanese uncivilised, for after all, I suppose it is the invention of steam that has made the European nations go so much ahead of the old Eastern ones.)

## JOURNAL.

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*Saturday, April 12th.*—I left at half-past four p.m., in the "Golden Age," for Kobé. She is one of the Pacific Mail, and is a kind of floating hotel; but there is no doubt they are good sea boats, at least, my experience in the "Japan" and "Nevada" are proofs in favour of it. It is a voyage of 850 miles from Yokohama, and we keep in sight of land nearly all the way. We passed this afternoon the Isle of Oósima, a volcano in active operation, though it was so foggy that I did not see any smoke, much less flame. The coast is very well lighted and there is no danger of running on rocks. This ship might almost vie with the "Great Britain" in antiquity. She is over twenty years old. She was first of all sent to England, then to Australia, and ran for a long time between Sydney and Melbourne, then went to San Francisco, made ninety-seven voyages between there and Panama, and has been running about here for some time; when she was examined the other day her timbers were found perfectly good, and she is now looked upon as one of their best boats.

*Sunday, 13th.*—Lovely weather; calm as a mill-pond. There is a pleasant gentleman among the passengers named S —; one of the Northumberland family; I think he and I will go to Kioto together. There are a good many Japanese on board; they are great smokers, but although their pipe has a long stem it has a very small space for the tobacco, and, as a gentleman remarked, "one can only just put in enough for two whiffs and a spit!"—not elegant, but expressive. I hear that Bass's Pale

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Ale is the royal drink of Japan, as the Mikado takes it at present, having become tired of Champagne. The latest difficulty at Court has been, what style of hat his Majesty should wear; I believe it has been decided in favour of a cocked hat.

*Monday, 14th.*—Arrived at Kobé at four a.m. It was a pouring wet morning, and so dark and gloomy that we had lamps at breakfast. I have heard of a pea-soup fog in London, in November, but not in April; but I must own that I think the cabin is naturally a dark one, and that it needs strong sunshine to make it anything like decent, as regards seeing the way to one's mouth. A Mr. S —, with whom I had intended to go to Kioto, was up at four a.m. and on shore directly after; he rode about in the rain and saw a good deal; he is a most energetic man, and Mr. Cook, when he was here with his three tourists, (one, a man of seventy-five), called him his guide, philosopher, and friend. Mr. S —, and I landed at nine. I went straight to a Mr. F—. I left my heavy luggage, and then went to the consulate, so as to procure a pass for Kioto. I had to deposit 100 dollars security for my good behaviour, but as I did not possess it in ready money, Mr. F — (agent for J. M. & Co.) kindly went bail. We then met at the hotel, hired ginrickishas, and drove off to a waterfall at a short distance; it was a very pretty one, but not of great height. We then ascended the hill behind, and had a magnificent view of the bay. Kobé is of considerable size, and is very well laid out, in fact, as to plan, it is an improvement upon Yokohama; but of course, it is not nearly of such extent. The streets are level, well paved, and clean, and some of the stores are fine buildings; this refers to the foreign settlement. The native part is very similar to the other native villiages I have seen. A railway has been commenced to Osaca, but only six miles finished. Kobé, from the sea, is said to resemble Aden, as far as the hills at the back are concerned, but they have more vegetation on them. The strip of land between the town and the hills is beautifully cultivated, and the green crops growing up, with the numerous fields of rapeseed

now in full flower, are pleasing to the eye; and the dark cypress, like foliage of the cryptomeria, is relieved by the light green of the firs and other trees. The rain had fortunately cleared off, and, taking into consideration the hills at the back, the strip of cultivated land, and the bay with its numerous shipping, it was one of the finest panoramas I have yet seen in Japan, and well worth the walk up. We had lunch at the hotel, and then had intended to go by the two boat to Osaca, but we saw it steaming away at one. We found that the steamers at Kobé never start punctually; sometimes one hour before, or one hour after; so we had to put off until four p.m. Mr. S — remarked that this want of punctuality will make us appreciate it all the more when we get it. It is a sail of two hours and a half. The first two hours is uninteresting, as it is just across the bay, but the last four miles are up the river, and it is a very curious and interesting sight. Both banks are crowded with houses, and lying alongside were junks two rows deep. Osaca, as I daresay you know, is the Venice of Japan, and has a population of 600,000. It is a disputed point whether there are more streets than canals in this town, or rather I should call them waterways, as the so-called canals are formed by the many windings of the river, which is crossed by more than 1,000 bridges, or some say 300 would be nearer the mark. I have never stood on the "Bridge of Sighs," so cannot compare this Venice with the Italian one, but am quite sure that if the canals (here in Osaca) are cleaner, and the sampans as elegant a boat as the gondola, that there are no marble palaces; for the dwelling houses are at the most one or two stories high. It is the old capital of the Mikado, and the second commercial city of the empire. The country at the back looked fertile and well cultivated, as usual. We took a walk round the foreign settlement; it is situated on an island, and is well laid out. There are only twenty-two foreigners. We then went on to Dutai's Hotel, where we had a capital dinner. We had hoped to have procured a house boat and gone up to Kioto to night, but we could not get one;

so Mr. S——l and I decided to wait until to-morrow; but the energetic Mr. S—— has just started—eleven p.m.—in a gin-rickisha, to take a ride of eight hours, over bad roads, in a pouring wet night; I wish him joy of it. N.B.—I have since heard that he reached Kioto safely at six a.m., having slept most of the way. After his arrival, he visited the Exhibition, walked to the top of the hill, back of the hotel, rode to Biwa Lake, distant six miles, and is off for Osaca to-night (Tuesday) on his return. He is the kind of man that would do Rome in a day.

*Tuesday 15th.*—We were to have left at six a.m., but I had great difficulty in waking S——l, but at last he was aroused, and we started off at seven a.m., in a pour of rain, for Kioto. We had two men apiece. The distance is thirty-four miles, and we reached our destination about four; pretty good considering the heavy and sticky state of the ground. For two or three miles our way was through Osaca, and across numberless bridges all built of wood; and when we at last emerged out in the country, the road lay on an embankment alongside the river, with low lying land; the other side was a mass of yellow flower, varied by the dark green of the barley. Owing to the Treaty Limits, foreigners are more or less confined to the neighbourhood of large towns; so you must not think because the country I have seen has happened to be in a high state of cultivation, that all Japan is in that way, for I am told further in the interior there are large plains of grass and pasturage not cultivated at all, and not much used as yet for grazing; for cattle are few in this country, and sheep almost a rarity; no doubt, however, they will soon be introduced, in fact there is a General (I forget his name) who is now superintending an agricultural farm in Yesso, and has a model one near Yedo. If one were to judge by what one sees of Japan, one would think it a densely populated country; but I fancy they are a gregarious kind of people, and like to frequent large towns or villages near them. The country districts are very thinly populated. About the

middle of the day the rain cleared off, and we gradually wound into a valley with lofty ranges of hills all round. We had to cross a river once, the bed of which must have been half a mile across, but there was very little water in it. There is one thing about this land—that it improves on acquaintance, and during the short experience I have had of it, I have seen a greater variety of scenery, foliage, and flowers, than I ever saw elsewhere. I noticed that the young ladies here have a great deal of red about their dress, and some of them reminded me of the pictures one has seen of a Breton peasant, as they wear on their heads a high white cap. Their outer garment is tucked up above the knee, and underneath is a red skirt; then they have a collar of red turned down, and a red ornament to match on the back of their head; and, what with their black hair and rosy cheeks, they looked very well; perhaps the panier will be of another colour; but though the variety of hues in their dress may rival the rainbow, their perfect taste prevents them ever making a mistake in the arrangement of their toilet. We were stopped at a bridge to show our passes, and then entered the precincts of Kioto, which is only open for foreigners during sixty days, so it is doubly interesting visiting a city of this description; for it has hardly had time to assume an air of spurious civilisation. It is the ancient capital of the Mikado, and until the Government was altered it was his place of residence. It is situated on a level plain surrounded by hills, and with a broad river running through the midst of it. It certainly is curious to be in a city in which three years ago it would have been certain death for a foreigner to have shown his face. The hotel for the time being is in an old temple, and a very picturesque place it is. The house is of large size, and the floors are covered with clean mats that yield to one's foot, as I suppose they must be two inches thick. There is a charming garden at the back, with the inevitable small ponds with miniature bridges, gold fish and mandarin ducks. The garden is particularly beautiful now—trees of red, pink, and white azaleas, and on the dining table,

not little vases filled with flowers, but large ones with branches of azaleas and camellias in, covered with blossoms. We went up a hill at the back and had a magnificent view of Kioto. It reminds one of Santiago, with its flat roofs, fertile plains, and lofty hills all round, the sides of which are now looking to perfection; for, intermingled with the dark foliage of the cedars, are the cherry blossom and the bright green of the young firs; while every now and then you see a camellia tree—a mass of red bloom. I had almost forgotten to mention the clumps of the feathery bamboo, rafts of which we saw floating down the river. One thing one cannot help admiring the Japanese for, is the care they take of their trees, and half the beauty of their clumsy, yet quaint roofed temples, is, that they are sure to have a background of magnificent trees, to set off their padoga-like form to advantage. We passed through, on our way here, the fortified town of Yodo, where a great deal of fighting took place. If the streets of the foreign settlements are clean, I am afraid the streets of the native towns are not so in wet weather, and it is a sensible plan of the natives to walk on clogs, as it not only keeps their feet clean, but enables the young ladies to show off their small feet to advantage. I noticed a number of the young girls were busy weaving silk, of which there is a great quantity exported, in fact, it is one of the principal trades of Japan.

*Wednesday, 16th.*—Started at nine a.m. for the Exhibition in ginrickishas. We had a drive of two miles. It is held in the old palace of the Mikado; it was one of the most celebrated in Japan, and is known as the one with nine gates—six being in the outer wall, and three in the inner one. The outside wall is about twenty feet high, and has a roof in the shape of a lych gate running along, and projecting over the sides for two or three feet. The roofs of the entrances are in the shape of a temple, and have wonderful bronze gates. Here they are entire; but in Yedo most of these valuable gates, as well as numbers of the old bells, have been sold for old metal. This is a vandalism that ought to be put a stop to, or soon these old



men and two or three women were moulding, glazing, and ornamenting saucers, basins, vases, &c., of a common looking kind of earthenware. One woman made the cups, &c., by means of her elbow. She took a small piece of clay, flattened it with her fingers, and then holding the clay in her right hand, she struck it against her left elbow, and turning the clay round she fashioned the shapeless mass into a species of mug. They were then left to harden. There was also a man there, who, with two or three artistic flourishes with a paint brush, ornamented the ware with flowers, &c. We then entered another small kind of Temple. In the first room were what I considered the gems of the Exhibition—a screen “of many leaves,” of black lacquer, ornamented in the most profuse manner with sprays of flowers, birds, &c., all in mother of pearl. It had a most brilliant and costly appearance. Near to them were some cabinets of lacquer belonging to the Mikado—both unique in shape, and of great value. There is one of red lacquer, which sort of ware is now very scarce. We then went wandering on and saw some beautiful carvings in silver; one of a peacock, with its tail spread out, was most perfect of its kind. Then there were numerous ornaments, fans, &c. At the back of all these stalls were Japanese screens. In one room there was a collection of armour, very rich in ornamentations, but not proof against chassapots. All the head-pieces had fierce moustaches on, and they say that this is one of the reasons why the Japanese thought Europeans must be naturally fierce, as they were so hairy about the face, and they had always connected a moustache with a savage warrior. They themselves have, as a rule, perfectly smooth faces. They must take me for a Goth; but perhaps they are becoming used to the sight of a beard. We then passed through a room of musical instruments, chiefly of the banjo and drum class. They have something that resembles the harp, but their playing is more remarkable for its monotony than harmony—likewise their vocal music. We then went out into the garden, and a thoroughly characteristic one it was,

with its bridges, fish ponds, and prettily trained trees. There is something quaint and pretty about these gardens. Near here was a raceground, where the youth of Japan exercise themselves on horseback. At the other side of this were two targets, and they fired at this with bows and arrows while galloping. They are not good riders, and their steeds are not of the best; in fact, although I suppose this game is equivalent to the tilting at the ring of the old days, it has not that "pomp and circumstance of war" that those knightly contests used to evoke. In the centre of an open space was a raised platform, with flowers on it, and some curious and rare leaves; but (would you believe it), in one pot there was a cabbage, and a very bad specimen, run to seed. I have no doubt the Japanese thought it was some rare exotic. We then came to a breeding pond for fish—all variety of carp, with gold and silver fish, &c.; but the most notable and strange things were two salamanders. They are natives of this country, but are rare even here. In shape, they resemble a huge lizard, have flat heads, and a mouth extending nearly the whole width of it, small eyes, hardly visible. Their skin is, I am told, not hard, and their flesh is soft and pulpy to the touch. More hideous looking things are seldom seen, and their beauty, like that of pug dogs, consists in their ugliness. They have four feet, and are from two and a half to three feet long. We then entered another building, filled with curiosities of all kinds, and a most magnificent piece of gold tapestry; the more one looked at it the better it appeared. The Japanese are certainly wonderful imitators of birds and animals. We next came to the Textile department, where are exhibited all kinds of silks and satins. Near here was the Weaving department. There were two looms at work; they are made of wood and bamboo. Some rosy-cheeked damsels were hard at work. Silk weaving was known in Japan long before we had it in England. The Romans procured their silk garments from Persia or China, and the Japanese had traded with China for centuries, and, although we have improved on their looms, I fancy we first received the



idea of weaving from either the Chinese or the Japanese. We then passed through a room where various produce was displayed—seeds, tobacco leaf; and further on, wonderful figures in sugar, and some paintings on skins, and pictures in seaweed, and other wonderful and hideous designs. We then saw some fine crystals and bronzes. The latter were of immense antiquity, but not handsome to look at—shapeless figures in all manner of fanciful positions. I think, judging from the specimens one sees, that the Japanese must have an intense love of the grotesque. What strikes me more than anything else is the variety of their talents. Perhaps some of their silverware, earrings, &c., are beaten by the Maltese and Genoese, but taking their bronzes, paintings, &c., you must acknowledge they are a wonderful people. We then came to the coin room: the old Oban, a flat, oval piece of gold worth £20, was pointed out to me. There is plenty of gold to be found in the country, but the Japanese work the mines in a desultory way. When this country was first discovered, silver was rarer than gold, and till lately they had imported none. We saw a collection of minerals, but not being a geologist, I can't say anything about them, but believe there is good coal and plenty of copper. We then came to the only place where foreigners have exhibited, and California is the only country represented. There were some good buggies, wine, and furniture. The latter was more formal than comfortable, and being of brown satin with yellow flowers, it had not a happy combination of colour; however, there were only two or three pieces exhibited altogether, and I should not think they would find purchasers, although, I believe the Japanese are going in for European furniture. After we had seen a few more stalls of lacquer ware, and swords, &c., we had done the Exhibition of Kioto. It is not a very good account, but there is no guide book, and as the names attached to the articles are in Japanese, I was not much the wiser. There must have been thousands of natives in the building. The fair sex are lighter in colour, I think, than in Yedo—in fact,

they are almost white, but they have the same rosy complexion. Their hair is, I think, more elaborately done; it is drawn off their forehead into a kind of a chignon on the front part of the head, and then there is a second chignon at the back; but it is lower down than the ones worn by the ladies at Yedo. Kioto red is a favourite colour; and I notice they tuck the outer garment up to the knee, and show a red or some other brilliant coloured underskirt, with flowers in gold worked in. They all looked as pleased and happy as ever, and I was never in a crowd where there was less crushing. If you were by accident pushed, a polite bow and smile were sure to greet you. We then returned to the hotel, having spent a long morning at the Exhibition. We had to cross a wide river bed like the one at Nice; as there is very little water in, a number of women were washing, and it seemed to be the public bleaching ground. We took tiffin, and, at one, in ginrickashas, started off to Lake Biwa, distant seven miles. We had a rough, but interesting ride; the same beautiful cultivation and foliage, with clusters of bamboos. We also saw fields of the tea plant; it is an ever-green, short and bushy. Bullocks are the beasts of burden here, and their is a regular track for them. Two rows of stones are raised a little above the road, and the wheels of the cart go on them, while the bullocks walk in the track in the middle. The waggons are cumbersome looking affairs; but, though their progress must be slow, it is, I should fancy, sure—for the bullocks seem to plod on at the same pace up or down hill. Lake Biwa is of large size—thirty-five miles long, and about twenty broad. It is pretty well surrounded by mountains; at one end numerous detached hills rise up suddenly, as if they had been thrown up by volcanic action. It does not equal the Italian lakes; but it was a cloudy day, and not good for a view. On the banks I saw a wonderful cypress tree, trained like a pear on trellis work; but I should think it covers a space of ninety feet circumference. It must be centuries old; near it is one of the lantern-shaped stone pillars, with steps leading up to it,

peculiar, I think, to Japan, or, perhaps, to a Buddhist country. It is interesting being at this lake. I suppose I am about the one hundredth European that has visited it. At one hotel we were at for a few minutes, the landlord showed me a book, on which is written on the first page—"This hotel is a swindle; go to tea house near the tree"—which we accordingly did. Poor man, "where ignorance is bliss," &c. We then, after having had some tea, returned to Kioto, and reached the hotel at six p.m. On our way back we passed about one hundred people on a pilgrimage; they had hats on in the shape of a huge basin, made of wicker ware; but, instead of sombre clothing, they wore the gayest of the gay—white leggings, with white undershirt under dark robe, which was turned up at the knee; a collar with red, a green sash and panier, and a red ornament on their head, completed their attire. They looked fat and well, and rosy-cheeked as usual; for you must know the fair sex are the chief pilgrims—in fact, they looked as if it were a gay and festive scene they were entering upon, rather than a pilgrimage; different to the pilgrims of Europe or elsewhere. I don't know whether they were Nuns, but if they were, they appeared to be anything but devout, demure; but, no doubt, they sober down when they reach their destination—and, after all, why should one, when doing a religious penance, go barefooted. However, it shows the character of the Japanese in a true light, as they are evidently a light-hearted race. In the evening we went to the theatre—its appointments were much the same as in Yedo; only, instead of a play, it was a mixture of pantomime and ballet. It was all done by signs and movements of the arms. The dancing was good and the dresses splendid; their legs were well covered, and would have gladdened the heart of Lord Sydney, who lengthened the skirts of the ballet. Here, with the dressing gown arrangement of costume, there is no danger of anything more than their foot appearing—of course it was not a very elaborate dance, and it chiefly consisted of twisting and turning the body, and of bending their arms and wrists. There were

square spaces in the shape of boxes (though the sides were only two feet high) for the audience. There are no chairs or seats; for the Japanese here sit on the mats, or kneel and rest on their heels; and there was a place railed off by a bamboo, with chairs in it, for foreigners. Is it not wonderful, that in a place only open to foreigners, during sixty days, that all these preparations for their comfort should be made—and this, in a city where three ago Sir Henry Parkes, in coming to make a treaty, was attacked and one of his escort wounded; but now the people do not squash to stare at foreigners, as they do near Yedo. May we hope that it is because they have improved on acquaintance. I have noticed that they do not squeeze one in a crowd; but they are adepts at the other kind of squeezing, and charge high; but we must remember that these are Exhibition times, and it is the same way all the world over. I forgot to mention that Goshō, where the Exhibition was held, is considered the finest palace in the country, and was, previous to the Exhibition, only entered by the high officers of state; so that the poor people flock there as interested as we are, to see a palace one thousand years old. You will, no doubt, think that I am hurrying too much; but I like it—in fact, travelling to me has now become a mere matter of business, and I must be up and doing directly I reach a town. I am afraid that if I were asked what my occupation was, I could only say, a “Globe Trotter” in search of “the Elixir of Life,” “Moabite Stone,” or any other visionary article.

*Thursday, 17th.*—Weather raw and cold. We had a thunder-shower to-day, with hail. It is awfully cold at night, and I am more convinced now than ever that paper windows are not conducive to warmth; and, as there were no shutters drawn across the windows, there was only a very thin partition between us and the inclement weather. We started at nine a.m. in two ginrickishas to the Temple of Kinkakugi, distant four miles; we first drove through the town, but at last reached the country, and passed by fields of barley and rape seed in full bloom. In

back of the hotel, and had a final panoramic view of the surrounding country—one of the most complete I ever beheld. The town looked very well with its picturesque roofs, but it was the vivid green of the crops, contrasted by the dark ranges around,—the mountains in the distance capped with snow, and last, but not least, the river winding like a silver thread through the fertile plains, that completed the splendid scene; and one felt the truth of the saying that “God made the country, but man made the towns.” One of the most beautiful features in the landscape was the way in which a promontory, so to speak, jutted out from the main range and resembled a headland out at sea, only, instead of being surrounded by the dark-blue ocean, it was encircled by fields of living green. Kioto, if a person could sketch, or was of a romantic turn of mind, is a place where one could spend a month easily in lolling about the temples and groves, and wandering through the Exhibition studying the people. It grows upon one, and, to tell the truth, I almost regretted leaving. Besides, I do not hear a favourable account of China as regards scenery, and I am told that the contrast is painful; but I am anticipating. Mr. S—— and I left the hotel at nine p.m., in ginrickishas, and drove to Fushima, distant six miles. There a covered-in sampan was waiting. We had plenty of wraps, as it was bitterly cold, and we were going to make a night of it. We had fixed to return to Osaca by boat, as it is with the stream, and so only takes about eight hours, and we hope to find ourselves in Osaca about daylight. A Mr. L——, to whom I had a letter, was sending his bag down with some luggage, so he engaged a boat. We started with seven ginrickishas, and as each had one of the paper lanterns, it was a novel scene—being hauled along by two men through the dimly-lighted streets; but when ever we stopped at a tea house to let the men rest, out the moosmes would come with their Ohio, and their little cups of tea. They undoubtedly are a polite and obliging people; even if you do not take it, which I very seldom do, they smile as sweetly as ever, and

with a "saranara" we rattled on again into the dark streets. The bamboo is certainly ornamental as well as useful, and is to the Japanese what a cocoa nut tree is to the South Sea Islanders; they use it to build their houses—railings are made of it, water pipes, baskets, lamps, &c., &c., and as a pickle it is first-rate. The Japanese are very neat workers in wood, and I am told that their tools are made of wonderfully tempered steel; their saws have only one tooth, so that they have to draw it up, and it looks curious to see them at work. When I was at Lake Biwa there was a notice stuck up, that if any insult was offered to foreigners they were to apply to a policeman with a red badge. They are very careful that no injury should be done to a European. Their police arrangements are very good. They say one of the chief reasons why the country is not opened freely to foreigners is, that the country people, in parts, being unfriendly to them, the Government dare not let foreigners travel without an escort, and the expense of providing an uncertain number might be very great. Nearly all the rows have been through strangers not treating the Japanese well—still the Government has been blamed. I am told that the country is unfertile further in the interior, and very mountainous. Beheading is a punishment resorted to here in extreme cases, and, though they used to chop off their heads like ninepins, there are fewer cases now. The women were crucified—in fact, the other day the Commander of H.M.S. "Teazer" was saying that he had been invited to go and see seven men beheaded, and two women crucified—of course he did not go; but I hope and believe that these scenes will soon be a thing of the past. The Commander of H.M.S. "Teazer," which is at present at Kobé, has asked me to tiffin with him on Sunday. He says she can neither sail or steam.

*Friday, 18th.*—Arrived at seven a.m., after having passed a tolerable night. We had plenty of wraps. The crew have huge oars that they work at the stem of the boat; or, sometimes, they pole us along. We had only two collisions, and grounded

once, which may, I suppose, be considered fortunate, as the men are apt to go to sleep, and sometimes you find yourselves in the morning where you were the night before. The river is wide and clear, but shallow. Osaca looks picturesque with its numerous bridges and canals. The houses are of wood, and have overhanging roofs, like the Rows, at Chester. Occasionally, we would pass by a long barrack-looking building, but one does not see "a palace and a prison on each hand," though there are some trees and pretty gardens. The boatmen generally wear a jacket with wide sleeves and tight-fitting blue hose; altogether, it is a lively and gay scene, though the houses look as if they might tumble into the water, and there is not that universal neatness which is the leading characteristic of this people. I am putting up at Mr. L——'s. He is agent for J. M. & Co. There is a Japanese hotel here, but it is a wretched one, as my experience of last Monday night proves; and in the East friends seem to expect you to stay with them, as a matter of course. This morning about ten, S—— and I started off to the Mint, distant three miles. Major K—— is the manager, and I had a letter to him from Mr. C——. The building is of immense size, in fact, one of the most complete in the world. Some of the original plant came from the old Hong Kong Mint; but they have a great deal of new machinery. We first of all saw the crucibles with the molten silver in them, and bars of gold worth £500 apiece; and huge ingots of silver lying about. Then in another place we saw laths of gold. The latter are put into a punching machine, so as to form them to the size required, and in this state they, with silver coins, are put into sulphuric acid, and the pieces of silver come out frosted, and the gold, if there is such a thing, a frosted yellow. They are then put in to the stamping machine, the best of which is a German patent that stamps forty-five a minute. The English machine looks clumsy beside it, and is going to be used for the copper coin mint now erecting. We then saw the automaton weighing machine. It tells to the 1,000th part of a grain, and if the coins

are not up to the standard, the light ones go into a separate compartment. The coinage in gold is one dollar, two dollars, five dollars, ten dollars, and twenty dollar pieces. There are no two and a half dollars. The Japanese are employed in all the departments, and are good workers. There is generally a European over them. There are 850 men in the new Mint department alone. The Bullion and Finance department is entirely in the hands of the Japanese. To give you some idea of what this Mint turns out, I heard it stated that they had made 500,000 coins three days running. At the British Mint, they are considered to have done good work if they turn out 33,000,000 coins annually. They expect when they have finished this copper Mint, that they will turn out 140,000,000 annually. This seems almost incredible, but then the Mikado has promised them work for five years. They think it will be ten years. Of course this rate of production will not last, as no country in the world, however rich, could go on at that rate; but the Japanese are creating a new coinage, and are calling in all their old tempos and clumsy copper coins. So when they have supplied the deficiency, the rate of turning out coins will decrease rapidly. But even, if after five years all the expensive buildings and machinery are useless, the Government will, by that time, have worked off their first cost, or if not, the building can be used for other purposes. They now make their own sulphuric acid and fire bricks. They have a regular fitting shop, and are erecting a forge to make castings. Indeed, their buildings must cover several acres, as all the European employes have nice looking houses. The men are all dressed in blue serge suits, and do not look very prepossessing; but Major K — had to insist upon it, as with their loose robes they were always catching in the machinery. When he was in China, he had to make the Chinese roll their pigtail on the top of their head, which they considered a great indignity. Nearly all the brickwork was done by the Japanese, and they built a chimney 140ft. high without any foreign aid. This is the more



to be wondered at, as they will not use the plumb line or level, and, at first, their walls were rather out of the perpendicular, but they are very apt. Their great fault is, that they are so vain that if they are in the laboratory of a chemist for two months tying up bottles, they imagine themselves perfect chemists. The Manager said a carpenter has made one of the best draughtsmen he has ever seen. If you give him a rough sketch, he will draw out a workable drawing; in fact, there seems to be plenty in them, only it wants developing. The Yakonin class is a high one, and chiefly consists of commissioned officers under Government. They are an overbearing lot, and it seems that there is greater intelligence amongst the labouring class; for instance, this draughtsman only being a carpenter, could not be taken into an office, because his rank or class was too low; so Major K— had him raised to the rank of a Yakonin. I have no doubt that this difference about caste will be done away with, but it is not so long, since it was difficult, even in England, for one of the poorer class to raise himself into the rank above. When the Mikado visited these works, about a year ago, he would not hear of the gas being lit; for, as he did not see how a flame could remain with nothing visible to feed it, he thought it was supernatural. However, his Prime Minister persuaded him to allow it, and for the rest of the time he was there the house was brilliantly illuminated. At night, when the gas was first lit, he said, "This is like heaven," being astonished, I suppose, at its brilliancy. The Ministers were very anxious that the Mikado should allow his head to be stamped on the coins, but he would not hear of it. Some people maliciously said it was because he was so ugly; but to obviate this, a small sketch of his Majesty's face, improved, was drawn—but this was also objected to, as nobody would have recognised him. We had lunch and then left, having enjoyed our visit very much. It certainly is strange to think that Japan has the finest Mint in the world. We then drove to the Castle. It was of the usual kind—castle only in

name—a moat and outer and inner walls. The most remarkable features about it, are the tremendous stones that are used in its construction; how they ever got them in their places will ever remain a mystery. They are decidedly larger than those of the Pyramids. One must have been eight feet high. It was a corner stone, and one side measured twenty-five feet. I never saw such huge blocks. The walls are not more than twenty feet high, so they had not to be lifted to such a height as the ones in the Pyramids; but still, they are marvels of what the ancients seem able to have done in the way of moving heavy weights. An officer accompanied us to the top of the ramparts, and we had a magnificent view of Osaca and the bay. The latter is of immense size, and on the other side we had the fertile plains. Osaca was the first commercial city of the Empire, under the old Régime; Kioto, the capital of the Mikado; and Yedo the Eastern capital and seat of the Tycoon. Since the Mikado has removed to Yedo, I suppose some of the ancient glory of Osaca has disappeared. The disadvantage to the latter as a port is, that the bay is four miles away, and the river only admits vessels of light draughts, such as sampans, &c. We then drove to the Wax-Work Exhibition, but it was a poor imitation of Tussaud's; and, after having peeped into a theatre, I returned to Mr. L——. I forgot to mention that we were accompanied by a soldier with a fixed bayonet, when we went into the castle. All the guns off the walls had been sold for old metal. The escort was armed with an Enfield, although they have breechloaders; but the Government is so changeable that they sold a lot of arms the other day for one dollar and seventy-five cents apiece, and then directly after offered any amount to get them back. They won't take advice, as they think they know everything. They are in wholesome dread of Sir Harry, I believe, as he keeps them in order, and tries to prevent them making foolish mistakes. I think I mentioned they appealed to him the other day, as to what hat the Mikado should wear. His Majesty's favourite dress is that of



a French Admiral, chosen, I fancy, because it has such an amount of gold lace.

*Saturday, 19th.*—Left Osaca at nine a.m., and reached Kobe at half-past eleven, all right. I am putting up at the O.B.C. (Oriental Bank). In the afternoon I attended the Athletic Sports—as usual confined to Englishmen—and a fine-looking active set of fellows they were. It is wonderful, wherever you go, the English keep up their love for sport, be it rowing, racing, or running. At Osaca, where perhaps there are twenty English, they have a Racket Court. I dined last night with a Mr. S—, up at Osaca; he had been out shooting, and half-a-mile from his house—*i.e.*, nearly in the centre of a town of 500,000—had shot four snipe and one duck. Of course, this is chiefly owing, I suppose, to the numerous canals; but there is any amount of shooting in Japan—copper, silver, gold, and the common pheasant, deer, quail, wild geese, snipe, ducks, &c.; and the thing that I missed most of all is not being able to shoot. This harbour is very subject to typhoons in the Summer months.

*Sunday, 20th.*—There is no regular church here, though there are twenty missionaries, mostly American; but they have not as yet made many converts; perhaps they may do so in time. We were to have gone about six miles into the country to study the beauties of nature, but the weather was very unfavourable—and rain and wind not being the pleasantest accompaniments of a pic-nic, instead of going into the interior, we went at twelve and lunched with a Dr. T—. After tiffin, we walked to the waterfalls, and took shelter in tea houses during the showers of hail, for the weather is as cold as March in England. In the course of our walk we passed a cemetery, and near it a pit into which the bodies of criminals are thrown. We saw numbers of skulls, but the bodies had been eaten by dogs, which skulk about the graves like jackals. Some of the customs of the Japanese do not improve on acquaintance, and they are still barbarous in more ways than one. I dined in the evening

with a Mr. A——, and met a nephew of Richard Cobden. He was pleasant, but a fearful Radical, and we discussed politics all the time.

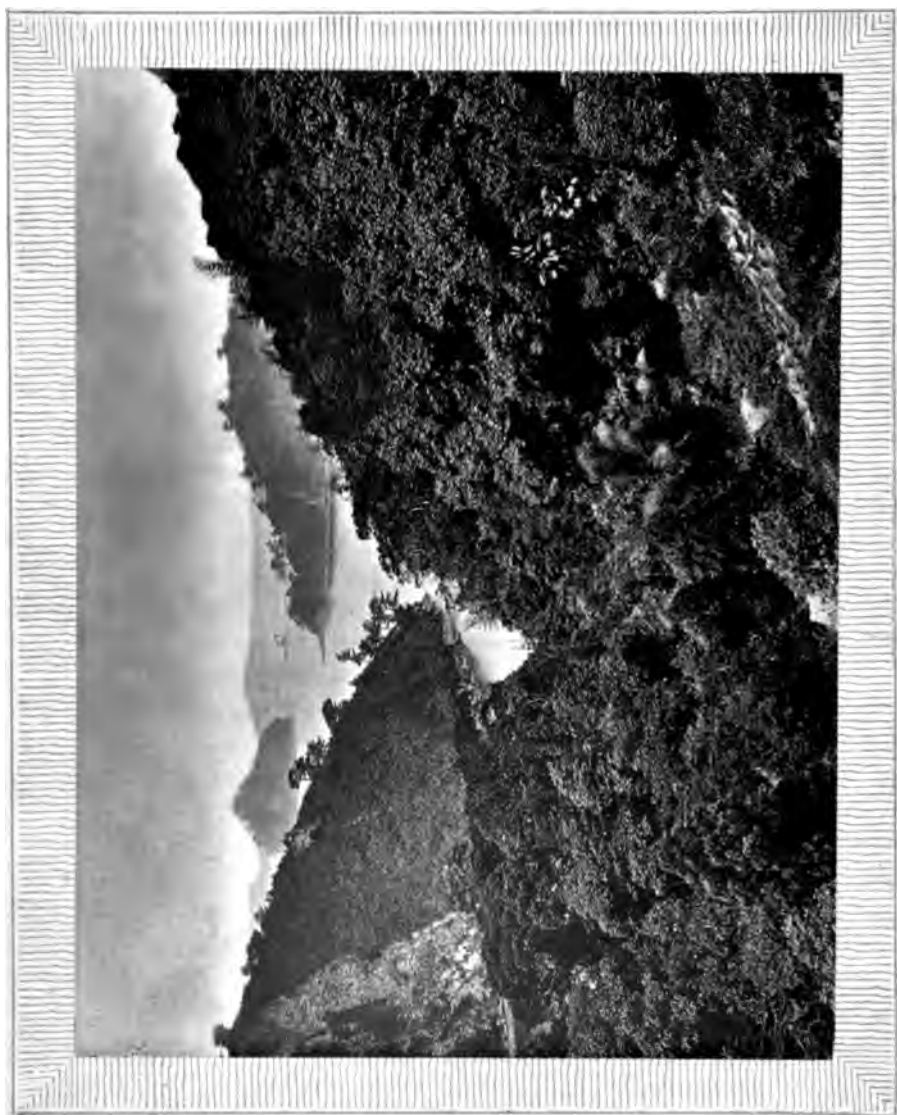
*Monday, 21st.*—Wandered about in the native town in the morning. Lunched on board H.M.S. "Teazer," with Captain F——. He is a very pleasant man, but does not much approve of the "Teazer" as a sailer—in fact, having only 18in. immersion of screw, if they have a slight head-wind she stops nearly altogether. She is in beautiful order, and her 150-pounder a sight to see. I was talking with him for nearly three hours. He then took me on board the "New York," and introduced me to the Captain. I then went ashore, gathered my luggage together, rowed off to the "New York," and left it on board. I afterwards went to the Club, and then, with Mr. C——, of the O.B.C., rowed off to dine on the "Teazer." After dinner I went on the "New York," as we start to-morrow for Nagasaki. Capt. F—— presented me with a wonderful Japanese teapot; it is a great curio. I told him that the first time I used it I would drink his health in "the cup that cheers but not inebriates."

*Tuesday, 22nd.*—Left Kobe at half-past three a.m., and soon after passing through the Straits of Akasi, we entered the Inland Sea. It is a distance of 390 miles to Nagasaki, and for most of the time we appear to be passing through a series of land-locked lakes or bays; sometimes a narrow strait, barely three miles in width, and then varying in extent. Talk of the Thousand Isles, why, we must, up to this evening, have gone by—I am afraid to say how many. Some are barren and volcanic enough to look at, but others have their dark, precipitous sides, varied by the light green patches of the crops that are planted by the persevering Japanese farmer. Few of them have any trees, but one or two have a fringe of pines running along the top of the ridge. We passed through the Northern Passage about four p.m. It is certainly very beautiful; the steep hills are well cultivated; numerous villages cluster in the valleys. The sun shone brightly, and hundreds of junks spread their white

sails to the fresh breeze. Large islands, little islands, islands of every imaginable size and shape, rose on all sides out of the sparkling water; their colours ranged from bare grey rock through every shade of green; some were cultivated, some not; they shone like jewels. I must confess it was a fairy-like scene; and yet, after all I had heard about the beauty of the Straits, I was disappointed. Can it be that I am growing blasé! Too true it is that the chief charm to me lay in the perfect calmness of the water. There wasn't room for the sea to get up. The navigation is most intricate, and that is the reason that we start at such unearthly hours, so as to get through the narrowest part in the daylight. This ship is most comfortable, and the perfectly smooth sea is well suited to side wheelers. There is more general vibration in a paddle steamer, but then again there is not that perpetual grind or thud, or whatever you like to call it, of the screw.

*Wednesday, 23rd.*—We passed through the Straits of Simo-nosekio at half-past four a.m. this morning, and I think it is a proof that I am not wholly lost to the duties of a traveller, as I was on deck, even though it was a cold raw morning, with just enough daylight to make darkness visible; and though all I saw was that we were sailing through a narrow strait, with two dark blue rims of land on either hand, still it was satisfactory to think that I had stood the severest test that is put to voyagers of getting up at daylight, to see a view that seldom repays one—except to see a sunrise from the Rigi, or something of that kind. One certainly receives a slight consolation from being able to crow over people who have not been up betimes at breakfast; but, in this case, I had such a hazy recollection of what I had seen, that the majority thought they had been wiser in staying in their berths. The Straits are about half-a-mile wide in the narrowest parts. When we had passed through them we were out of the Inland Sea. We arrived at Nagasaki at half-past four p.m. The last eight hours or so we were averaging thirteen miles an hour; and it was quite refreshing to





NAGASAKI.



be in a steamer that really seemed to be able to go over eight. We were in sight of land after leaving the Straits, but it was fifteen or twenty miles off. As we drew near our destination, we came closer in and passed numerous small islands. The Bay of Nagasaki is of considerable size—length about four miles, and breadth two. It is perfectly land-locked; at its entrance is the small conical, well-wooded island of Papenberg, where, a century or two ago, between two hundred or three hundred Japanese Christians were hurled down and killed, by order of the Government. There were three Russian men-of-war lying in the harbour, one with the Grand Duke Alexis on board. It is one of the prettiest harbours I have ever seen, though on a smaller scale than either Rio or Sydney. The hills rise, I suppose, to the height of 1,500ft., and are cultivated to the top in terraces. Everything looked green and fresh. The higher ones, in the distance, are covered with pines; altogether it has a pleasing, bright appearance. I landed with Mr. W——, who has been here before, and we took a walk through the cemetery; it is built on the side of a hill, and from the top one has a splendid view of the bay and surrounding country. The ground was laid out in terraces about fifty feet wide. The graves do not take up much room, but have a pretty stone erected over them, with inscriptions in gold or red letters. Before each is a small piece of bamboo, and in the latter are placed flowers, and the wall that divides the terraces is covered with creepers, and, with the numerous cryptomerias that are planted, it has a neat and pretty appearance, and the whole is laid out with great taste. I have described the process of burial elsewhere. We dined at the hotel, and then came on board. Nagasaki was the first port opened to foreigners, but is not commercially of much importance compared with Kobé or Yokohama; but it may rally again. The town is of considerable size, of the usual Japanese build, so I need not attempt to describe it.

*Thursday, 24th.*—Though it was a gloomy morning, Mr. W—— and I went ashore about ten, and started for a walk, with a

Coolie carrying lunch. We took our time, and rested occasionally to enjoy the views. It unfortunately came on to rain about one, so we took refuge in a temple, and the priest very kindly allowed us to tiffin in his house. The Japanese certainly appreciate scenery, and whatever part of Japan I have been in, wherever a fine sight of the surrounding country is to be obtained, you are bound to find a tea house. We remained here two hours. The rests for one's head are very peculiar; they are made of black lacquer, about half a foot high, with a small groove on the top, on which a diminutive cushion, in the shape of a roly-poly, is placed. Over this they put a clean scrap of paper; it is rather a break-neck piece of furniture. Perhaps one might get accustomed to it—it is neat and clean, and what more can you want? Just before us was a bank covered with bushes, or rather trees of azaleas, a mass of bloom, dark red, vermilion, carnation, white, all blended together. Their brilliant colours standing out in pleasing contrast to the dark green of the shrubs around. The plains below were as well tilled as ever, and I could not have spent the last day in Japan better than enjoying the view of the fertile plain, with the vivid green of the paddy fields, and the hills diversified with every variety of foliage. The whole scene was typical of Japan, and I am sure that it will be long impressed upon my memory. We had a wet walk back; but we rowed to the ship and changed. In the evening we went on shore to see the national dance of Japan; it was more wonderful than moral—and although the dancing was well done and the time excellent, the music and singing was, as usual, monotonous. It is not a performance one would care to see twice—still it is one of the sights to be done. I have never seen so much phosphorescence anywhere as in this harbour. Last night the boat literally seemed to cleave her way through molten silver. In the daytime you see belts of millions of animalculæ; they are pink in colour, and the water that the ship sent away from her bows was, at times, quite red. I have often seen the phosphorescent light at night before, but

have never seen the sea streaked with lines of red. Fancy the milliards there must be of these small animals. J—— will be able to explain the reason of difference in colour; but, I suppose, it arises from the same cause as a lucifer match, the flames of which are red by daylight, but blue at night. I do not think I could have visited Japan at a better time of the year; though if I had been later, I should have seen some of the wonderful lilies. The Japanese say that their flowers have no perfume, and their birds no song; but the women don't wear stays, and there are no lawyers. Happy people, perhaps you will think, as to the latter article; but if a man steals anything over 300 dollars, he is strangled. This last punishment is taking the place of beheading. I have no doubt that, as they progress in civilization, lawyers will come in, and punishments will be less severe. I hear that a law has been passed that the people are to begin to use bedsteads, and a tax on mats is to be imposed. This may be a good one, but I doubt it. Another law that women are not to burn off their eyebrows, is a sign that the Government are awakening to the horrid disfigurement of black teeth and shaved eyebrows.

*Friday, 25th.*—A lovely morning. Left at eight a.m. The harbour was seen to perfection; it is quite the third prettiest one I have ever seen. It does not come up to Rio for grandeur. The hills are for the most part smooth and grassy at the top; lower down they are covered with the dense cypress-like foliage of the cryptomeria, intermingled with firs and the feathery bamboo, and then many of them are cultivated in terraces, and there are delightful little creeks running up into the land. The great charm is the green and fresh appearance of the whole, and, after a long sea voyage, I could not imagine a more lovely harbour to come into. We have now a voyage of about fifty hours to Shanghai, where we are due on Sunday, at twelve a.m. In one of my last letters I was inclined to run down Japan, or more particularly the Japanese; but, as in most other questions, there are two sides to this one, and I have been hearing the

brighter one the last few days. That the resources of the country are immense there seems to be no doubt, and, though I don't pretend to go in for figures, when you hear that 10,000,000lbs. of tea were exported from Yokohama last year—when a few years ago there were only 3,000,000—and 15,000 bales of silk, you will think there is an improvement. The latter article is in actual money value two-thirds of the whole exports. Rice is also shipped, but so much is consumed in the country that it does not amount to much by comparison with the quantity grown. I am also told that the fisheries on the coast of Yesso are likely to become very valuable, as they include cod and herrings to any extent. Fish is one of the chief articles of food of the Japanese, though, when DeBeauvoir says that this innocent-minded people never shed the blood of an ox or sheep, I think grapes are sour with them, as they take kindly enough to roast beef and beef steak when they can get it. Their mineral wealth is not yet half developed. Coal is exported now to China; it has a good deal of slack, and burns quickly; 40 per cent. below good English it costs at Nagasaki; six dollars per ton is the price paid. The climate seems favourable for the production of vegetables and crops of every description. An English gentleman gave the seeds of a cauliflower to a Japanese, and he came one day to know what he was to do with it, as he said the flower was not very beautiful, and he never thought of eating it; but the Japanese take kindly to European chow-chow (unlike the Chinese). I heard a good story of the Japanese Ambassador to England the other day. Somebody told him that he was afraid Japan was progressing too fast. "Well," he said, "if one is walking very slowly, is it not better to hurry on a little than to bend far back, and run the chance of falling on your head like the Chinese?" Good, I say, for the Japanese, and I think there may be a great future for Japan. That the English believe in it is proved by the way they took up the last loan. One of their chief difficulties will be their vanity. If they have learned civil engineering for a

month they think they can construct a railway, and want to learn something else. Then again they are not trustworthy—this is more particularly the case with the lower class—and in everything connected with money matters, you will always find that business men prefer the Chinese. The latter are business people by nature, and are more industrious. Another bad trait of the Japanese is their love of change; they are always altering—for instance, their mode of drill; and the soldiers have hardly learned one set of tactics before they teach them another. However, whatever their faults are, they are a most interesting and wonderful people; and in this matter-of-fact age, it is quite a relief to read a book like DeBeauvoir's, who goes in for making the country an Elysium, and the inhabitants worthy of such a spot. It cannot be denied that he draws on his own imagination to a considerable extent, and occasionally throws a halo of glory over very common-place objects: for instance, in describing the castle of Oudawara, he says—"the towers and keeps of the seignorial mansion crowned the heights, now gilded with the last rays of the setting sun." The innocent and ignorant reader may prefer to believe that the Daimios lodged themselves in the style of the robber barons of the middle ages, and in that case it is perhaps unkind of me to tell them, that instead of another Stolzenfels, I actually beheld a few one-storied buildings, surrounded by a wall not above ten feet high. The stones of the wall were massive, I admit, but they were but poor representatives, after all, of the faded magnificence of DeBeauvoir's Castle in the air! His figures are surprising—for instance, he talks of the "Colorado" taking home a million tons of tea, besides a large cargo; and has seen gold fish, and that species of the finny tribe, thirteen and a-half pounds weight. However, what is the use of *carping* at these latter statements, as, after all is said and done, it is a most charming book for those at home; but, as a guide, it is apt to mislead, and if he is carried away by the beauty of the country, which is undeniable, and by the politeness of the people, which some people say is put on (and

that even the smiles of the young ladies are only a bait to allure travellers to the various tea houses), it is excusable. I have never visited a more delightful country than the one that has for its banner the "Rising Sun," and I sincerely trust that no cloud may overshadow it until it has reached the full meridian of its glory.

*Saturday, 26th.*—Passed two rocks, called Asses Ears, yesterday, sticking up a short distance ; very dangerous to ships on a dark night. They are the last land of Japan. We had the fog bell going all night ; but it has cleared off a little this morning. Sea, even here, is becoming quite shallow—200 miles from China. I think I mentioned that the Japanese were fond of doing things in a contrary way to most nations ; for instance, a tailor stitches from him ; they lock their boxes from left to right ; they mount their horses from the wrong side, and they saw and plane backwards, &c. However, their woodwork is neat in the extreme ; and as to their painting, is there anything comes up to the Fan Room, at Hamagoten ?







## CHAPTER V.

## EXTRACT FROM LETTER.

*S.S. "Appin," Yellow Sea,  
May 23rd, 187—.*

I am on my way back from Peking, and was both agreeably and disagreeably impressed with the capital of China; agreeably, because I had no idea that the Chinese had produced such colossal monuments of what they must once have been as a nation; disagreeably so, because everything now seems to be allowed to go to ruin; and it is a sad and sorry sight to see all the wonderful temples, walls, &c., gradually tumbling away piece-meal. I am afraid it is only too suggestive of the Government of the Empire, which, from all accounts, is rotten at the core, and wants some new blood infused into it; however, if the Audience Question is settled, I dare say it will bring about a change for the better; I do not think that the Emperor, or rather his advisers, personally object so much to the Audience being allowed, as to the effect it may have on the nation at large; for, of course, up to this time the great bulk look upon him as a Son of Heaven, and, consequently, far superior to any Monarch living. If he once receives a Foreign Minister without the Kotow, which is really nothing more than a kind of worship, the people will cease to look upon him as of divine origin, and perhaps not respect his authority; or in other words, there will be a rebellion. They are very busy building forts all up the river Peiho and near Peking; and,

I am told, that the foreigners think they have been built as a precaution against their own subjects. The great regret expressed here is that, when we held the forts at the entrance of the Peiho, we did not continue to hold them. The Chinese are a nation that require to see that the Europeans actually command the approach to the capital. I saw part of the Great Wall very well, though not perhaps actually the oldest portion, which may be just as well, as there is very little left of it. It certainly is a wonderful work, and worthy of the people that constructed the Pyramids; in fact, the Chinese monuments from their colossal size much more resemble the Egyptian than those of Greece and Rome. They have not any sculpture or paintings to compare to those of the latter nations; but for all that, if their figures of animals are rough, it is a marvel how they ever moved the blocks of granite that line the avenue to the Ming Tombs.

JOURNAL.

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*Sunday, April 27th.*—Arrived at Shanghai, at one p.m. I am stopping at the Astor House, which seems clean and comfortable. The races commence to-morrow, and, as J. M. and Co.'s Hong is full, Mr. J—— could not take me in. Although there are only 456 miles between Nagasaki and Shanghai, or rather between Japan and China, one could not imagine a greater contrast, both as to country and people. We left the harbour of Nagasaki with its sparkling water, its hills verdure clad and terraced with plots of barley, &c., to land (as I read the other day) at “the mud flats” of Shanghai, with the paddles of the steamer turning up oceans of mud and dirt; for, as you know, this town is situated on the Whang-poo, a tidal river, that flows into the great river Yang-tze-Keang, one of the largest rivers in the world, navigable for 1,500 miles for vessels of ten feet or so, and, if it were not for the rapids, for many more miles. It rises somewhere in Thibet, and twists and turns for 3,000 miles. It is no wonder that it turns the ocean for sixty miles out a dirty yellow, as it collects the dirt and filth of innumerable cities; it is, at the same time, the great inlet and outlet for the commerce of three or four hundred million (more or less) heathen Chinese, as numberless canals run into it; it is dirtier than the Mississippi—the latter is a brown colour, this is a shade yellower; however, enough of the Yang-tze-Keang. Twelve miles from Shanghai is a bar with twenty-two feet of water at high tide; the bottom is so muddy that pro-

pellers do not mind grounding, as it cleans their bottoms without going into dock. There are numerous shoals, shallows, &c., and slimy islands are always appearing and disappearing. Several islands were pointed out to me cultivated, which a short time ago were only shoals; the land all round is as flat as a pancake, and there is not a hill for twenty, some say forty, miles, round, but the land is beautifully cultivated, and now, in Spring, it is a mass of living green and pleasant to the eye; still one misses the terraced hills and foliage of Japan. Shanghai belongs to Europeans and Americans, in so much that the Chinese have nothing to do with its government. The foreigners have their own Municipal Council, and make their own laws. The town is beautifully laid out with macadamised roads, and the buildings are quite palatial, reminding one of the marble palaces of Genoa. The Bund, that is, the principal street facing the sea, is lined with trees, and evidently great care is taken with the appearance of the place, but the streets are filled with Chinese, and they are so much alike that I feel as if I had known them all my life; they are not nearly so clean as the Japanese, and oh! the contrast in the females, stolid faces—a stiff gown from head to foot, no picturesque colours, or smiles to gladden one's eyes. Their hair is done much in the same way; men of course wear pigtails. It is wonderful the difference in their ideas of Europeans; while the Japanese seem happy to see you, the Chinese, you know, is muttering to himself all the while, "foreign devil," &c., deeming you a great nuisance with all your novelties and inventions. They look down upon us; for is not their Emperor the Son of Heaven? You may ask, what makes the Chinese stand us at all; well, their love of money; they are more keen after the almighty dollar than the Yankee; can I say more? There is no doubt they are naturally an industrious people, and fond of work. Is it not curious to think that this people invented the compass, printing, and gunpowder—the last a doubtful blessing. Now, if anything, I fancy they are going back, as they are so strongly

opposed to innovations. There are no telegraphs in China in the interior, as the shadow of the wire might interfere with the functions of the Fung Chuey—literally, wind and water; a species of geomancy, or a belief in the good or ill luck attached to particular local situations. Not understanding the Fung Chuey myself, I can hardly explain it. I have no doubt you know the Chinese bury their dead above ground, and erect mounds of earth over them; in fact, the whole country is covered with them. The idea arose originally, I fancy, from the question of expense, if a man owned a plot of ground he used to have his family mound erected thereon. There are priests who profess to understand the Fung Chuey; and if a rich man is to be buried, his family generally consult them as to the choice of a favourable spot for his final resting place. They put off and put off sometimes for years, as all this time the family pay them so much, and when all the money is about exhausted the wily priests tell the unfortunate family that the Fung Chuey has decided on some particular site. The Chinese are very touchy on the subject of their dead, and it is quite certain that if an American hopes to go to Paris when he dies, a Chinaman's chief wish is, that he should be buried separately, and on the land of his fathers—a desirable thing; but I think that in this age they might agree to undergo cremation, or give their relatives leave to bury them in graveyards, for owing to this trait in their character, the whole country is disfigured by unshapely mounds; and, worst of all, no railways can be built, unless on the principle of the ones in London—either over or under; but I forgot, that if the shadow of a wire is supposed to prevent the Functions of the Fung Chuey, how much more would a number of unsightly brick arches throw a shadow over the mounds; so, until their prejudices are overthrown, and they can be made to bury their dead in cemeteries instead of their present promiscuous manner railways equally with telegraphs will be impossible; but I hear that they are relenting, and perhaps my grandson may go by rail to the Great Wall!

Pigeon (English) is all the rage here ; it sounds just as if you were speaking to a child ; stick a "y" at the end of everything, and place the cart before the horse, and then you have it—for instance, "go top side and fetchy book;" you will perceive that they leave out all such things as pronouns, &c. ; "no hab got ; top side fetchy sticky walky;" everything is "fetchy, go fetchy, officy, carrygy." If at dinner, "you *pay* Mr. Laird claret," *i.e.*, give. At the Race Course, the other day, when the horses were being walked round, if the Chinamen stopped, the owner would indignantly say, "walky, walky;" it reminds one of Punch ; I cannot help laughing, as it seems so absurd. The origin is, I fancy, that John Chinaman must end his words with a vowel. I have seen many curious public conveyances in my time, but never did I dream of seeing a wheelbarrow so promoted. You must know that it is an Irish jaunting car-shaped affair, as the wheel is in the centre with the seat at each side ; so that, unless there are two passengers, it is rather lobsided. It seems absurd that a wheelbarrow should be the public carriage, but so it is. The origin, I believe, is, that when you leave the Settlement the roads are so narrow that a two-wheeled carriage is out of the question. As a conveyance, I have always connected it before with inebriation, for the only times that I remember reading about it in that capacity, were in the case of the immortal Pickwick, and in Peter Simple, where one night the sentry at the gate of Gibraltar leading to the landing place, inquired, "who goes there?" "Officer, drunk on a wheelbarrow;" and later on, in answer to a second *qui va lá*, "another Officer drunk on a wheelbarrow." I have not yet tried it, as it is considered rather *infra dig*, but Chinamen patronize it largely. The Chinese here is hardly yellow, and yet not a rosy bronze like a Japanese ; perhaps yellow, overcrusted with dirt, would be the nearest approach to a correct description. They are, as a rule, dressed in blue—a loose gown down to the ankles ; others wear a short blouse, and overalls of various colours—blue,

yellow, (not the imperial yellow), green, &c.; pigtailed nearly universal; their feet are not particularly small. It is very unusual to meet ladies of quality in the streets. The children are gorgeously "gotten up" as to colours, more so than the mothers, who do their back hair much in the same way as the Japanese, well pomatomed and skewered, loose trousers or pants, and a black gown nearly to ankles. Men use fans more, I think, than the women. When a man is in mourning he interweaves white into his pigtail; half mourning is blue. I had always thought before that yellow was mourning, but it is the Imperial colour. Chinese have no coinage, as their Government is so corrupt that they cannot trust them to erect a mint; they have an imaginary coin—a *Tael*, worth 1 dollar 50 cents. The Mexican dollar (old) is the coin chiefly in use; smaller change consists of Shillings, Francs, Liras, American money, &c., Everybody in China uses "Chits," and very few carry money about with them. There is a compradore attached to each house, and if you buy an article in a shop you write a chit for the amount, and it is sent into the compradore who hands you the chits every week or so. It is all very well for residents but it is awkward for strangers. I received 25 dollars new Mexican in Kobé from the O.B.C., and they are no use here; as although they are intrinsically worth more than the old, still the Chinese hate anything new. I can get about 75 cents for them, but in Hong Kong 100, so I shall keep them, and draw chits on J. M. and Co. The dollar is worth  $\frac{4}{6}$ , and everything is regulated by it. What costs 1/- in England and a rupee in India costs 1 dollar in China. I paid  $\frac{1}{5}$  for an ounce of toothpowder, 2d. in England is about the cost. 200 per cent is the pigeon, a shop keeper expects to make. Hong Kong, being a free port, things are cheaper. Mr. K——, of J. M. & Co., took me a ride on Sunday night. Chinese ponies average  $18\frac{1}{2}$  hands high, are active and fast, and jump well, but you feel as if you had nothing before you. Everything was looking green and fresh I think the mounds rather relieve the monotony of the landscape as

there are no hills and few trees, so the Chinese veneration for their dead is some good. Griffin is the word for new comer, but as an untried pony is also called Griffin, it is not complimentary. I dined quietly at Hotel; feeding poor, and smells in part of the house suggestive of cholera.

*Monday, 28th.*—Called on W. A. T——. He asked me to stay with him, so I told boy to “go fetchy traps from Hotel,” and he announced my arrival by saying, “One piecy new man had come from Tientsin.” I then went to lunch at J. M. & Co.’s, and Mr. K—— drove me out to the Race Course, about two miles out. We came in time for third race. There were a number of people there, and a select few were ladies. I was pointed out the latest arrival—an American young lady—and was told that the importation of the fair sex would pay, if you were to have a premium on how soon they married, as they are “bound to be spliced” soon after their arrival. Five or six horses, or rather ponies, started for each race. None exceeded 18½ hands; and, considering they carried ten stone, ran very well. There was one steeplechase. Out of seven, three fell at first fence, a high bank. The most awkward one was a double brook—*i.e.*, one brook about eight feet wide, then a piece of turf, and another piece of water. The only way was to jump quietly over one on to the turf, and then over the other. One pony came a burster, as he jumped the first brook and piece of turf, and lit in the second ditch, but neither rider or steed were hurt. I stayed to the end, but as I did not know any of the horses it was not very interesting. We then drove home by the Bubbling Well, the fashionable drive of Shanghai; a first-rate road; but there were not many turnouts. As the animals are so small, they have neat little phaetons, and small broughams for two. Dined in the evening with K——, a young fellow that was in the “Japan.” At the junior mess in Shanghai, all the young men have to wear dress clothes, even if there is no stranger dining with them.

*Tuesday, 29th.*—In morning called upon two gentlemen who



had just returned from Peking. They gave me several hints and a map of the road to the Wall. I, in exchange, told my experiences in Japan. In afternoon laid in a stock of tinned meats, &c., for my trip. In the evening dined with Mr. G——; and then at half-past ten came on board S.S. "Appin," as she starts at daylight Wednesday. My stay in Shanghai has been short, but I may be here on my way back.

*Wednesday, 30th.*—Left at five a.m. The "Appin" is a steamer of 394 tons register, and averages about nine knots. I am the only passenger, but the Captain is very pleasant. He was formerly in the Navy. In afternoon we had a thick fog, and the bell has been going ever since. The water is very cold and the sun draws it up, same as off the banks of Newfoundland. I forgot to mention that I went in a sedan chair the other night to dinner. One advantage of them is, I am told, that although you could not keep your horse standing, for fear of it catching cold, you can keep the men with impunity. At the races there were some "swell" Mandarins; one had a peacock feather sticking out of his hat, a decoration direct from the Emperor. If they have any jewels, they wear them in the front of their hats. The better class of Chinese are fatter than the coolies. Specimen of pigeon English:—"Boy, chop, chop, fetchee chow chow, and what side have puttee chow chow?"—that is, boy bring dinner directly, and where have you laid dinner? In evening played Besique.

*Thursday, May 1st.*—Sea smooth. Foggy weather, so bell still going. Are due in Chee Foo to-morrow at ten a.m., and Tientsin Sunday, at twelve.

*Friday, 2nd.*—Passed Shantung Promontory at eight a.m. Still seventy miles from Chee Foo, owing to foggy weather, as we had to stop last night to take soundings. Strong currents running. Weather very raw and cold. Reached Chee Foo at four p.m. Captain R—— and I landed. It is a dirty, smelly town of mud huts, with drainage, such as it is, above ground. The natives are incrustated with dirt, as, I believe, in the North of

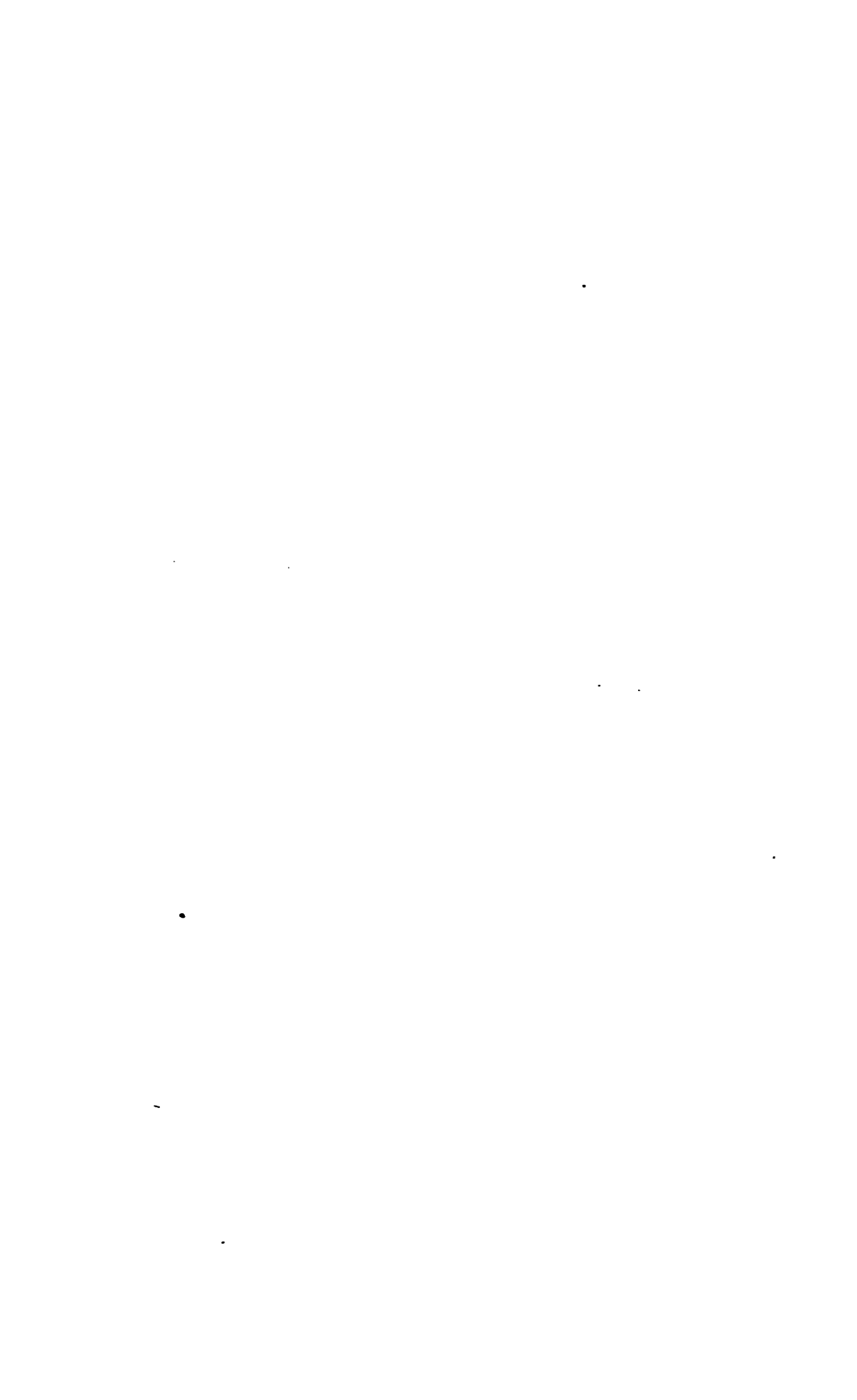
China, they never wash. The only kind of cleansing they go through, is, that a kindly neighbour sometimes catches a few of the numerous animals that swarm about their bodies ; in fact, institute a "bug hunt." DeBeauvoir says that they eat them. Perhaps they do, but my eyes are, apparently, not so sharp as his. The Chinese here look fat and jolly, and some have quite a rosy appearance. They clothe themselves with numberless sleeveless jackets, lined with fur or wadded, and as the weather grows warmer they gradually peel them off. We then went to another bay away from the town. It has a nice pebbly shore, and the water is clear. There are one or two hotels here, and in Summer it is a fashionable resort for Shanghaiites, who come here for bathing. It is very hot ; but for inhabitants of Shanghai to see clear water must be such a novelty, that I fancy they could put up with any discomfort. It reminded me of the beach at Llandudno, and there are two promontories running out into the sea, as at the latter place, both barren in the extreme. Maize and millet, with barley, is grown here, we have now left the region of rice fields, as it is too cold. We dined at a Dr. M —'s. We had plenty of music, and his wife, who was a daughter of a Liverpool merchant, wanted me to stay at Chee Foo on our way down. The plough in China is not very weighty, as you see a man driving a bullock, with the implement on his shoulder. There is one Chinese gunboat in harbour ; they carry cargo up and down the coast in time of peace—a hint for Lowe and Göschen.

*Saturday, 3rd.*—We left Chee Foo at four a.m., and are now in the Gulf of Pechili, which is here more than fourteen fathoms deep, and the water is consequently green. Passed numerous barren rocks. In winter there are large blocks of ice floating about this gulf, which makes it dangerous for ships. Weather fine and bracing. I went on board an American steamer yesterday, and was introduced to the Captain, who, as usual, said, "Are you a Nineveh Layard or an Alabama Laird." It is an inevitable question. Poor Captain M — used always to

introduce me as son of "Alabama;" I think I remarked at the time that he might as well have said—son of a gun.

*Sunday, 4th.*—Anchored last night, as we could not get over the bar of Peiho River till eight a.m.—even then there were only ten feet, and we were drawing ten feet ten inches; but we crossed without a mishap, as we dug or ploughed our way through. Just before reaching the bar, I heard the Captain tell the first officer to ask the engineer if he were ready to go at the bar. Sometimes the steamers stick, but this one is noted for her regularity in grinding her way through the mud. The entrance to the river is narrow, but well defended by forts, half of which are in ruins. They are made of mud bricks and are not very formidable to look at, but the water is so shallow that only small gunboats can approach. It was at the Takao Forts that the Allies were beaten in 1859, and three gunboats sunk. The marines and sailors landed; but, as they had to flounder through a sea of mud, they sank up to their middles, and the Chinese quietly potted them with grape. Next year they entered the river, and attacked the fort from the rear and took it. The Chinese Commander said they did not consider it fair strategy, as, although he was quite prepared for them if they had attacked the forts *en avant*, he was totally unprepared to resist an attack from the rear; however, probably he was unaware that everything is fair in love and war. When once one is in the Peiho there is plenty of water—say two and a-half to three fathoms; the river is very muddy and winds about in a wonderful manner. From the Custom House, which is an old joss house, in the shape of a pagoda, it is sixty miles to Tientsin; by land only thirty miles. The banks are flat and uninteresting, and nothing to be seen but yellow mounds of earth; further on, we came to orchards and fields of barley. The villages are built of mud, and they resemble the Egyptian ones in shape and colour—so you may imagine that the scenery is not lovely; and I do not know why they called this the Flowery Land, except that you connect smells with flowers, and there

are certainly odours here that are anything but agreeable. We passed by numbers of junks, which will persist in getting in the way; but, somehow or other, we just miss running into them. The Chinese are building numerous fortifications along the banks, and soldiers are swarming like bees. They say it is as a demonstration against the Japanese, who are coming to make a Treaty, and I suppose the Celestials wish to impress them with their power. Have just passed the "Sue Chuen," a Yankee steamer on her way to Shanghai. After all, the river banks are not more uninteresting than the Mississippi, *en route* to New Orleans, or the Parana to Rosario. One understands by the swarms you see of the heathen Chinese, how the population may amount to 400,000,000, or anything else. When we approached Tientsin we passed through rows of junks, three deep, there was barely room between them, so we had to go very slowly; they are cumbrous looking old things—high at the stern, like the old Roman tri-remes. They have a square bow, about five feet across, a flat bottom, and how they go is a mystery to me; but they manage to creep along. They make one passage year between this and Shanghai. Some of them can carry as much as 7,000 piculs, or about 400 tons. They generally have three latteen-shaped sails—large one in the centre, with a small one at each end; but their sail consists of a great deal of bamboo and very little canvass. We were a long time mooring, as there was only eight feet six inches water, and we were drawing about ten feet; but by dint of screw and ropes she was shoved through the mud, and I landed at three. I am putting up at Mr. Mongan's, the English Consul, to whom I had a letter of introduction from Sir Harry Parkes. There is not much to be seen at Tientsin to interest a traveller, except the old Joss House, where the treaty was signed by Lord Elgin and the Chinese; but the land where that is situated is, at present, owing to the floods, "an island in an inland sea," so it is not to be approached. The native town is built of mud, and has a yellow sun-dried appearance; the glare is fearful. Lieut.





A. S. SWELL

Copy 31.



FEET OF A LADY OF FORTUNE. Copy 31c

CHINESE MONSTROSITIES

D —, of the gunboat "Curlew," dined here last night. He was at Harrow, and I remembered one of his brothers there. He is only Acting-Commander, and is first Lieutenant on the "Iron Duke." He was, for some time, in the "Vanguard," and says he was never in a more comfortable ship, and that that class of ships are splendid sea boats.

*Monday, 5th.*—I start to-morrow, at five a.m., in company with a Dane, for Pekin, and I intend to engage a pony and boy for the whole time. Mr. B——, agent for J. M. and Co., is kindly arranging about them. There was a Mandarin in after lunch to-day. There are nine grades of them; he was No. 4. They are distinguished by their buttons, which they wear on the top of their hats. In this case it was a straw one in the shape of a mushroom; he was clothed more like a woman than a man—a short blouse of dark blue over a skirt of some brown material that reached to the ankles. He had long silk or satin boots on, and in these he kept his papers which he produced in the course of conversation. They do not appear to have pockets in their coats. He sent in his card before he came, which consisted of red thin paper with his name on. It was about six inches long and two inches broad. The higher they are in rank the larger their card. What must the Emperor's be? He looked tolerably clean, and wore a pigtail, and, of course, had long nails about one inch in length. Every Chinaman, who has any pretensions to importance, must have long nails, which they (what word can I use?) are continually crackling—at least, it is the same kind of sound that one hears in the song of the Lively Fl—. He had a moustache and a short imperial, and a better nose than most of the Chinese I have seen; altogether, I suppose he was a fair specimen of a swell. A Mandarin's rank is not hereditary—in fact, a Mandarin is only an official; and there are grades, as in England and elsewhere. They have to pass, I believe, a pretty severe examination. All official business is carried on in the Mandarin language, for the dialects in China are numerous, and a

Cantonese would not understand a word of what a Pekinese said; so, of course, it is absolutely necessary that for Consuls some fixed dialect should be used. I took a short walk in the native town, and passed the ruins of the French Church, where the Tientsin massacre took place in 1870. I dare say you will remember that the French Consul and several *Sœurs de Charité*, with one or two priests, were massacred by the infuriated mob, who had been told that they took young children and killed them, and used different parts of their bodies for medicine. There happened to be no gunboat of any nation in the Peiho, so the Europeans were helpless. There are four at present—English, American, French and Russian—and, in future, I believe one is always to be stationed at Tientsin, particularly in the Winter, as the river is generally frozen for three or four months 19in. thick, so, of course, no boat can come up. The barbers' shops are carried about here on a bamboo. I thought I saw a man carrying red milk pails, but, on closer inspection, I found that it was a stool at one end, and at the other end an apparatus with all the usual appliances for cutting hair, and a brazier in which a charcoal fire could be lit; so if a man wants his pigtail cut, all he has to do is to sit down in the middle of the road, or anywhere about, and the operation commences. The Chinese naturally have long hair, always black; they shave half the head and leave a tuft at the back, from which the pigtail hangs down. Silk is largely used in the formation of the latter, but I don't think they use false hair. I dined with Mr. M——, and went early to bed.

*Tuesday, 6th.*—Rose at half-past four, and started at about five on horseback, with my luggage in a cart. My pony was a brute; it kicked up, and I had difficulty to make him start, which did not look promising for my ten days' trip. I told the boy I would engage him to Pekin, and if the pony went well would keep him on the rest of the time; but the boy would not see it, and wanted me to advance him six dollars on the strength of my keeping him ten days. I naturally did not see



the force of the latter proposition, but told him I would only give him one dollar, for if I kept him two days, the whole amount I had to pay was only two dollars and a-half, as I had agreed for a dollar and a quarter a day; so, after a wrangle, I in English and the boy in Chinese, he took the pony away, and I ensconced myself in the cart. On the whole, it was lucky I did, my only object in having a pony being that I thought I might ride a little for a change; and also Mr. S—— intended to ride, and I wanted to be with him. I was advised by Mr. B—— to engage a boy as cook and valet; I have got a very good one who speaks English, and he is responsible for all my traps. I pay him 75 cents, or 8s. 6d. per day, and he finds himself. Not understanding the coinage or the language, it saves me an endless amount of bother. I give him so much money and he accounts for it to me at night. I met Mr. S—— at six a.m., about three miles away, and off we set for the day's journey of forty miles. We were thirteen hours in doing it, including one hour d'arrêt for lunch. Very slow, you will think, but considering the road and the vehicle, I was thankful I arrived at all—at least, with unbroken bones. The cart, to begin with, has no springs whatsoever, just a large axletree of wood; it is covered in, and when my luggage and provisions were in, there was not much room to move, much less to lie down. It was drawn by two mules, one in the shafts, and the other had two long traces of rope fastened to a ring at one side, so it pulled sideways. But if the vehicle was rough, what shall I say of the road? I can only liken it to a Cheshire gateway in Winter, hardened by the frost, the difference being that this extended for forty miles, with little variety, except when approaching towns, and then paving stones appeared to have been thrown down promiscuously, and the mules, cat-like animals that they are, had difficulty to wend their way; the jolting beggars description, and you are bumped about like a shuttlecock. I jambed myself in with rugs, and managed, on the whole, tolerably well—*i.e.*, I was not literally pounded into

a jelly, but was sore at all points of the body. Added to the bumping process were clouds of dust that totally obscured any view one might have had of the country. As far as I could see the land appeared to be sown with barley and maize, but the furrows were so wide there was lots of room for dust to rise; the atmosphere seemed to me to be filled with it, so, perhaps, it comes from the Steppes of Tartary or Mongolia. The wind was hot, and the glare fearful. What kept me alive was a hope of a good lunch at a Chinese Inn, for, although I must have swallowed in half an hour the peck of dust that a man is destined to consume in his lifetime, I felt decidedly peckish. A Chinese Inn!—what mockery there is in that last word when one sees the reality. A big court-yard surrounded by a few mud hovels rapidly going to decay. It was lucky we brought provisions, as ne'er a bit could we have got here. There was a table and two chairs, and by considerable rowing, we procured a tea-pot. The first thing, however, was a wash. A wretched little wooden basin was brought. As usual, I had forgotten soap, and the Chinese seldom, I should think, use it. However, China is not the only country where there is difficulty in procuring that most necessary article. There must have been forty mules in the yard, all rolling about in the dust, as if they had not had enough of it. What a curious habit it is of theirs; however, it filled our apartment with more, for there was no door, and the paper windows let in a good deal of dust, as well as air. Considering all things we made a pretty good meal, and started off in another hour, and had another six hours jolting; we had lucid intervals at times, where the sand on the road was so deep that it was almost up to the axles; so if it was hard for the mules it was soft riding for the insides of the cart, so let us be thankful. We passed numerous towns all built of sun-dried bricks, and the inhabitants all looked grimy, and worthy inhabitants of such cities. They reminded me of villages near Alexandria; but the roads of that latter place now make my mouth water when I think of them;

and yet, at the time, I remember that we (W. H. — and I) thought they were very uneven, but *experientia docet*. We arrived at our sleeping place at seven p.m., but finding the best hotel full we had to go to a second rate Chinese Inn. It was heaping " 'orrors on 'orrors 'ead," but it was Hobson's choice. We had the usual apology for a basin to wash in, and then had dinner. My boy made us some very good soup. I had brought several tins of preserved soups, so with eggs and sardines we made a good meal. We were to be off at three a.m. in the morning, so we turned in early; or perhaps that is hardly the correct phrase, for that would imply there was a bed, or at any-rate bedclothes. A bedstead, bedding, &c., is represented in China by a raised platform, about two feet from the mud floor, covered with matting. Sore, tired, and sleepy as we were, it was not an inviting couch; but it is perhaps hardly the fault of the innkeeper, as the Heathen Chinese is peculiar in more ways than one, and whenever he journeys he carries his bedding with him, even if he takes nothing else. I had two rugs and a blanket, and with coats for a pillow I made a tolerable shake-down. Dr. Farrar, in his "Life of Christ," gives an account of a Khan (or caravanserai) in Palestine, and the description answers so exactly to the Inns in Northern China, that I cannot help giving it:—"A Khan is a low structure built of rough stones, and generally only a single storey in height. It consists for the most part of a square enclosure, in which the cattle can be tied up in safety for the night, and an arched recess for the accommodation of travellers. The "leewan," or paved floor of the recess, is raised a foot or two above the level of the court yard." The writer then goes on to describe the wretchedness of passing a night in such an abode, owing to the total want of privacy, but above all to "the litter, the closeness, the unpleasant smell of the crowded animals, the unwelcome intrusion of the pariah dogs, the necessary society of the lowest hangers-on of the caravanserai," &c. All these miseries are, if possible, amplified in Far Off Cathay, for the inhabitants of North China are

surprisingly filthy, even for the East. But, perhaps fortunately for us, we had not to court the kind offices of "sleep, gentle sleep," for long, as I was awakened at one a.m. (Wednesday), by my boy enquiring what time it was; and, as the enquiries were made periodically every ten minutes, sleep was out of the question. At two a.m., we received information that our mules were harnessed, so up we got. It turned out that a number of natives wanted to follow our carts; for a European is considered by them to be a protection against robbers, as he is supposed to be armed to the teeth. My revolver is lying at Shanghai, so it would not have been of much avail if we had wanted it. After having had tea and bread we mounted into the carts, and were off at a quarter to three. It was of course pitch dark, so a lantern was attached to each vehicle. Till six or seven it was pleasant enough, as not seeing any dust we did not think there was such a thing; but my clothes proved to the contrary. The only recommendation to a Chinese Inn, is its simplicity. There are no superfluous articles, either for ornament or utility; we even had to bring our own drinking water, as, although there are wells, yet it is better not to take it unadulterated, as the little yellow mounds abound all about, and it is not sweet, so it is the best policy to let "well alone," and become your own water carrier, which, thanks to Mr. M——, who gave me two or three bottles of Adam's Ale, I was enabled to be; in fact, from what I have seen of the Celestials, there is a remarkable want of appreciation of springs about them, as proved by their carts, water, and beds. Contrasts are odious, but one cannot help recalling to mind the Tea Houses in Japan, with their polished floor, mats two inches thick, smiling attendants, baths, &c. Cleanliness seems as natural to one race as dirt and filth to the other. In Japan, the hotel keepers were glad to see one, here they appear perfectly indifferent, but they look after the main chance, and try to swindle you if possible. The payment is in cash, which is the only recognised coinage of China. It is about the size of a half-penny, with a hole in the

middle, and as there are 1,175 to one dollar the weight is tremendous. I am becoming tired of the sight of men. Women are seldom seen here, and housemaids are always boys—an Irish bull you will say, but if I were to say housemen you would hardly understand it. The poorer class are very much darker than I expected—a mahogany colour. The better class have a whitey-brown complexion and look clean, they wear silk or satin clothes of various colours; light blue is, I think, the favourite. We rested at an inn for about an hour, and arrived at the Gates of Peking about three p.m., after a twelve hours' journey. The road, if such it can be called, grew rather worse as we approached the Capital of the most populous country in the world. One would think labour was cheap enough to have one laid down; but I suppose a Chinaman could not enjoy a journey without being bumped about—the sensation would be so novel; and after all good roads are the inventions of barbarians, and not worthy of the subjects of the Son of Heaven. I forgot to mention yesterday that we passed, at six p.m., Chung How, a Marshal in the army. He was preceded by a number of men on horseback, with drawn swords. They were dressed in long grey garments, and had on mushroom straw hats, with red tassels. He is brother to the man that was sent to France, after the Tientsin massacre, to try and prevent war. He arrived during the war against Prussia, and was in Paris the whole time of the Siege. I have no doubt he fared well, as it would come quite natural to him to eat dogs and cats. It was rather a curious idea that he should be received as an ambassador, when the Emperor of China did not then receive foreign ambassadors, without rubbing their heads on the floor and prostrating themselves. After the Siege, he was semi-officially received by M. Thiers, with what result I don't know. Chung How was carried in a palanquin, and there were two ponies led behind him. He had a moustache, and the regular Tartar features; for, as you know, the ruling dynasty in China is Tartar. After having passed a bridge, paved in the usual

manner, we reached the outside wall of Pekin a many-roofed gate faced the bridge, and through a narrow archway we entered into the Chinese town. We had not proceeded far before we came to another lofty wall. Pekin must certainly have been well protected before the days of cannon; but now the walls, which are not kept in good repair, would not be of much good. We had a drive of three miles to the Embassy, along—well, there is no regular road, you might almost as well be in a desert of sand and mud, bordered by a dreary waste of clay hovels, and ruins of old ones. There is no attempt at pavements, except near the gates and bridges, and there, as I have described before, blocks of stone are thrown about. Some of the ruts are very deep, and I can quite believe that people are occasionally drowned in the liquid mud during the rains. Certainly, the quarter I drove through was the poorest part of the town—so, no doubt, I will see something more pleasing to the eye to-morrow. I arrived at the Embassy at four p.m., and sent in my letter from Sir Harry Parkes to Mr. Wade, who kindly asked me to stay. The French hotel was full, so I don't know where I should have got quarters. The Embassy is an immense pile of buildings, not joined together, but separate little kiosks, or buildings, with the pagoda-shaped roofs. If you look in the *Illustrated London News*, of March 15th, you will see a picture of the gateway; it gives one a good idea of the shape of the buildings outside. I have a comfortable suite of rooms, and oh! the luxury of a good wash. We dined at seven. Mrs. W—, another lady, and a Mr. G—, one of the attachés were at dinner. The waiters (Chinese) were dressed in long dressing gown arrangements, with a black belt round their waist—colour, French grey. They wear the mushroom hats with red tassels, which appear to be the mark of an official's servant. We had music afterwards, and the evening passed pleasantly. Mr. Wade is a very clever man, with a wonderful amount of information. Rain has come at last. A dust storm, which I suppose I came in from Tientsin, generally lasts for three days or so, so I saw everything at a disadvantage.







*Thursday, 8th.*—Very stiff from effects of jolting—otherwise all right. The carts are certainly calculated to find out one's weak points; I believe the shaking up one receives is considered good for torpid livers. Did not go out till eleven, then sauntered along a moat, which once may have had water in it, but is now a sewer on a small scale, with some dirty, half-naked children dabbling about, and making sand castles, &c. This is opposite the Prussian and English Legations. The road is, as usual, full of ruts and holes—one of the worst (if such a thing is possible in Pekin) in the city. I never saw such beggars in my life—a mass of sores. Malta, an Elysium in this respect. China certainly does not improve on acquaintance. Enough of horrors for the present. I then walked to the wall enclosing the Tartar city; from it, as I should fancy it is fifty feet high, a magnificent view is obtained; and a fairer city than Pekin appears from this standpoint, would be difficult to find. On one side is the Chinese city, with its ever bustling throng, enclosed by a wall, while on the other, one sees the yellow roofs of the Imperial City glittering in the sun—and all around are the picturesque pagoda-roofed houses, well sheltered by fine trees, now looking to perfection with their fresh green. The wall itself is a wonder; it is about forty feet wide in the narrowest part, and I understand now how one used to hear of chariots being driven all round the battlements of Babylon. At certain distances are stationed what we should call towers, but everything here appears to be built in the shape of a pagoda, and then at wider intervals are the fortified gateways, five storeys high, with large openings for cannons, but I doubt if there are any there; but whether the wall is of any use now or not, it certainly is a splendid monument of what the ancients were able to accomplish, and affords a brilliant contrast to what the present race appear capable of doing. Pekin is now crumbling to dust as fast as she can; and unless something is done to avert the general decay, I should fancy that she will, ere long, number with Babylon, Nineveh, &c. She certainly has a fair

exterior, owing to the walls, but the interior is a scene of desolation and woe. I don't know what her present population is, but within the walls for some distance there is a waste of sand—in fact, a regular desert; and walls, houses, except in the thickly-populated parts, appear to be falling to pieces, and no effort made at re-building. The walls of the Imperial City, with the yellow roofs, are certainly kept in good repair; no stranger is yet allowed inside, as the Audience Question is still unsettled. Like all Eastern cities—Cairo and Constantinople for instance—Pekin is a splendid memorial of the past; and if some of the superstitions of the Chinese be done away with, I suppose that she may yet be resuscitated; but they will have to hurry up. There are thousands of dogs, and they, with crows, are the principal scavengers; for drainage there is none, and the smells rival Cologne, without having any antidote in the shape of Eau de Cologne. From what I have seen of China (Southern China is, I fancy, different), the Chinese are seen to greater advantage in other countries—for instance, in California they are looked upon as being a very cleanly race. I fancy it is because they are obliged to conform to the laws and regulations of civilised society; for I am quite sure their natural predilections are dirty, if Pekin is an example. I feel as if I had seen them all my life. I suppose it is having been so much in California, and having visited their theatres, and even once partaken of a regular Chinese dinner, which I hope never to do again. On the way back to the Legation, I met a fashionable lady, painted and powdered until she resembled a doll. Her hair was fastened up behind in a species of chignon, but about a foot in length, projecting out on either side. She was a Manchu woman, and had not small feet. The Chinese still go in for them—in fact, if a mother does not pinch her daughter's feet, the latter, when grown up, considers that her education has been neglected. A lady was telling me that naturally the Chinese have small feet, but not of a very good shape. I then returned back to lunch, and about two started off

with an escort—*i.e.*, one of the soldiers of the Legation, to see the Observatory; it was erected 200 years ago by the Jesuits. All the instruments are bronze, wonderfully ornamented with dragons, &c. I was particularly struck with a globe, with all the stars that were then known marked on it. We then went to the Examination Hall, where intending Officials and Mandarins are examined. There are numbers of little stone cells, and in these the candidates are placed and shut up for some days; and they are allowed no communication with the outer world until their papers are finished. There are three degrees, resembling, say, our B.A., M.A., LL.D. The last one is a very difficult examination, and few pass it; if they do, they are promoted to the highest rank. Here, as elsewhere, ruin is apparent. There is no chance of cribbing, as watchers walk up and down, day and night, and prevent any help being obtained. I then drove to the Legation, and started at four on one of Mr. Wade's Mongolian ponies, with a student to lionize me about. We rode to the Marble Bridge, distant three or four miles; it is just outside the Imperial City, and is a magnificent structure. There is a lake on either side, with fine trees, but even this is gradually crumbling away. From here we rode to the Roman Catholic Cathedral; it is of immense size. You will be surprised to hear that there are considerably over 100,000 Roman Catholics in China. The priests have a pretty fair hold; they do not go in for many new converts, but make the existing ones intermarry, and take good care to have the children baptized. They are very regular attendants; and a lady told me that she always has a Chinese Catholic nurse, as they are more honest, and much cleaner in their habits. I am sorry to say Protestants have made little, if any, progress. I fancy the real reason is, that all Roman Catholics act in unison—while there are so many Protestant Denominations, and they are all more or less jealous of each other. I was told, for instance, that when a new missionary arrived out, he would say, "only think, Mr. so and so has been out thirteen years, and has not made a

single convert." We then continued our ride for some distance through the different cities ; but as most of the time our horses were up to their knees in the dust and filth of ages, it was anything but agreeable. They do water the streets occasionally, but, as it is with the sewerage, you have to flounder through, lucky if you don't tumble off with the odours floating around. But why do I go into such particulars ? still it is a sorry sight to see marble temples, bridges, &c., all falling to rack and ruin ; and houses of wood, with their flimsy coloured paper advertisements floating in the air. The Chinese quarter was a busy scene. The shopkeepers were offering their clothes and goods by auction. Curiously enough, in China the auctioneer begins at the highest price and gradually descends—just the reverse of the English mode. We arrived back at half-past six, in good time for a wash before dinner, having had an instructive, if not a pleasant ride. We rode round the Imperial City, and saw the numerous kiosks shining through the trees, and also the artificial hill, said to be made of coal. When the Emperor went out the other day, he had the sides of his chair open, and had not the streets cleared, as he said he wanted his people to see him. He little thought that a foreigner, by paying a large price, had got into a native house and took a sketch of him *en passant*. He instantly sent it to England, so, no doubt, before this reaches you, you will have seen an authentic picture ; while here am I within a few yards of his Majesty, and have no idea from life, or otherwise, what his features are. I am told he is young looking, but worn already ; whether with the cares of state, or those of his numerous first, second, or third-rate wives, I know not. He does not go much in for amusements ; but, occasionally, I believe, flies a kite. He was sound asleep when he passed the foreigner, so his features will have a placid look, I should fancy. It seems doubtful when the "Son of Heaven"—brother of the sun, and uncle of the moon, and second cousin far removed to all the other luminaries—will receive Ambassadors without performing a tattoo on the floor

with their heads. Since writing this, the Audience Question has been settled by the European and American Ministers, and they were received by the Emperor without the Kotow. The Chinese, as you know, were conquered by the Tartars, and the present dynasty is of that race ; and the most important commands of the army are in their hands. There are two Prime Ministers—a Tartar and a Chinese, and it is a Constitutional Government. There are Mandarins appointed over the various Provinces, and, though they have to pay their respects to the Emperor, I fancy they rule in much their own way, and are petty Kings more than Governors. I was told the other day that one of the Prime Ministers had an audience with the Emperor, and for three hours he was on his knees, varying the proceedings by rubbing his forehead on the ground. What a dignified position to be in for a first minister. One thing about the Chinese is, they have good teeth, which is owing, I suppose, to their chiefly eating rice. A Chinaman is not allowed to wear a moustache until he is forty. Very few, I should think, could if they tried ; but, after that age, if a man tries and succeeds, it is quite a matter of congratulation amongst his friends. I rather think those long moustaches one sees in pictures are a myth—at least, I have not seen any. There were four or five at dinner, and we had a pleasant evening.

*Friday, 9th.*—I forgot to mention yesterday that we went over the Museum belonging to the Jesuits. It is supposed to be the finest collection of Chinese birds in the world. There were also splendid butterflies, as large as bats, mottled, and all variety of colours. The temperature varies 100 degrees at Pekin between Summer and Winter ; sometimes more. In Winter it is often below Zero, and in Summer over 100. There is little or no Spring. Winter is hardly over before the sun comes out with great power ; the consequence is, that hardly anything will grow in the shape of flowers. Evergreens won't even grow, as they can't stand the cold ; yet, notwithstanding the sudden changes, Mrs. W—— says it is very healthy, as the climate is

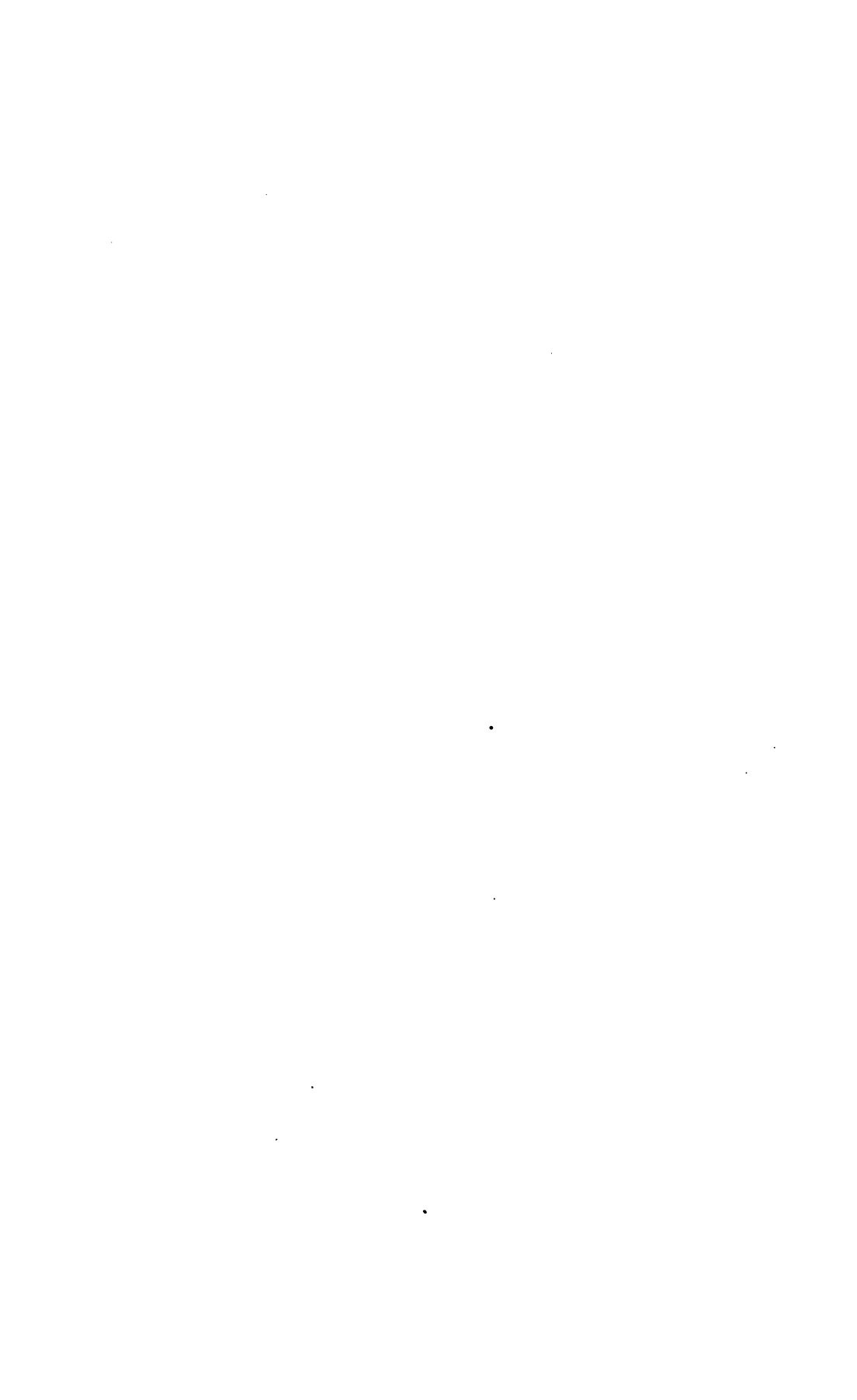
so dry. They generally emigrate to the hills during the Summer from the Legation, and so avoid the hottest part of the year. I started at six a.m. this morning for the Great Wall, in company with my boy. I had seven or eight thousand cash, to pay expenses, and started off in a cart and tandem. It is a distance of thirty-seven miles to Nankóu, and as the road is similar to the one from Tientsin to Pekin, our progress was lively yet slow, and we were twelve hours in accomplishing the distance. I need not attempt to describe it, as it would only be repeating my experiences of the other day. One advantage in travelling in this part of China is, that the scenery is so monotonous that there is no necessity to keep a look out for pretty bits; so if the bumping will allow you, you may rest and be thankful. About ten miles from Nankóu, we were overtaken by a dust storm, and it is a sight worth seeing once. Imagine clouds of dust beginning to rise from the ground in spiral columns, and gradually spreading out till they form an opaque yellow wall, reaching from earth to heaven, and quite shutting out the natural horizon. Although the wind carried the actual cloud away from us, yet the whole air seemed impregnated with it, and when we saw the range of mountains round Nankóu they were hardly visible; and, though usually, I should think, with their pinnacled summits, they would look pretty, yet now they appeared grimy and dusty, and anything but pleasing to the eye. If, instead, they had shown their "minarets of snow," how grateful the sight would have been to us poor dust-begrimed mortals below. About two miles before reaching our destination, the road became a mountain torrent, at least, with the boulders and stones remaining; but only a small stream of water, whose surface was, as might have been expected, covered with dust. Inured as I am becoming to jolting, I had to get out and walk the remainder of the distance. The Inn is a comfortable one for China. They provide a tea-pot, as usual, but nothing else. However, preserved meats are a capital invention. The soups are particularly good. The roast

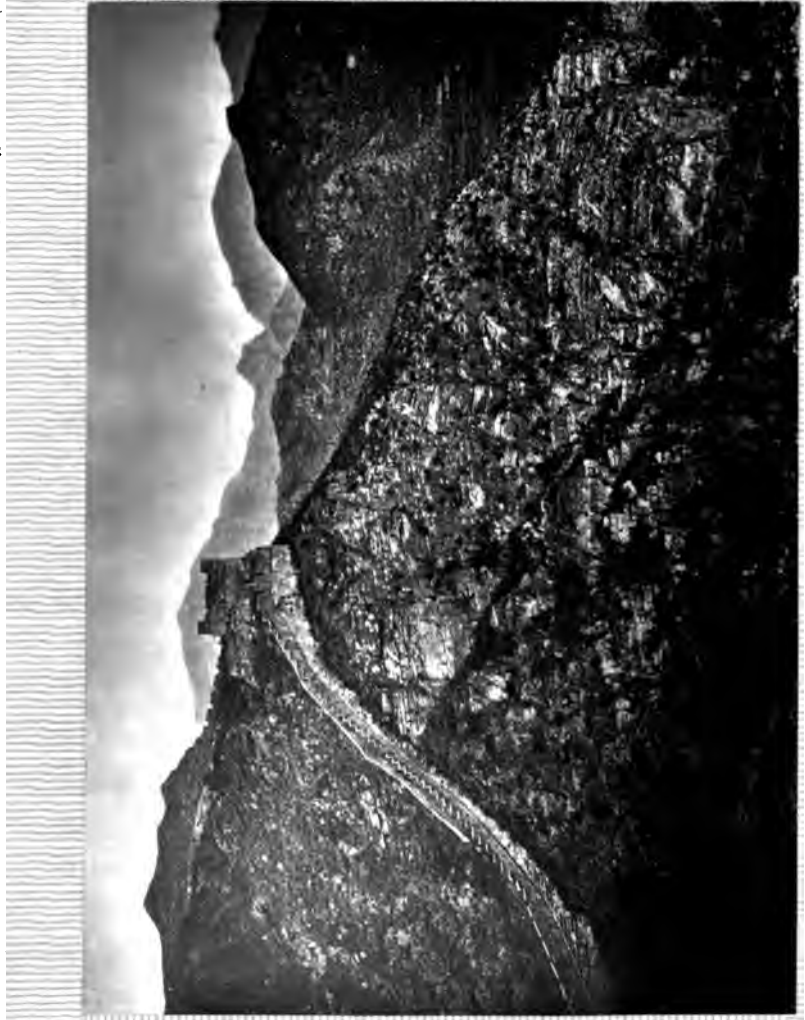
beef, &c., is very tasteless. But, what with sardines and preserves, I do pretty well. Lunch yesterday :- Sardines, bread, and tea. Dinner :—Soup—a *la julienne* (not quite equal to Mrs. S——'s, but nowhere in the world is there soup as good as at 63 ; would that I could have a bowl of it !) some tasteless roast beef, bread and butter. Breakfast :—Eggs, tea, and bread. Lunch :—Biscuits and sardines, &c., &c. ; beer and claret. One needs something this dusty weather in the way of drinkables. Nankou is the town where DeBeauvoir was nearly murdered. It reminds one something of Pompeii, chiefly because of its ruinous condition and roofless houses, but I think the roads are better in the latter place, as the principal street is, as before mentioned, an old mountain torrent ; and the houses of the old Romans have decidedly a more substantial look. Music seems the same all over China. A gentleman was saying that there are regular schools for the study of singing and playing, and that the Chinese have a good idea of sound ; but none of notation of time. Is this correct ? for I do not want to misquote. Anyhow, to me their music sounds most uninteresting, though there is a certain plaintive melody about it, but it is so very monotonous that a person soon becomes wearied.

*Saturday, 10th.*—Started at five a.m. for the Great Wall, on donkeys, as being about the only animals that could surmount the difficulties of the road. The writer who says he thinks it must have rained stones at Nankou, is about correct ; for, the fifteen miles that lead to the Wall, are a series of rocks and boulders, bewildering to everybody and everything, I should think, but a donkey. The Nankou pass (for H——'s benefit, I think this the right way of spelling it, at least, they do so at the Legation) which we ride through, is bounded on either side by a range of sharply pointed mountains, and the contrast from yesterday was wonderful, as in the fresh morning air their summits stand out in a clearly-defined outline against the cloudless blue, and the wind is so keen that I am glad to turn up the collar of my coat, and oh ! there is no dust, and a real clear

brook flows by, that I hope, for the sake of intending visitors at Nankou may, like the one that our sweet songstress sings of, "go on for ever." About five miles on we saw ahead a wall, winding its sinuous course over the tops of the mountains, and its battlements and towers were just being tipped with the beams of the rising sun. Shortly after, we passed through a noble archway, richly carved with figures of Buddha, and his (at least, I suppose so), attendant satellites. The gorge is very narrow here, or perhaps the pass becomes a gorge; and I suppose if the Great Wall had been captured the Chinese intended to have made a final stand at this spot. A few miles on, the path narrows again, and perched up on high on either side were richly painted Kiosks. I ascended up to one, and found it was a Joss House on a small scale; but, as usual in China, the outside is the best, and the figures were commonplace in the extreme, and I am quite sure Madame Tussaud would have had nothing to say to them. At last, about eleven a.m., we came in sight of one of the Seven Wonders of the world, or if it is not it ought to be A1, I think. The first glimpse we had of this mighty work was a gateway rapidly going to pieces, and therefore characteristic of Northern China, and I said to myself, "is this what I have bumped miles to see?" Then suddenly, "happy thought, secure a brick for Mrs. W——" (don't tell her I only picked up one or two small bits). This reminded me of home, and I said, what would they have thought in England (query, Birkenhead) if I had not seen the Great Wall when I visited China; why, it would have been like going to Rome and not seeing St. Peter's, or Birkenhead and not visiting Laird Brothers' Works. But when one mounted the Wall, and saw its tortuous course, creeping like a serpent up and down the valleys, and crowning the crests of the mountains for miles, with one of its picturesque towers, then one began to have some conception of the magnitude of the work, which was increased when you found that this particular loop, for a distance of 800 miles, has a width of twenty feet, and height varying, I should think, from forty to fifty.







The lower part is constructed of large blocks of granite ; but the loop holes and the small battlements that form the top of the wall, are of brick made from a bluish kind of clay. I walked on it for about a mile, and with the exception of one or two places, and the square towers that are placed on each spur, it was in wonderful repair ; considering, that in all probability, well, to draw it mild, it has been built for 2,000 years. The top of the wall is paved with large square tiles ; but now, of course, they are well covered with grass. There were numerous gateways leading on to it, all of course from the Chinese side. Where the wall had suddenly to be carried up from a valley to a lofty peak, the steps one had to climb were a caution. They reminded me somewhat of the stones of the Pyramids. When I had reached one summit I had a magnificent view. On the side we have just come up were ranges of picturesque hills, barren of verdure, except in some favoured ravine, where perhaps snow had long lingered, being sheltered from the scorching rays of old Phoebus, who, as I have just mentioned, does not give the Heathen Chinese of the North much breathing time. On another side we saw the barren-looking plains of Tartary, and on another the wall is built out toward the Gulf of Pechili. Of the grandeur of the work, taking it merely as a piece of engineering skill and perseverance, I should think there can be no doubt ; and if they were not giants in those days—physically, I mean—they must have been giants in thought and action, to have carried out such a work. The utility and policy of constructing such a barrier is quite another question. Nature had done so much, that by merely building forts at one or two of the narrow passes, I should have thought that they might have barred the passage of any of the nomad Hordes that have molested them. That it did not prevent them is proved by the Tartar dynasty of to-day, and by the pigtailed the Chinese wear in token of their subjection. However, you will be getting tired of this panegyric on the Wall ; for I must confess I was agreeably surprised, and I think it decidedly the most wonderful work I have yet seen accomplished, even by

the ancients, who, if they had not the money, had no Odger or Bradlaugh to interfere with the labour necessary to carry out such a work. I had a frugal lunch of sardines, water biscuits, and *pure cold water* from a little stream, and then returned to Nankóu without mishap, at about four p.m. There are hundreds of mules and donkeys carrying goods to and fro; and occasionally you see a sedan chair carried by two mules, for men I should fancy, are not sure-footed enough for the Nankóu Pass roads. My donkey had no bit or rein of any description, so he just went where he liked, and, unfortunately, he showed a great predilection for jamming my leg against anything he could; he fairly "fixed" me between a sedan chair and a boulder. I stuck my umbrella as a fender on one side, and drew up my other leg. The animal, in the meantime, said "his prayers," and I was mercifully delivered with a few ugly squeezes. He laid down once, but I jumped nimbly off before he commenced his rôle of a donkey. As I have to ride the same beast for miles to-morrow, I hope he will behave better. I could not procure a saddle, but a wooden erection used for carrying goods. It was rather hard, but I had a bag of straw stuck on, and then on this I placed a rug. I dare say H — will remember, some fifteen years ago, buying one at Leamington for 17s. 6d., and thinking she had ruined the family; it is the same old faithful friend that I have yet. It has accompanied me in all my wanderings, and if I lose it, I must console myself by saying, Shakespear parodied:—"It was a rug; take it all for all, we ne'er shall look upon its like again." I must stop now, as I have to be up at four a.m. to-morrow, and owing to hard bed-places (that is far too good a title), and active little animals, my sleep has averaged about four hours for this week. Fortunately the spirit is willing if the flesh is weak, but as I do not want to try the latter too much, I must to bed.

*Sunday, 11th.*—I started at five a.m. for the Ming Tombs of the Emperors, distant about nine miles, on my patient, but wilful ass; patient, because as long as you let him stand still

he is quite happy ; wilful, because he still persists in trying to make me go to the wall, or put me up a tree, or any other place that is handy ; however, I must not complain, as here I am at Shaho safe and sound. I certainly lost a great amount of shoe leather ; but what does it matter. I have seen—aye, *done* the Great Wall. I like the word *done*, it is such a decisive one : there is no doubt about it, it is done and there is an end of it. After all, imagination is the great thing, and most of the residents of China appear to be content to think that they know what the Wall is like—as, for instance, a Lieut. D—— said he had no intention of going ; as when his friends at home heard he had been at Pekin, they would feel certain that he had been to see it. This is on the same principle as a story of a noble lord and Swift. The former wished very much to have been down a coal mine, in order that he might say he had seen one ; but he did not like the idea of going underground. Swift said—“ If you only want to go down, in order to say that you have been there—then why the d——l can't you say you have been.” Well, so he might ; but, as in the case of the Great Wall, I would really do it, and not only see it by means of one's vivid imagination, as it will certainly repay one. I prefer the old countries the best, and it was quite a relief to think of being in a land where there were monuments 2,000 years old, after visiting New Zealand and Australia, and seeing cities varying from thirty years to three days in growth ; but, no doubt, variety is charming, and one would become tired, no matter how fine the monuments might be, when you saw around symptoms of decay and ruin—and, no doubt, would long to be amid the busy hum of men again. Yesterday we saw a number of Mongols ; they are a very dark bronze, and wear more picturesque costumes than the Chinese—and this, added to a fiercer expression, makes them resemble the old Arabs one sees in the East. Some of them had on furskin caps and sheepskins, ornamented with red leather. I did not see many camels in the Nankou Pass, but I have met strings of them at Pekin. Those I saw appeared very

fine ones; but they are ungainly, stupid-looking beasts I think; they go in strings of twenty or thirty, and are led by the nose; they all had two humps. It is a curious fact that, in the summer months, they have to be sent up into the mountains as they cannot stand the heat in the plains, but stand the intense cold well enough. To give you an idea of the sudden change in the temperature in Northern China: yesterday you would meet some Mongols with, as I said, sheep-skins and fur caps, while next minute you would see some of the Chinese Mongols returning home naked to the waist—in fact, I suppose the others had started with fur caps, &c., and were returning with hardly anything on. I will tell you a little tale of horror I heard yesterday from an eye-witness; it does not quite come up to DeBeauvoir's account of the beggars eating the decayed, or rather decaying heads of criminals, which, I am told, is a mistake. However, to return—infanticide is very common in China, particularly of the female children; and as this gentleman was riding one morning, he saw a body lying in the canal—next day he noticed it in the middle of the road half eaten by the dogs, when a man deliberately drove over it; however, China is not the only country where infanticide goes on, and I don't think the wretched mother in China is to be more blamed for putting her child into the canal, than those mothers in England who hand them over to the mercies of the renowned "Waters," though one does hear the Chinese abused for this trait in their character, which certainly is a horrible one; I think the authorities are also to be censured for letting the bodies lie about the streets. When I was mentioning the other day about the unvarying monotony of Chinese players, I forgot the one bright exception at Tientsin, that I heard lately: it was the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," and, though the performer was one of those who "grate on their scannel pipes of wretched straw," it was grateful to hear in this far off land that old familiar air, even when played by that Heathen Chince. But to continue our ride, the path lay through the most fertile part of North China

I have yet seen; the air was cool and pleasant, and no dust. The plain we were riding through was surrounded by an amphitheatre of barren-looking hills. There were several tombs, but we rode straight to the large one; it was surrounded by a lofty wall, with tiles of imperial yellow; there were several small kiosks; in one of them a colossal figure resembling a rhinoceros; on its back was a large column of marble, with an inscription. My boy told me it was the tomb of one of the Emperors, buried 500 years ago. In the centre of the grounds is a large hall or temple, chiefly remarkable for its large wooden pillars, all off one single trunk; they are about ten feet in circumference. Some of the tombs are of red marble and porphyry, and the floor was usually of black or dark green; but such huge blocks that one wonders where they come from. There were numerous cedars and other trees with their fresh green foliage in the grounds—indeed, it was quite refreshing after all the dust we have gone through to look on anything so verdant. We then mounted our steeds, and after a ride of four miles through a dusty plain and a broiling sun, arrived at the avenue that leads to the Emperor's tomb; but we saw the latter before the former, so had it for our exit instead of entrance. There is, first of all, a gateway of the usual pagoda-shape, and then we pass twelve figures of military and civil mandarins—six on either side, distant from each other about fifty yards. They are of immense size, and carved out of a single block. The military figures are represented in coats of mail, extending to the knees, with tight sleeves, and a round cap. The *civil* have long hanging sleeves, with a cape round the waist. Then came four horses, four mastodons, four elephants, four camels, and eight lions; they are placed at either side, and alternately one is lying down and the other standing up. They are all of colossal size, and carved out of one block of granite. Query—how did they get the blocks here? Then at the end is a temple, and in this a turtle in white marble. To give you some idea of its size—its neck in the thinnest part was ten feet in circumference;

its height was about five feet, and yet everything was in good proportion, and the scales beautifully marked; on its back was an immense column of white marble, with inscriptions upon it; outside this were four marble pillars with griffins on the top. The avenue was certainly unique, and if it was not as picturesque as an avenue of fine old trees—say, for instance, at Wynnstay, one must acknowledge it was a wonderful avenue for man to have made, and worthy of the race that constructed the Great Wall. As I read the other day, what a pity it is that the avenue of granite animals has not a row of trees as a background, as it is stuck in the middle of the plain, the figures are dwarfed, and one does not see them to advantage. I do not wonder so much now that Peking is going to ruins—for, judging from other countries that produced such great monuments, she has no business to exist. “Assyria, Greece, Rome, and Carthage, what are they?” But no doubt China, like Egypt, is destined to see a better day. That the people that invented the compass, while we (if we were in existence as a nation) were running about the woods in blue paint, have degenerated, there can be no doubt; but naturally they appear to be an industrious race, and, I think, they are kept back by the Mandarins, and powers that be. The resources of the country are so great, that, I fancy the dollar will eventually triumph over superstition; for—not to mention the fertility of Southern China, with its tea plant and rice fields—the mineral wealth is enormous. Within ten miles of Peking there are coal fields, so vast that China could supply all the world for centuries; yet the Government will not allow them to be worked, but prefer buying Newcastle or Cardiff coal, at ten to fifteen dollars per ton. What is to be done with such a nation? Let us alone they say; but other nations appear to think differently. I am afraid that Great Britain has had something to do with the indolent habits of the Chinese, as she literally forced opium down their throats, and now that vice with gambling appears to be the ruin of the Chinese. I have very seldom heard even an Englishman defend







the Opium War, and the only excuse is, that it adds £8,000,000 or thereabouts to our Indian revenue; but we prevent, if possible, the Hindoo from using it. Since the Audience Question is settled favourably, the foreign representatives ought to try and persuade his Imperial Majesty to allow railways, &c.; and after all, steam, I fancy, as well as time, is the great leveller, and the two combined may work wonders; for the common people are not naturally adverse to foreigners, but it is the higher class that try to influence their minds. I have seen the last two days more females; they have very small feet, and wear sharp pointed slippers. It is quite a pity to see the unfortunate little girls running about, as if they had only stumps, instead of ordinary feet. Their dresses are of brilliant colours; but the pictures you have seen will give you a much better idea of what they are like than I can. After leaving the avenue, we rode to Chang Ping Chow, distant eight miles. Had lunch, then started in our cart to Shaho, distant ten miles. It is useless to describe it over again; for three hours we went through the usual process of bumping. If I had anything to do with the Government I should make his Imperial Majesty go in a cart on the roads, and then an improvement might be made, on the same principle that if a Bishop or a Director were killed on a railway we should have fewer accidents.

*Monday, 12th.*—I left Shaho at half-past five p.m., and had a dirty, disagreeable drive to the famous Yuen Ming Yuen, or Summer palace. Two huge bronze lions stand facing the entrance; they were not injured by the allies, for the simple reason, I suppose, that the metal was hard, and they were too heavy to carry off. When you once arrive inside, what a scene of desolation and woe meets your gaze; all the beautiful kiosks, temples, &c., burnt or pulled down. There is a large lake in front of the hill, on which a temple of coloured tiles is built; a marble balustrade runs along the edge of the lake, and a fine avenue of trees borders it; but all more or less show the hand of the destroyer — bits chipped off splendid

figures, and trees half burnt. The country all around to the front of the palace was very flat, so two artificial hills have been thrown up, and a lovely bridge with twenty arches connects one with the mainland. We clambered over black boulders of rock to the top of the hill, as the immense double staircase, built of stone, is covered with rubbish of all sorts. When we arrived at the top we had a magnificent view, or rather ought to have had; but, as usual, everything was hid by the clouds of dust—and, though Peking is only seven miles away, yet one could barely see it; but to look on the lake and see there was water was refreshing. The temple or kiosk has little niches of green tiles, and in each there was a yellow porcelain figure. The Allies did not injure the outside, but looted all the valuable bronzes and priceless treasures, burnt or otherwise destroyed what they could not carry away. Is it a wonder that the Chinese hate us? No marvel they think us barbarians. I wonder whether it was necessary to have destroyed the most beautiful palaces and grounds in the world. Some people say it was, as it made the Chinese feel our power; but I must say I think they might have done so without pillage; however, it will always remain a sad and blackened memorial of what the Allies did in China, and I am sorry such a one exists, as it will not tend to increase the admiration of the Celestials for Europeans, however much it may hold them in terror of our armies. From here we drove four miles to the Great Bronze Bell; it is fifteen feet high, and weighs forty tons. It is all covered over with Chinese letters, and is the largest that is *hung* in the world. It certainly was a fitting wind-up to the colossal sights we have been seeing. We then returned to Peking. It is wonderful the way one goes in and out of gates. The walls round the Tartar City extend for sixteen miles, and the Chinese one is about ten miles in extent. These certainly are gigantic works in themselves. The Tartar wall is forty feet wide and fifty feet high: but one can understand how they carried the stones to build this one, as it is in

the plains; but how they ever got the material for the Great Wall at the Nankou Pass will always remain a mystery to me; but there let it remain in one sense a mystery—yet in another a colossal and very apparent reality. I arrived back at the Embassy at three p.m., and very glad I was to have a bath. One cannot fully appreciate one until you have been bumped and dusted over roads in Northern China. I can understand now why so few people, who live in China, come to the Great Wall, or even to Peking. Never, never, again would I go through what I have done in the last six days for pleasure. I have now a very good idea of what a rack must be, and if the Chinese want to punish a criminal, condemn him to incessant bumping for two weeks, and if he had not by that time his evil propensities knocked out of him I would give him up as a hopeless case. Then, added to the torture of the cart, is the lack of scenery, the dust that beggars description, and the discomfort of the inns; however, one thing I am quite certain of, that I do not care about roughing it—though, if I have to do it, I seem actually able to stand it as well as most people. If I was in Peking any length of time I think I should take out a patent and have the carts padded at the sides, and then one's head would not be in such danger of being broken. After I had washed and dressed, I had a game of bowls with two of the students and Mr. M——, first secretary. Considering it is about the first time I ever played I managed fairly. There is a reading room, billiard room, &c., all in the enclosure, which must cover several acres. I have a kiosk to myself, large sitting room, bedroom and bath ditto, so that with my own valet, I am quite independent. There was a large dinner party at night of twenty-two; the Russian and French Ambassadors were present, with numerous attachés. Our minister introduced me to the two former as "my compatriot, M. Laird." I had a long talk with the French one. We began in a Franco-Anglo language. but, as his English was superior to my French, we gradually dropped into the former. With the Russian I had to talk

French, so my conversation was not extensive. French is still the language of diplomacy, and everybody seemed quite *au fait* at it; however, of course it is their business. We had a good deal of music. A lady sang with very good taste, although not much voice; and a Frenchman played splendidly without notes airs from operas, or anything you asked him to perform. The rooms, particularly the drawing room, are very handsome when lighted up; the latter is of immense height, with a painted ceiling. The walls, instead of having paper on them in the ordinary way had fretwork in dark wood, with a yellow ground of paper; and there were a very handsome pair of chandeliers with innumerable candles. The dining room is ornamented in the same style, with red instead of yellow paper. The furniture in the drawing room was green, and the dining table oval.

*Tuesday, 13th.*—Went in morning to Temple of the Llamas. The priests are all dressed in yellow, and have heads closely shaven. There is a huge figure here of some god in wood, bronzed over, seventy feet high; but the Joss Houses are rather tumble down affairs, and the dust of ages is scattered all around. I forgot to mention that the great Mr. H —, Inspector of Customs, was here last night. He is looked up to by the Chinese as a demi-god, but in reality he has not much if any power. He is not a clever man to look at, but there is no doubt he must be one. Had a long talk with one of the students to-day. The Chinese language is a most difficult one; it depends largely on the tone, so if a word is spelt the same way you have to pronounce it quite differently for its various significations. They change their teachers every fortnight, as he gets to know the tone of his pupil and understands what he means. There are about 80,000 words in daily use. In English there are only about 15,000, so you can imagine the difficulty. Mr. M — is one of the most rising men in the diplomatic service. He is quite young, and is here as first secretary, in fact, second only to Mr. Wade. He managed affairs in France very cleverly during the last Commune, and was instantly promoted. In the







afternoon Mrs. W——, Mr. G——, and a Doctor and I, went for a ride. We were out for nearly two hours, and rode to the Race Course, and as there is plenty of water lying about, owing to the floods in the river that happened a year ago, everything looked green and fresh. We went straight across fields, &c., as there are no hedges or notices to warn off trespassers; near one village we passed a Fakir. He is a priest who is built-in in a small stone building, and never allowed to go out for so many years, and he has to pull a bell night and day. The idea is to secure subscriptions for the rebuilding of his temple, which is in ruins. His food is shoved to him through a small hole. I do not think anybody but a Chinaman could stand it; but their natural propensity is to live in filth, so what would be poison to most is life to them. The number of beggars is surprising; there are a regular class of them, and they intermarry I am told, and are well off. They have to pay so much tribute a year to the Emperor, and have a king of their own, similar to the gipsies in England. They collect subscriptions from the shopkeepers, and if they will not pay up, they levy blackmail by placing their most repulsive member to sit near the shop. We passed a fine Pagoda, 1,000 years old, called Pa le Cheong. It was formerly in the city, but it is now two miles off. The walls of Pekin were built 400 years ago, and the population is now about 1,000,000. When I said the other day that I thought the Great Wall was in very good repair, the portion I saw was rebuilt about 400 years ago; some of the first part was constructed, I am told, about 3,800 years years since; the main portion, as I mentioned before, about 2,000.

*Wednesday, 14th.*—Started at five a.m. this morning with one of the students for the Temple of Heaven. It is against all rules and regulations for anybody to go in, so we had to get in by stealth. It is perhaps two miles from the Embassy, and when we were approaching near we kept in alongside the wall, so as not to be seen, for if the porters view a foreigner coming they instantly shut the gates; however, we managed to slip in

by a small postern ; and when you are once in the porters do not interfere with you. It is a very large enclosure, and there are magnificent avenues of trees. The first cluster of buildings we saw had green-tiled roofs. They resembled porcelain. The wall was red and contrasted well with the trees, and the whole had a very pretty appearance. We then went to the chief Pagoda, a magnificent triple-roofed structure : the roof of this is of dark-blue or almost purple tiles, and the effect was beautiful in the extreme, as the tiles had the purple glow similar to what one sees on freshly-gathered grapes. We had difficulty to get in here, as the porter shut the gate, but we went round and stormed the place on the other side, and having undone one of the locks we went inside ; as usual, the outside was the best. We then wandered about the grounds, and arrived at, well, I don't know exactly how to describe it : imagine a circus with the floor raised up, and the seats instead of leading down to the ring rising up to it. The whole was of white marble, with carved balustrades. On the top of this the Emperor burns a prayer once or twice a year. The idea of it is, that, as he is the Son of Heaven, the vapour of it rises up. On an altar near he sacrifices a bullock. This is a description that I have read of the South Altar :—" It is a triple circular terrace, 210ft. wide at the base, 150ft. in the middle, and 90ft. at the top. When used the tablets to Heaven and to the Emperor's ancestors are placed on the top. He assumes the attitude of a subject and acknowledges his inferiority to Heaven, and Heaven alone. The balustrades have seventy-two pillars and rails on the upper terraces, on the middle there are 108, and on the lower 180." The white marble of which it is built is good enough for the rough sculpture of the Chinese mason, but not fine and hard enough for English sculpture. No Chinaman is ever allowed within the enclosure, only those attendant on the Emperor. The people really believe him to be of divine origin, and although they do not exactly worship him, yet the Kotow may almost be called doing so. We were very lucky to get in so easily, as

sometimes you may wait outside for two or three hours, and then only be allowed in by paying up the "almighty dollar," which is winked at by the officials. The Chinamen are never allowed in. I was fortunate in having a student who had been there before as my guide. A wretched day, blowing hard, and a dust storm. You must not think they have nothing but dust, but there is generally very little rain from September to July. Six weeks in Autumn is the pleasantest time here. April and May are passable months, but in June heat begins. I am now beginning to feel the effects of my bumping—neck as if I had mumps, shoulder sore, in fact, I am so stiff all over that I can hardly move, so have put off going to Tientsin till Friday.

*Thursday, 15th.*—Walked through Chinese Market early in the morning. Quantities of vegetables, not such else, as the Chinese are, for the most part vegetarians in Pekin, and consequently they have not much stamina. In Summer, I am told they live entirely on melons and various species of gourds. In afternoon went to a large theatre, very similar to one at 'Frisco, so need not attempt to describe it. Gong and general monotony both in acting and playing predominant, as usual. Crowds of people drinking tea; but oh! the smell. I was only there about ten minutes. When I mentioned the other day what a sin the destruction of the Summer Palace appeared to be, I did not know anything about the cause, &c., but I have since read Lord Elgin's Second Embassy by Loch; and as the Emperor had offended by killing and torturing some Europeans, Sir Hope Grant thought it best to retaliate by burning the Summer Palace, as it was only the Emperor that felt the loss, and not the people. Anyhow, judging from the other buildings, it would have gone to ruin sooner or later.

*Friday, 16th.*—Left at half-past four for Tientsin in a cart, and arrived at my destination Saturday, at half-past four p.m. I need not describe the road again or the caravanserai. The jolting was as terrible as ever, only fortunately we had not so much dust. I left Pekin without one sigh of regret, for a more

dusty, smelly, and altogether filthy town I never beheld, and the Embassy Enclosure is indeed an oasis in a desert. I was told by a gentleman last night, that although I had seen the Great Wall it was not the great original, but only a kind of loop that was built 600 years ago, and extending perhaps for 270 miles. However, it is what everyone goes to see. The Chinese say that the wall when it was first built extended for 10,000 lis. ; that would be over 8,000 miles, and if one looks on the map I dare say it is correct. The loop that I saw was built as a continuation, as the original Wall was only constructed of stones without mortar. It is long since in ruins. When I reached Tientsin I found the steamer had left in the morning, instead of the regular day, Sunday ; but in China mails and passengers are of no account. If the steamer fills up with cargo off they go. The sun is fearfully hot at present, but air cool. I see by news from England, 28th of March, that the Audience Question is settled. I am afraid it is only a rumour, as coming direct from headquarters I should surely have heard of it. The Japanese Ambassador has arrived at Peking, and I believe until an Ambassador has been received by the reigning power it is not etiquette for him to call, or to be called upon by his other confrères in diplomacy ; so that until the Audience Question is settled he cannot see anybody ; he will, I should think, find it dull. Mr. Wade and the French and Russian Ministers are only Ministers and Envoys Extraordinary, so the rule about seeing the reigning Sovereign does not apply to them. How foolish of the Japanese to send a full-fledged Ambassador, as it exposes him at once to a rebuff. The Emperor seems rather more inclined to appear in public. Mrs. W— has heard him described as an emaciated, dissipated young man of seventeen. I saw several Chinese women in Peking of the better class walking about. They have a fair complexion, a pretty face, a sweet and modest look, and better features than the Japanese, but not such a pleasant happy expression. Beautiful I don't think one can call them, as there is a great want of

intelligence, in fact, it is only a pretty face and nothing more. Their feet are wonderfully small. They wear pointed slippers, as although their feet do not extend to the ends I should think they would topple over if it were not for the support the elongated shoe gives them. I think it is only the lower class that paint so extravagantly, but my eyesight is a great disadvantage, and by the time I put my glasses on what would have been at best a fleeting vision is often a vanished beauty before I can level my glasses at her. Of course Mandarin ladies one cannot see, as they keep them shut up. I paid off my boy yesterday. On the whole I think he was honest and very useful. He only eat onions or garlic the last day. The great difficulty here is that it is their common food, and the smell is intolerable. The students at Pekin told me that if one of the boys had eaten garlic a one dollar fine was imposed.

*Sunday, 18th.*—Mr. Mongan, the Consul, had not returned last night, so I had to lock the door and take care of the English and Austro-Hungarian Consulate; but of course there are numbers of servants, watchmen, &c., so that the responsibility was not great. Went to church this morning. Two American Missionaries conducted the service. A number of men from H.M.S. "Curlew" were present, and the singing was good, or, at any rate, hearty. I like sailors; they seem to me to do things with a zest, and they look so clean and nice in comparison with the Chinese. I drove yesterday right through the native town of Tientsin, and the smell, dirt, &c., are indeed indescribable. Streets very narrow, and such crowds of people. I am tired of China already—at least of the people and their habits.

*Monday, 19th.*—In *Illustrated London News* of March 28th you will see a picture of the Consulate, where I am staying. The house is good; but there are no trees of large size. In the account the writer talks of baby houses, where babies, if they have not attained a certain age, are thrown in without burial. There are none here I am told; but there are one or two near

Shanghai. If you take interest enough in China, there is a small book called "the Foreigner in Far Cathay," by W. H. Medhurst; it was only written in 1872, so is comparatively modern.

*Tuesday, 20th.*—There were two gentlemen into dinner last night, and we had a rubber of whist. This morning Mr. M —, in company with Captain C — of H.M.S. "Curlew," intended going to inspect some forts that the Chinese are building; but the weather is fearfully hot, and as the wind is blowing half a gale and the dust is blinding they did not go. The only cool place is inside the house. It certainly is a horrible climate. The thermometer was 96 in the shade yesterday. I did not go out till evening, as the sun is so powerful; however, the climate is not unhealthy, and it is a dry heat. I go on board the S.S. "Appin" to-night, as we start to-morrow.

*Wednesday, 21st.*—Left at four a.m.; but when we had proceeded about five miles a gale sprung up, and we had to stop and moor at one of the bends, where we lay for two hours, when we saw another steamer coming up, so as there would not have been room for her to pass we had to start off. The navigation of the river is always difficult; but, with a strong wind, it becomes almost impossible to move at all, and the captains often anchor. The last we saw of the up-going steamer was, that she had stuck fast. We grounded several times—in fact, we were half on land and half on water part of the distance; but it is fortunately very soft mud—so we arrived at Takao Forts about three p.m., and anchored, as it was blowing harder than ever. As there is only eleven feet on the bar at high water, and we were drawing nine feet, it was not safe to venture—for, in the present rough state of the river, we would very likely have been bumped to pieces. In the evening Captain R — and I landed, and inspected one of the Forts; it was the guns of this Fort that sank H.M.S. "Plover," and one or two other gun-boats in 1860. The Fort, though then much damaged, is now rebuilt. It is impregnable on the sea-side, owing to the bar

and mud flats; but vulnerable from the rear, and curiously enough—although it was captured from that side a year after the disaster to the Allies, it is not now defended there at all, so that "*experientia docet*" does not hold good in the case of the Chinese. There was a lady on board who has been twelve years in Pekin; she saw the Emperor the other day—a thin, pale-faced individual. It appears he has little to say in his own Government, as the Mandarins rule him entirely. There are over 20,000 men employed on the forts up and down the river.

*Thursday, 22nd.*—Blowing harder than ever. No chance, I am afraid, of getting off to-day. The Captain says wind at this time of the year is most unusual. I begin to think that I am a Jonah, as since in New Zealand I have missed four or five steamers, and what with delays that have arisen from other causes I have lost seven or eight weeks in time. Weather very cold. What a difference from Tuesday.

*Friday, 23rd.*—We did get off yesterday afternoon, and had it very rough outside; heavy swell, and I suffered accordingly. Arrived at Chefoo at eleven a.m. I landed and called on Mrs. M —; she had very kindly asked me to stay here on my way down; but the steamer of this line that ought to call, has not yet left Shanghai, so I should have had to wait a week at least. When I asked the Chinaman if Mrs. M — was in, he said, "yes, hab got"—meaning she was at home. It is quite calm now, and lovely weather. We sailed again at three p.m. The navigation of the Peiho, till one is over the bar, is certainly the most curious in the world. Yesterday we bumped constantly on the bar coming out, and the Yankee vessel did not venture; but the skipper seems to take it quite as a matter of course.

*Saturday, 24th.*—A strong breeze ahead; going about nine knots. One passenger, and he a German, so it is not very lively.

*Sunday, 25th.*—Had a nasty rolling sea and rain, so we have

only been doing about eight knots. Yesterday being the Queen's birthday, we drank her health—just as well, for I do not feel much able to-day to drink hers or anybody else's. Mrs. E——, a missionary lady, who keeps a girls' school at Pekin, was telling me that if a Chinese girl does not paint she is not thought respectable, and is liable to be insulted—so, although, they are not painted when they come to school, if they go out for the day she has to allow them to plaster themselves. They seem to be very willing to learn, and work just as hard in her absence as in her presence. If she goes away for a day they will generally make or knit something that will surprise her on her return. If a Chinese woman does not have small feet, she cannot marry anyone but a Coolie—so, as a Mandarin does not marry for rank, only for beauty or love, any poor girl may marry one, provided she has small feet. I do not know why they call the sea we have been coming through Yellow, as it is particularly dark. The water is now becoming a pea-soup colour, and will soon turn to yellow, before reaching the muddiest of all rivers, the Yang-tze-Keang.

*Monday, 26th.*—We arrived at Shanghai at twelve p.m. in the midst of a drizzling rain, and it is pleasant to feel a little dampness in the air after all the dust and heat we have gone through. Here it is quite cool and pleasant, the heat having not yet begun. I am at present stopping with Mr. T —. They certainly live in good style out here, and, with the numerous boys and coolies, it is no wonder one is spoilt for returning to English ways. Tea, eggs, and toast in room at eight. Breakfast, *a la fourchette*, at twelve, and dinner quarter to eight. In afternoon I went to see a cricket match. They have a splendid ground, but the play was not of the best. There are all sorts of amusements here—racket courts, gymnasium. Then there is an Amateur Theatrical Club, the members of which perform several times during the season. There is also an Amateur band that discourses sweet music in the Recreation Grounds on Summer evenings, and in the Winter they have paper hunts on



horseback, and good big ditches they have to jump. Summer is the busy season, as the Tea Market opens about the middle of May, so the Winter is comparatively an idle time. There is plenty of society, and, as there are generally several Men of War of different nations in the harbour, there is no lack of the naval element. At present there are two admirals here, an English and American; the former in H.M.S. "Salamis," despatch vessel, for the "Iron Duke" cannot clear the bar of Woosung. On the whole I should think the climate healthy, as there are really only two intensely hot months—July and August—and then, I believe, the sun is a caution; in fact, there is no doubt that Shanghai is anything but a bad place to be resident in, and I do not think a young man coming out here is that much to be pitied. Business is dull, and the idea that one had years ago, that if you did come out to the East you were bound to make your fortune, is but another of the fabulous Eastern tales one has read of. From what I can hear, failures are rather the order of the day. In one of the streets I noticed five or six Chinese with a large flat piece of wood round their necks; they had also chains on. They were in an enclosed space with large wooden bars round; in fact, a species of cage, but they were able to lie down or stand up, and I fancy, as in the stocks, half the punishment consists in being exposed to the public gaze. It is the usual Chinese punishment for theft.

*Tuesday, 27th.*—Very wet all day. I dined with Mr. W.—, who I met in Japan. We had a pleasant evening—whist. This reminds me by contrast of another dinner, at which the conversation was somewhat cynical. One individual was very down upon husbands, and there happened to be present a lady whom he attacked, or rather brought her up to the scratch, by making the astounding assertion that men directly they are married lose all moral sense. Mrs. N — strongly denied this, but a wretched, hen-pecked looking mortal, who sat next to me said, he could not quite agree to that, but no doubt a good many lost all moral courage. His wife was certainly an alarming looking

creature; she might have been anything between forty-five and fifty, but her face was hard and yet smooth, with abundance of coal-black hair done into cork-screw curls; a flower garden on her head, a pink dress, white shawl, with ribbons of numerous colours. I do not know anybody that she resembles, but she might have been made of wax. Mrs. N—— appealed to me once or twice, when Mr M—— said that he was quite certain he knew her husband's character better than she did, and added that wives know only one side, or at any rate disavow the other; and so it went on. It was amusing to hear, as Mr. M—— is decidedly clever, and Mrs. N—— warmed up to her subjects. They are old friends, and periodically have their little family discussions.

*Wednesday, 28th.*—Another wet day.

*Thursday, 29th.*—Weather still wet. Wandered into a Chinese city, but soon wandered out. Smells and dirt predominated, and these, added to the moist atmosphere, made it unbearable. I lunched at J. M. & Co's, and partook of a Manilla mango for the first time; it is certainly a splendid fruit. It had been kept in ice, and tasted as if one had been eating a "Mango Ice Cream." In shape and colour it somewhat resembles an oblong orange, flattened out. Heard to-day at ten a.m. that "Doncaster" had won the Derby. As the race was not run till three p.m. Wednesday, Greenwich time, answering to eleven a.m. at Shanghai, the message was only ten hours in transit. Mr. J—— was saying a commercial telegram sometimes takes four days; but I suppose everything gives way to the Derby. Was delighted to see the "Corcovado"—had made the run from Lisbon to Rio in twelve days eight hours. I have run it in the "Cordillera" in a little under fourteen days, which up to that time was the quickest passage made.

*Friday, 30th.*—Left at half-past twelve in S.S. "Achilles," for Foo Chow, distant 424 miles. She is one of Holt's Line. I dare say you will be wondering, as I stay with friends everywhere, how the money goes. Well, I paid £9 for my passage to

Foo Chow, or £4 10s. a day. Comments are needless. Then clothes are fearful, tooth brushes, &c. Two pills—fifty cents, and other things in proportion. Fortunately, up to this time I have not needed medicine, so it is only what I am told. The Captain of this steamer says, although he lives on the Liverpool side he likes Birkenhead far the best, as the conveniences for docking on that side of the river are so much greater. Laughs at the idea of building docks at North End; simply madness he thinks. Passed H.M.S. "Rinaldo," and a gunboat, possibly H.M.S. "Teazer," or, at any rate, one of her class, going about nine knots. The "Venetia," P. & O., is taking home the first teas, and is supposed to be the crack one of the year. She made the run from London to Hong Kong in thirty-nine days and a-half,—fastest on record. Usually forty-five days, or thereabouts.

*Saturday, 31st.*—Blowing hard, but fine. I must stop writing as the tremulous motion is too much for penning notes, and also for my feelings. It is wonderful how I launch upon a two day's trip as if it were nothing. Habit becomes second nature, I only wish that practice would make me a better sailor.

*Sunday, June 1st.*—Heavy rain and mist—so that, instead of arriving at our destination, we are now lying just outside the entrance to the river, and, unless the rain and mist clears off, here we will have to remain. It certainly is most unfortunate, but we must hope that to-morrow the sun may be shining, and that we may be able to fetch Foo Chow.

*Monday, 2nd.*—Started this morning at half-past three a.m., but when we approached the mouth of the river rain and mist still reigned supreme—so we had again to drop anchor. It cleared off at ten, and was fine; but then there were only fourteen feet on the bar, and we were drawing seventeen feet, and it is not like the bar at the mouth of the Peiho to be gone at with impunity; for it has a hard bottom and not one of mud, so we lay "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean," till two p.m., when we moved on through a shower of tropical rain; but the

pilot said he would go, mist or no mist—so we went, for that heathen bar-“gee”—(latter added for sake of euphony). Before we approached the entrance we passed numerous islands, but whether they were barren or fertile it was impossible to see, as all one could make out was, that there appeared to be something in the way of land for clouds to bank themselves against. We took about two and a-half hours to reach the Pagoda Anchorage. On a fine day it must be a lovely sail; as, after a short distance, we were completely land-locked, and we went so close that, pouring as it was, I could see that the hills were terraced up to the top, and every inch of ground cultivated. The soil was red, interspersed with numerous rocks. There were hundreds of waterfalls and cascades, apparently gotten up for the occasion—so, if we had not the views of the range of hills, we had rivulets, &c., to compensate, and, after all, I rather like to see mountains enveloped in mist—as one’s imagination may picture scenes more beautiful than the reality; still, on my way down I hope to see the River Min under greater advantages, as far as regards weather. The great drawback to the whole is, that the water, as in all the Chinese rivers, is muddy, and one longs more than ever for the sparkling clear waters of Japan; but after all, in the latter country one must remember that the Inland Sea is the ocean or water from it, and it is only countries like America or China that can feed such rivers as the Yang-tze-Keang. The Min is a comparatively small one, and steamers can not go further than the Pagoda Anchorage when drawing over eight or nine feet. As soon as we had anchored numerous sampans and house-boats came off, but I elected to stay until to-morrow morning; and, although a house boat started at once, they only go to the town near and there stop, so as to allow the crew to gamble; for you must know that the Chinese are the greatest gamblers living, and will even sometimes gamble away their wives, if it is worth their while. The tide is so strong in this river, particularly if there is a freshet, that by dining quietly on board and starting (this

Tuesday morning) at four a.m. with the tide, I reached Foo Chow, distant thirteen miles, as soon as I would have done had I started the day before. I took three and a-half hours, but as I slept two out of the three it did not seem long. I am putting up with Mr. P——, agent to J. M. & Co.; they have a large house facing the river. Foo Chow must be a very pretty place, as by the slight glimpses one has so far had amidst the tropical rain it appears to be surrounded by mountains, and everything looks green and fresh as might be expected. Bamboos and aloes flourish here, so the country has quite a semi-tropical appearance. Foo Chow is the port that ships the greatest quantity of tea. My object in coming here was to see a tea district; but, as this deluge of rain is probably going to last for days, I must be content with having, as Mark Twain says, “done my level best to see one.” However, I saw tea tasting going on in the extensive go-downs attached to this house. Imagine two tables, on these, say one hundred little tea-pots, into which a certain quantity of a certain quality of tea is put; a kettle is then brought with boiling water, which latter is poured into each of the teapots, and the tea is allowed to stew and simmer, until a minute, or whatever time the glass denotes is run down. The beverage is then poured out into a corresponding number of cups, and the leaves are put into small saucers, placed before the cups. The two tasters then proceed to business; they first take a mouthful of the tea, which they spit out into a species of spittoon, and then smell, I was going to say the fragrant weed; but you must bear in mind that it is tea—only tea leaves that they try to extract the perfume from. They have each of them a note book, and I fancy they jot down the good or bad qualities of each particular “muster;” for, to-day, they had no less than one hundred musters to taste and smell. I tried two or three, but my palate is not sensitive enough to detect variety of flavour; but *it was sensitive enough* to make me feel sick—which Mr. P—— said he felt after tasting for two or three hours. After all, it is better for one, though perhaps not so pleasant as wine

tasting ; for there is no fear of drunkenness from the leaves that produce the beverage which cheers but that does not inebriate. The tea season has not yet set in. Foo Chow only exports black tea, or the red leaf, as it is called before being "burnt." Han Kow is the port for green. We have just received news of the loss of the "Drummond Castle," with thirty hands, eighty miles or so from Woosung, amongst the Chusan group of islands. The Captain saved only two hours by going this dangerous passage ; however, it is one of the inevitable evils, as long as racing home with first teas is permitted. H.M.S. "Teazer" is lying opposite the Hong ; it is curious how I seem to meet her. Women "man" the boats here, as well as men—in fact, I fancy the family row them, for one generally sees children from three years and upwards on board. The women are very plain, and dressed in bloomer costume—usually dark blue. The only redeeming part is their hair, which is always neatly plastered and skewered, generally a flower in the chignon. They never wear hats, for fear, I suppose, of destroying the elaborate erection. Land, apparently just emerging from the water, is cultivated, and you often see a sampan anchored alongside, and roaming about the slimy isle there are flocks of ducks ; they seem to revel in the mud. They are so well trained, that when the owner whistles they all flock together, and the one that comes last receives a good beating—so, next time the last one is generally the first. The man must have his hand well in, as of course there must always be a last duck, unless there is a dead heat, and then he has two beatings to give. I should fancy there must be a fine run in on the succeeding day. I don't vouch for the accuracy of the last statement, so believe it or not, as you please. The Chinese say there is a population of 380,000,000 in China ; but I am beginning to doubt it, and yesterday I was told that when a Mandarin is appointed to a new district, if his late predecessor has returned the numbers at 5,000, he feels in duty bound to return it as 6,000, or else he would be visited with the Imperial displeasure ; so he

sacrifices conscience for office—and in this way, no doubt, China shows a rapidly increasing population. Mr. P—— is very fond of dogs and cats. There are all kinds of the former, from a deer hound, three feet high, to Japanese dogs the size of rats. They roam about the house and smell at one's legs at will; they are bad enough—but there are three cats that come meandering about one's bedroom; so tame are they, that, although you shake your pocket handkerchief, it has no effect; they only stare with their great big eyes. If you leave them alone they quietly walk out of the room, after running about and playing with anything in it that takes their fancy. I think it was Captain Cuttle that said, "when found, make a note of," and the note that I make is, that for evermore I shall carry an umbrella about the garden, and studiously shut the door at night to prevent feline intrusion.

*Wednesday, 4th.*—Very wet all yesterday; so, in afternoon, went up in chairs to the Club. Had a pleasant dinner party; afterwards played billiards. This morning still raining; in afternoon called upon F. S. H——, he has been out here four years, and seems to like it very much. Afterwards went a ride with Captain P——; he took me the ride of the place by the ravine. Foo Chow has certainly a lovely site; it is surrounded by hills, with the river winding round and round. The European settlement is on an island; it is connected by two bridges, said to be one or two thousand years old. The Chinese city is of immense size; but it is difficult to obtain a general view, as the town is built in the valleys between the various spurs. The paddy fields are looking to perfection now. I have never seen such an exquisite green, except, perhaps, the sugar cane in the West Indies. The plantains give the landscape quite a semi-tropical appearance—and flowers of every variety abound. Mr. P—— has a very fine garden, and it is kept in good order. I dare say you know the waxy kind of flower that grows in hot-houses at home; well, here it flourishes well in the open air, with red, yellow, and white blossoms

—and very pretty they are. We then went to the Racket and Fives Courts, where numerous games were going on. I think the reason Englishmen look so much more healthy than other foreigners is, the way they go in for amusements and exercise; for they live so well out here, that exercise of some kind is absolutely necessary. I lunched to-day on board "That Teazer," as she is called. Captain F—— offered to give me a lift down to the Pagoda Anchorage, but I do not leave till Saturday; in fact, he has been very civil. Very damp weather; all my boots mouldy. Foo Chow and country round is quite worthy of Japan, and I am very glad I came, as I should have gone away with a very bad impression of Chinese scenery.

*Thursday, 5th.*—In the morning went in a sampan to a large tea warehouse. In one room there must have been 400 girls shaking tea through a sieve, made of bamboo. They had all flowers in their hair, and looked neatly dressed, but oh, they are so ugly. However, the building was very well ventilated, and there being no machinery there was no horrible smell of oil, as in the Manchester factories. From the head dress of the ladies it was a flowery scene, and worthy of China. Then in another place they were firing the tea: had two huge coppers, and underneath each a fire. The leaves are put into these and come out as we see them at home. They would not carry without being fired. Some flowery Pekoe worth 10s. a pound in England was pointed out to me. It was being packed in neat cases, and I noticed that the men put boards on the top of the tea before they pressed it down by stamping; rather different to coolies in Trinidad with the sugar. I never saw such oceans of tea anywhere; it was tea, tea, everywhere, but not a drop to drink. I became quite sick of the smell. It seems quite natural that the Chinese should be packing up these familiar chests, ornamented with red paint and the figures that one knows so well, or in other words, they were in their proper element up to their knees in tea, and I felt that I was really in the far off Cathay. The children are tied in the boats like dogs,



to prevent them, I suppose, from falling overboard, while their mother is rowing or steering. I left Foo Chow on a small tug belonging to J. M. & Co., at one p.m., and with the strong tide running only took one hour to do the thirteen miles to the Pagoda Anchorage, where I embarked on board the S.S. "Hailoong," bound for Tamsui and Takow, thence via Amoy and Swatow to Hong Kong. The weather was so wet and looked like lasting that I thought it a pity to lose the opportunity of seeing Formosa. There is no hotel at Foo Chow, so unless I had letters it would have been impossible to visit it. It is a pity the River Min is so muddy, for the scenery is quite equal to anything on the Hudson. The "Hailoong" is a small steamer of about 230 tons, and has very small cabins. It is ninety-five miles to the town of Tamsui. There is, as a rule, a nasty cross sea running, and this night was no exception. I have never been so ill since I left England. She pitched, rolled, and wriggled in a frightful manner. Once or twice I thought we had gone ashore, as the seas caught her under the mainmast, and down she would go, out went the screw, and I fancied that the engines had broken down, but after all it turned out that the engines began to race, so they had to clap the governor on. We were eighteen hours in doing the distance. I dread the remainder of the voyage, as it is a horrible sensation when the waves catch her under the bottom, as she seems to stagger under them. However, the wind happened to be right on our beam, and a beam sea is always disagreeable.

*Friday, 6th.*—We anchored at Tamsui at ten a.m., and at a quarter to eleven I was off in a chair for the sulphur springs, distant ten or twelve miles. The country is very beautiful, and there are plenty of hills planted on the top with the tea plant, and sides covered with, at present, green grass, and below was a vast plain sown with acres and acres of paddy fields. When we left the hills and had to cross this plain the men sank up to their knees in some places, as there had been tremendous rains, and paddy fields are always more or less wet, as, of course, rice

grows in water. After a three and a-half hours' journey we reached the springs. They are just the same here as elsewhere, and the smell of rotten eggs predominates. I stayed about two hours, and reached the ship again at six. There is a splendid mountain on one side of the harbour. In shape, and also with its verdant slopes, it reminds one of Nevis in the West Indies. It is an extinct volcano. From what I have seen of this island it is rightly called Formosa. The town exceeds in filth any Chinese city I have been in, and more than that I can't say. It is not safe to go much into the interior as yet, for the natives are perfect savages a short way from the coast, and chow chow a Japanese crew the other day, who were unfortunately wrecked on the coast. Europeans have been across the island, I believe, but it is more venturesome, I think, than wise. Tea, camphor, and coal are the chief exports. The latter is of first-rate quality. On the way to the springs we passed several pine apple trees, bananas, and other tropical fruits, and such flowers! I wish I were a botanist. I saw acres of the tea plant; so, although owing to the freshet in the river near Foo Chow I was not able to visit the ones near there, I have seen plenty in Formosa. I never saw so many ducks in my life, flocks of ducklings, and boys drive them with long bamboos; what an invaluable tree the latter is; it is used for everything. There are no roads in Formosa, so there are few if any horses. All the ploughing is done by buffalos. They are slaty in colour, and have little or no hair; in fact, from a back view they are very like an hippopotamus. They live half in the water and in and about the ditches of the paddy fields. The Consul dined on board the steamer with some other gentlemen, and we had quite a musical evening.

*Saturday, 7th.*—We leave at five to-day for Takow, the South of Formosa I believe; but my geography is wonderfully deficient. Tamsui lies due East of Foo Chow. The inhabitants of Formosa are Chinese, but rather dirtier if possible than the rest. If these sulphur springs had been in Japan you

would have seen them crowded with natives, but catch a Chinaman dipping his skin ! it is not the nature of the beast, so you must excuse him. After leaving the Pagoda Anchorage the other day we passed the Mandarin's Leg. It is a rock standing out by itself, and resembles the thigh, calf, and foot of a man so perfectly, that it might almost have been cut out. After tiffin I went ashore with the captain to the English Consul. He lives in what was once an old fort of the Dutch. The walls are seven feet thick. It is as might have been expected, cool in Summer but damp in Winter. There are some of the old cannons still left in the garden. The Dutch were here in 1660, and built forts in most of the ports round Formosa. It now nominally belongs to the Chinese, but the natives in the interior of the island, who are Malays, are not friendly to them. They are savages, or perhaps are hardly that, as they do manufacture some kind of cloth. They inhabit the mountains and forests, and live on deer and game. The only foreigners here are the English, and consequently Great Britain is the sole nation that has a Consul, and he is very necessary, as the people about are not friendly to Europeans at all, and there are numberless rows, and they would become serious if Tamsui as well as Takow were not visited by a gunboat once a month or so ; moral force is not sufficient for the Chinese, they need a material argument, in the shape of a big gun being occasionally pointed at them. However, one thing must be said for the Chinese—they certainly flourish wherever they go, and if it were not for the few that are settled on the coast, and say forty miles in the interior (further than this they dare not go, on account of the natives). I suppose the trade of the isle would be nil, and I think their hatred to Europeans is implanted in them by the Mandarins ; for instance, the Consul read me a notice that had just been posted up in the town. It began by saying that the savages (British) had built a chapel, and that every Chinaman was forbidden to become a convert to the barbarians's religion, as they would get hold of him, kill him, and use his eyes for

refining silver, or something of that sort. It certainly is a heathenish practice of the Mandarins to promulgate such reports; but, as I mentioned in another letter, the Tientsin massacre was in a great measure owing to the idea the Chinese had had instilled into them, that the Soeurs de Charité killed the people in the hospital in order to use their eyes for some purpose or other.

*Sunday, 8th.*—We left last night at half-past seven, and arrived at Takow at half-past eight this evening, after a lovely passage. We kept far out from the land, as shoals run out a long way, and the coast is not lighted at all. We passed through a group of barren-looking islands, chiefly noticeable for their flat table-like surfaces.

*Monday, 9th.*—The entrance to the Lagoon or Lakelet that forms the harbour of Takow is very narrow, and not any great depth of water, but when you once arrive inside it is very pretty. The land is flat and well wooded, and cultivated for some way in, and in the distance one sees the main chain of mountains that run through the island. The harbour is about eight miles long, and is a capital place for rowing and sailing small craft, and this seems to be the chief amusement of the Europeans living here. There is also first-rate shooting. I dined with Mr. B——, the agent of this steamer, and we left at half-past two for Tai-wan-foo, distant twenty-three miles. It is the capital of the island, and has a population of about 70,000. We lay three miles out, as there is a bar that leads into the creek with only two feet of water on at times, and often very rough. We landed in the most unique conveyance that I have ever been in. Fancy a small raft made of huge bamboos, with the water coming up among the cracks; on this structure is placed a large tub, into which passengers have to go, unless they want to be wet through. We hoisted a sail made of matting, and while we were sailing a centre board was put down. We bumped on the bar once or twice, but fortunately it was not rough. In bad weather it must be similar to the one at Hoki-

tika. The captain came ashore in a gig, and he got drenched through ; there is no doubt that a catamaran, primitive structure as it is, is the best for bars similar to the one at Tai-wan-foo. On the Island of Taiwan are the remains of a very strong Dutch fort. The ruins are scattered all about the island. The island was wrested from the Dutch by Chinese pirates. We then had to go a distance of three miles to the town of Tai-wan-foo, where we stopped the night. The house was a Chinese one of large size, but fitted up so as to suit "ye manners and customs of ye barbarians."

*Tuesday, 10th.*—We left this morning at ten a.m., and were carried back in chairs to Tai-wan-foo, where we tiffined with a Mr. L——, Commissioner of Customs, and at three p.m. we went on board in a catamaran—three in one tub—to the "Hailoong," and now we are on our way to Amoy. In Takow I saw a Chinese Gunboat. She was originally a Liverpool tug called the "Island Queen," but has been turned into a vessel of war. One has heard of cock-fighting, and also of the cricket on the hearth, but did you ever hear of cricket fighting, because, it is a favourite sport in North China. I saw a porous jar to-day in which the intending combatants are kept. Two fine crickets are selected and placed in a basin, and by pinching their tail, and pitting them against each other, they fight to the death. Large sums of money are betted on the result, and I am told that it is quite correct in North China to take a jar with one or two crickets in, and challenge a cricket of your host. Of course, one can gamble over everything, but I think this is going rather far. In Southern China quail fighting is all the rage. This is more intelligible. I noticed that, although on these steamers the crew are composed of Chinese, Malays always appear to be the quarter-masters and steer the ship. I have enjoyed what I have seen of Formosa very much, and that it is worthy of its name there is no doubt. We took in here a large cargo of sugar, in fact, everything seems to grow, and it is certainly, what with its rich cultivation and

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*Thursday, June 12th.*—We reached Hong Kong this evening at half-past eleven; it was a splendid moonlight night, and when we had passed through Hell Gate (so called I fancy from the tide that runs through it), we had a lovely sail across the placid waters of the bay, occasionally passing a junk, with its picturesque latteen sail gliding slowly onward with the tide. When we arrived opposite Victoria Peak the numerous lights of the shipping, and those of the town, which extend far up the side of the mountains, shone out brightly, and added to the fairy-like character of the scene. Of course it was too late to land, so that I had another night on board the "Hailoong."

*Friday, 13th.*—I had no idea that the harbour was of such size; it is eight miles long, and one to five in breadth. There are two entrances, and I believe it is sheltered from every ordinary wind; but when a Typhoon comes, the shipping in the bay have difficulty in riding it out, and have to retreat to Kow Lung, on the side opposite to the city. The bay is encircled by bold and rugged ranges of hills, varied by spots of scanty verdure, so that the surroundings give the harbour a pleasing *toute ensemble*; but it certainly does not come up to the description I saw the other day, "that the scenery of the bay combined the wild scenery of Scotland, with the classic beauty of Italy, and with just enough of the tropics to heighten the effect." The harbour, in fact, resembles in some degree one of the Scotch Lakes. If the classic beauty of Italy has reference

to the town, it is, to a certain extent, correct; for the buildings undoubtedly remind one of those of Genoa, or one of the Italian sea-ports. The streets are narrow, and there is not much level ground at the base of the Peak; but they are well laid out and kept clean—which a person that has seen Chinese cities, even for six weeks, appreciates; but, of course, this is owing to the English régime. There are numerous police, and very necessary they are, for the Chinese thieves and other criminals make Hong-Kong a place of refuge, where they try to escape from the hands of the Mandarins in their own cities, who would not treat them as mercifully as we do here. The great punishment in Hong-Kong is, that if a man goes into jail his pig-tail is cut off. This is the greatest indignity that can be offered to a Celestial, and he cannot hold his head up as high after this as he did before. The English soldiers are clothed in “whites,” and have helmets or pith hats on, to protect them from the sun, and they look very clean and cool. It is quite a pleasure to hear the band play. The cathedral is a heideous-shaped building; it looks as if they had cut it in two like a ship, and stuck fifty feet in the middle—or, in other words, the nave is of tremendous length, and out of all proportion to the other parts of the building; fortunately it is pretty well sheltered by trees. There are numerous Sikhs walking about, and I believe a regiment of them is stationed here. There are very few horses, and chairs or palanquins are the ordinary modes of conveyance. The Coolies go along a good pace, and charge moderately. I staid with Mr. W—, of J. M. & Co.; their Hong is two and a-half miles from town—so, if it were not for the chairs, I don't know what I should do. The “top side” house is the one we live in, and as it is situated on a hill, we have a splendid view of the harbour. There is a large garden, and plantains and other tropical plants flourish well. The house is handsomely furnished, and suitable for a hot climate. Very neat matting on all the floors, and punkahs going all through meal times, likewise in dancing room and billiard

room ; for the weather is now very hot, and I cannot keep cool, but am in a perpetual melt from early morn till dewy eve, and also far into the night. It is a healthy sign to be in this moist state, so I must not complain. In the afternoon I watched a number of soldiers drilling on the parade ground ; and, although it was five o'clock, they must have felt it precious warm. I then went to the swimming baths, and for the actual time one is in the water it is cool enough ; but the exertion of dressing makes you much in the same state as you were before the bath. We dined at eight, and afterwards played billiards, at which my partner and I received a regular drubbing, although one of our opponents was a lady.

*Saturday, 14th.*—Did not go out all morning, as I was fixing about clothes, &c. The mould that accumulates on one's boots is something wonderful ; but it seems to come off easy enough, and they look none the worse. In afternoon I walked to see some rifle shooting. The roads wind up the sides of the mountains in terraces. In the evening we went to the theatre, and a very pretty one it is, and when you hear that it was comparatively cool you will understand how perfect the ventilation must have been. I think it is partly to be accounted for by there only being the stalls and the boxes above—no gallery. "London Assurance" was the piece, and it was tolerably well acted. Lady Kennedy, the Governor's wife, was there ; but he himself was absent. A regimental band discoursed sweet music ; but I think it was rather loud for the size of the theatre. We did not go until nine, and as we were out at eleven, it was soon over. The town certainly looks very well by moonlight, with the mountains in the background, and really last night a cool breeze came down from them. All the Chinamen that go out after eight are obliged to carry lanterns, although the streets are well lighted ; but, as I think I have mentioned Hong-Kong is a refuge for the destitute, or rather the evil doers. New Year's time is the worst, as every Chinaman must then pay off all his debts, or else he is kicked out, and not allowed to trade



any more until he has paid up, consequently defaulters rush to the English colony. When I mentioned yesterday about Hell Gate, I ought to have called it the Limoon Pass, at least Mr. W—— does not seem to have known the name; anyhow it is a very mild Hell Gate, as there is very little tide running. Hong-Kong is not strongly fortified, as I fancy they depend more upon the Fleet in case of war. One certainly has to come abroad to appreciate England's greatness; her flag predominates, with one or two exceptions, wherever you go—and here am I now in another of her Colonies, small it is true, as the island is only twenty-nine miles round; but still it is of vast importance, and the number of steamers in the harbour is surprising.

*Sunday, 15th.*—Went to the Cathedral in the morning; it is of large size, and as punkahs were waving over our heads the whole time it was tolerably cool. I wonder why they do not introduce them into England—for instance, in the House of Commons in height of Summer. The only danger is, that they might fan the Honourable Gentlemen to sleep. We had a full choral service; but the boys voices were very shrill—this is to be accounted for, I am told, by their parentage, for their pedigree, to say the least, is rather mixed—half Chinese, Portuguese, and perhaps a dash of English blood in their veins. The organ was beautifully played, and it was really quite delightful to be in church again, as the last four or five Sundays I have been on the briny deep, or else in the interior of China. In afternoon, about half past five, Mr. W. M—— and myself took a short walk by the race course; the grass was looking very green, and, just at this part, the sides of the hills were covered with trees, and a thick undergrowth of creepers. The foliage was dark, as nearly all the shrubs are evergreens. Every variety of tree seems to grow here—cocoa nut, plantain, bread-fruit, cinnamon, lichee; the latter has a particularly nice fruit, and is peculiar to South China. In shape and size it resembles a fine strawberry; it has a shell, and inside a large stone. The lichee bears three times a year, and, if the fruit is

kept for any length of time, it dries up similar to a raisin. Flowers are beautiful, especially the red blossoms of the pomegranate and passion flowers. Thermometer about 90 in the house, and recollect this is in a mansion where there are all appliances for keeping it cool. A balcony runs right round, and matting hangs down from the ceiling to the ground—then the rooms open out of this. Wooden shutters; but the windows are always open. The rooms are all very lofty. Polished floors, or else matting, punkahs, iced drinks, &c., and still one melts and is not happy. It is a nasty damp heat.

*Monday, 16th.*—Lunched with a Major N— of the artillery. The colonel was there and a naval chaplain. I had met the former at dinner at Mr. W—'s. I afterwards purchased a real pith hat and went to several shops, then watched some enthusiasts playing rackets. Wherever you go in China there appear to be racket courts, gymnasiums, swimming and boating clubs, &c.; in fact, this is how Englishmen exist out here; for if they did not take exercise I think they would die of good living. We had a pleasant dinner party. There are three partners here, and a Captain B—, who commanded the "Reiver." She was lost the voyage after he left her.

*Tuesday, 17th.*—I started at eight a.m. this morning by steamer for Canton, distant ninety-one miles. We have the tide against us for most of the way, but average about thirteen knots. They are the regular American River Boats as to build, with walking beam engines. The scenery was nothing remarkable, as, although the hills were fertile enough in some parts, there were occasionally very barren bits of ground. The water was green at first, but as we fairly entered the river it assumed the orthodox colour of rivers in China. About half-past one we reached Wampoa, which is as far as sailing ships go. The chief object of interest here is a nine-storied pagoda, the highest of the kind in China. As we approached Canton we had to thread our way through numerous sampans and junks, large and small, for, as no doubt you know, Canton has a very large





floating population. I don't mean in the same sense that we use it in speaking of the floating population of London or New York, but whole families live in the boats as at Foo Chow, and women seem to do all the work, rowing, &c. They (the boats) are of course covered in, and at the back of them are generally baskets of wickerwork with ducks in; for here as at Foo Chow ducks feed by thousands on the paddy fields that line both banks of the river with their vivid green, looking fresh and beautiful as ever. It is useless for me to attempt to enumerate or describe the varieties of junks, for I have done so in previous letters; but here, as at Peking, or rather Tientsin, one sees the huge junk, three or four stories high at the stern, that carries the tribute of rice up to Peking; and then others that make the voyage once a year to Singapore, and so arrange as to catch the monsoon either way. Then there is the slipper boat, so called from its shape. Then there are the regular ferry boats, &c.; in fact, the river that is here I suppose half a mile broad is a very gay and lively scene. I saw the first good-looking girl I have yet seen in South China. She was on one of the sampans; her hair was hanging over her forehead like fringe; it was cut short at the back; this is a sign that they are unmarried. I don't think that she had good features, but she actually had some expression in her face, and showed her white, very white teeth. The English settlement is called Shamien, and is situated on an island. The houses are neat. I believe there are about 450 in the community altogether. I am staying with a Mr. S——, J. M. & Co.'s agent. I forgot to mention that coming up the river we passed the ruins of the Bogue forts, which the British destroyed some years ago. About four p.m. I started in a boat for the island of Honan, on which is situated a temple, and there are pretty gardens six or seven acres in extent, with dwarf trees in pots. I think one of the pictures in the drawing room is of this island, but as far as I can remember the painting exceeds the original. There are one or two gilt images of Buddha here, also a marble Pagoda, and enclosures

where they keep sacred pigs, &c., but all the ornaments are very tawdry, and nothing to be compared to the Temples at Shiba. I went over some ivory shops for which Canton is celebrated, but it is only tempting Providence as I have no money to spend. I then returned to the house, and watched the beauty and fashion of Shamien parading up and down the river wall. It is well sheltered by trees. Still warm, but it feels like a change. Mr. S—— was engaged out at dinner, so I dined solus.

*Wednesday, 18th.* — Started this morning at ten a.m. in a chair to do Canton, and well worth a visit it is. It is as superior to any Chinese town that I have been in for shops as Paris is to London. The streets are very narrow, about six feet wide, barely room for two sedan chairs to pass, and as the people swarm the odours are better imagined than described. All the shops are open to the streets, and are built of blue bricks. The streets are well paved with large blocks of stone. The Chinese do not write their names over the shops as is done in England; but a board is hung from one of the top windows, and the name and what they sell are painted on in red letters. It was altogether a gay scene. Some of the lacquer, china, and jeweller's shops are well worth going over, and they have very clean polished floors. Many of the narrow streets reminded me of Cairo and Constantinople, as the houses are very high and matting is stretched across. A stone called the Jade is the favourite in Canton for jewels of all shapes. It is light green in colour, and I can't say I admire it. I visited a number of Temples, one called the Temple of the 500 Genii. There are that number of figures in bronze ranged round a large room, and in the centre is a Pagoda of bronze. Then the Temple of Longevity, three figures of Bhudda on marble pedestals, and a pond of gold fish. Then the Temple of the five Genii. There is a large bell here said to weigh 10,000lbs. A piece of it was knocked out during the bombardment, 1857. There are a number of priests attached to all these places, but their dining rooms

and cells are kept in a fearful state of filth. I have never once happened to see a service going on in any of the Temples here, very different from Japan. The courts of the buildings are always filled by a number of half-naked Chinese gambling and playing. A fair is often held just outside, which is hardly in keeping with the supposed sacredness of the enclosure. The figures of the Buddha are generally made of wood, and bronzed over; they are decorated with flowers and dirty banners, and streamers of various coloured silks hang before them. I then visited a five-storied Pagoda, from which I had a splendid view of the town and surrounding country. The land about is undulating, and the river winds in and out in a wonderful manner. The town lies low. The only thing that relieves the eye are two nine-storied Pagodas in the direction of Whampo, and numerous square towers—that at first sight I took for keeps along the wall; but hear they are pawnbroker's shops, and from the numbers there are I should fancy they do a roaring trade. We then went to the Yaman or Temple of Horrors. It covers a large space of ground, as there are a number of offices attached to it. I saw many wretched-looking prisoners, their bodies twisted in all shapes, the result I suppose of torture. I will give you a list of a few choice ones—there are ten: boiling in oil, grinding a man, putting him under a red-hot bell, sawing a man between boards, &c., &c. The Chinese as a race are very cruel, especially with their prisoners. If a man is taken up, and will not confess that he is guilty, they torture him so that often a man says he committed the crime when he had nothing to do with it. Next place was the Confucian Temple. Although Confucius is even now worshipped, he was a moralist. His laws are generally in use at the present time, and they say that if his code were carried out in its integrity China would be much better governed than she is. An examination hall is attached; it is similar to the one I described at Peking. Here there are 9,597 stalls, and the candidates are put in with nothing but pen, ink, and paper. One day and night allowed for

writing. There are three Sessions, with an interval of three days between each. Of course no communication is allowed, and there are watchers. If they pass through the ordeal, which is a physical as well as a mental trial, they are eligible to try for various offices under government. I think at Pekin they are shut up for three days. A board is put in the cell for them to sit on, and another board raised a little higher for them to write on. We then went to a cluster of buildings outside the city. There are numerous little chapels; in these coffins are placed, waiting for the priests to name a favourable site for them to be finally put in the ground; in fact, it is a depository for the coffins of the rich, who pay so much for their being left here, and the priests I believe consult the Fung Chuey, and keep the unfortunate relations waiting a long time; but I have before mentioned all I know about the F.C. I then visited the execution ground. A pottery man has at present possession of it, and there were jars, &c., in all the various stages, lying about. When executions have to take place he clears out. They generally behead forty at a time. 300 to 1,500 (it is rather a wide margin) are executed annually, and I believe that at one time 50,000 rebels were decapitated in 1855. How many Calcrafts would it have taken. Bye-the-bye, I see that he is going to retire from public life, and the only thing he regrets in his career is, that he never hung a newspaper reporter. The fruit shops in Canton are now looking very tempting, as there are great varieties of fruit—peaches, mangos, bananas, lichees, &c. The meat shops are not so inviting; everything seems to be cut up into small strips. Pork is very common, also ducks and chickens. There are also choice morsels of little wee dogs; mice, cats and rats are hung up in strings. Then there are snails, fish of all kinds; in fact, a Chinese market is remarkable for its miscellaneous character. The women seem to wear little but the blue blouse with the wide trousers, and if they are married, their hair is done up at the back à la teapot; but one has not much opportunity of seeing them, as directly



they view a stranger coming, they bolt into their houses. I suddenly came upon two yesterday painted and rouged to a fearful extent. They have eyes like a pig, and look fat for the most part; colour—yellowish brown. I did not get back till five p.m.

*Thursday, 19th.*—Heavy rain in early morning; at about ten went into the city and potted about the shops. Spent afternoon by the river, watching the floating population; it certainly is wonderful how they contrive to live. I should not fancy the boats were more than twenty feet long and say six broad in the widest part, and yet you see two or three women and four or five children in one, and ducks and fowls. They are partially covered in. These people do not intermarry with the dwellers upon the land, but are quite separate. It certainly is amusing to watch the ways of the Cantonese. I saw a grave pig-tailed Chinaman driving three ducks for a bathe; they go in and splash and dive about. When he whistled two came out at once, but one kept him waiting some minutes; however, Coolie labour is cheap, and one man to three ducks is not, I suppose, considered excessive. One is always hearing crackers going off and guns being sounded—these are “joss pigeon;” it is the way that the devout Chinaman propitiates or worships his God. Noise seems the chief tribute that is paid to Buddha, so I suppose he must be hard of hearing. Noticed for the first time white oleanders covered with flowers, the hibiscus, &c.; the bund at Shamien is planted with the bastard banyan; it is an evergreen, and as it grows to a considerable height and has a thick bunch-like foliage, it affords first-rate shade. There were four or five gentlemen to dinner.

*Friday, 20th.*—Left Canton at nine a.m., and reached Hong Kong at three p.m., distance ninety-one miles; and, although we had the tide some of the way with us, it is first-rate going. I think the Yankee River Boats are as much superior to English ones, as the sea-going ones of the latter are to those of the former. Still very close. I think in this hot weather it is

rather a barbarous custom making you wear regular dress clothes—in the day time nothing but light linen suits. Some of the coats button up to the neck, so there is no necessity for shirts; but one simply wears a thin vest. I see that some gentlemen have their dress coats made very loose, so that they can button; this obviates the necessity for a waistcoat, which is a nuisance, as anything that fits close increases the heat. I should think it would be much simpler to allow black alpaca coats and white trousers; however, fashion is the greatest and most arbitrary tyrant that ever existed. Sir B. B.—, H.B.M., Consul at Canton, is staying here.

*Saturday, 21st.*—Weather cooler. I actually got into bed last night and was not smothered by a sheet. This afternoon the P. and O. steamer "Bokhara" left at half-past twelve, and at three p.m. she came back with signals of distress flying, and was run ashore near the docks at Kowlung. It turns out that she struck on a sunken rock while rounding the island of Hong Kong, and if they had been about five minutes longer she would have sunk in deep water, and many of the passengers might have been drowned; as it was, the fires were put out by the water as she neared the dock, and there were ten feet of water in the forward compartment, but hardly any aft. All mails and silk saved without damage. The "Sunda" left yesterday with the mails and passengers. The "Bokhara" was a perfectly new steamer on her first voyage.

*Sunday, 22nd.*—Went to Church morning and afternoon; the pith of one of the sermons was "Remember Lot's Wife," which the Rev. Gentleman repeated and repeated until it became quite wearisome; he was one of the weakest preachers I have ever listened to. In the afternoon I took a sampan, and was rowed by three fair Chinese to the scene of the disaster. The "Bokhara," although sheltered from any wind or sea, is in an awkward position. Her fore part is buried in the mud, and they cannot get at the hole. Another of the bulkheads has given way from the pressure of the sand and mud. Their only

chance is to lighten her, and place flats alongside, and so raise her. I hope they will succeed; but she has a bad list to starboard, and with her great length it is to be feared that she may break her back. Thermometer only 82 in the house.

*Monday, 23rd.*—Rowed off in afternoon to see a tea clipper, called the "Norman Court." In the evening dined at Major N —'s. A Mr. H —, one of the Artillery Officers, was stationed at New Brighton during the Fenian row. From the number of officers that I have met out here, it would appear that the whole army had been down in the Hundred of Wirral during that eventful season. We had curried frog—just like tender chicken; only the hind legs used; considered a great delicacy. My pith hat measures round the brim four feet, yet it is wonderfully light. The great thing is, that it shelters the nape of your neck, and it is on that part I believe that one receives sunstroke.

*Tuesday, 24th.*—I started at two p.m. to Macao; it is distant forty miles, and we steamed past numerous islands of every shape and colour for three hours, when we saw the peninsula on which Macao is situated. At a distance it looks picturesque enough, for the numerous barren hills are crowned by the ruins of some old monastery; and the town (Portuguese quarter) is built in a semi-circle, and the various coloured houses, green, blue, and pink, with their mahogany balconies look well enough; but it has altogether a decayed, or rather a decaying look, that does not contrast favourably with the busy harbours and towns of Shanghai and Hong Kong. The steamer goes to the Chinese side of the peninsula, as there is more water, but not enough for ships of any size, which have to lie about five miles outside. I went straight to the hotel at landing, and then took a chair and proceeded to the Tomb of Camões. It certainly seems curious that while he lived this poet was exiled from his own country, and I believe escaped from the ship he was in by swimming ashore; and yet now, a stranger only comes to Macao to visit his tomb—such is the immortality of a poet. The monument is

erected in a pretty garden, and there are several sets of verses by different people, cut out on slabs of marble. One set of lines are by Dr. Bowring; I certainly do not agree with him, when he says—

“Gem of the orient earth and open sea,  
Macao; that in thy lap, and on thy breast,  
Hast gathered beauties, all the loveliest.”

Fancy calling Macao a gem, when there is hardly any vegetation; and although there is, as I have mentioned, a certain picturesque appearance from the old forts and churches that crown the summit of the hills—still, even the sea around is muddy, as it is so shallow; however, he is true enough when he says of Camöens, “That his lyre though known to fame knew misery more.” The building in which his bust is placed has a roof in the shape of a dome, and the large plantain leaves and other foliage, form a lovely setting. It is in a private garden, and the paths are so covered with moss and green stuff that it is quite dangerous to walk; evidently there is no care taken of it. I then drove round, or rather was carried to the Praya, which is the fashionable walk; it is sheltered by trees and faces the open sea, from which there was a pleasant breeze—in fact, people come here from Hong Kong to have a breather in hot weather. The Portuguese have been here for upwards of three hundred years. I have never seen so many hideous people in my life—Chinese, Malay, and Portuguese mixed. Brown faces—and oh! so ugly. Sometimes you see a dark olive green complexion; the combination I suppose of the yellow of the Chinese, and the olive of the South; however, whatever they are, they are certainly a very mixed race. There are a few graceful Duennas walking about—*graceful*, because they nearly cover their faces with a black shawl. As is usual in Portuguese Colonies, there are numbers of priests to be seen. There is little or no trade here, unless the traffic in Coolies can be called one. The Government is supported by gambling houses; I hear they receive as much as 200,000 dollars a year from the hells.





I went to one. The Chinese are the people that chiefly support them; there are four numbers, and you put your stake, say on either one, two, three, or four; the croupier then takes a handful of copper cash, and counts them out one, two, three, and four, till they are done, and if the last one of all say is two, if you staked two dollars on that number you win six dollars. The Chinese have certainly a stolid mien—even at the play his face hardly expands, except to give a smile that is scarcely childlike or bland. I was nearly devoured in the night, and had such a lively time of it, that although I heard the clock strike three I was glad enough to get up at half-past five (Wednesday). I hired a chair and went round the Head two or three miles. They certainly are good roads; but the hill sides are stony and bare, and they remind one of the little Ormeshead—but the sea is brown instead of blue. I then went to the Barracoons, a place where the Coolies are taken before shipment. There were two groups of about one hundred each, lying on the grass; and inside there were a number being examined by the surgeon. I walked in, but after five minutes a Portuguese came and asked me if I had any business there. I told him “no.” “Well,” he said, “there is no admittance,” so I quietly decamped. I have asked several people since, but they have never been allowed in, so there is nothing like impudence. It certainly does not say much for the Portuguese as Colonists, when one hears that the chief revenue is derived from the gambling hells, and the principal trade, if trade it can be called, is the traffic in Coolies. The latter are shipped to the tune of some 18,000 a year to Callao and Havana. One cannot say that they are forced to go into slavery, as when they arrive from the country they are asked if they have any objection to go to Peru or to Cuba, and if they say “Yes,” the Chinese Government is obliged to send them back to Canton, or wherever they come from, at the expense of the Mandarin of the district; still I believe that if they do object things are not made as pleasant as might be for them on their return to their native country. So

the option is I suppose more nominal than real. The worst part of all is the passage, as they are huddled together 400 or 500 in a barque of 600 tons, and when they are fairly out of sight of land the horrors of the middle passage commence, as I am told the battens are as often as not put down, for there have been cases when the coolies have risen up and murdered the crew. The Captain receives so much a head, so it is no wonder that he crowds his ship. The Chinese broker who first engages or kidnaps the coolies, is I think the one most to blame, for he generally tells them that they are going to be employed at Macao or Hong Kong, at wages from eight to ten dollars a month, and so entices them on. The Hong Kong Government having put a stop to Coolies going to Peru and Cuba shows that the emigration is not conducted quite en regle, and though perhaps the Portuguese Government does not actually permit slaves to be sent to Macao—still they connive at it, and as long as dollars are to be made the Chinese brokers will go in for the human traffic. If emigration was allowed, as it is in America, no one could say a word; and then besides, the Coolies have good accommodation in large steamers. Free emigration would be an immense advantage, I should think, to China, as the population is so immense; but the Chinaman is so fond of his country that he is loth to leave it, with the understanding, that like the Siberian exile, he may never hope to return. Of course from America they come back to China, either alive or in coffins, if they possibly can. DeBeauvoir says—"a Coolie in Havana is worth £70;" so it certainly is an encouragement for the Chinese to send out Coolies, and make a "big pigeon" out of them. I left at eight a.m., and reached Hong Kong at twelve. Lunched with the Colonel of the Artillery. We had the usual party at dinner, and then played billiards. In afternoon went in a steamer with Mr. and Mrs. W——, and several other gentlemen, to the Aberdeen Dock, where the "Bokhara," after having been floated, had gone. It is distant seven miles, and we sailed close by the



island of Hong Kong all the way; when we arrived there we found, to our great disappointment, that the water had been let into the dock again, as the damage was found out to be more serious than had been anticipated, and it was necessary to put her on higher blocks. The repairs will take two months at least. She does not appear, although a new vessel, to have been at all strongly built. Had intended to have started at half-past five p.m. for the Victoria Peak; but as it was raining I had to put it off.

## CHAPTER VII.

## EXTRACT FROM LETTER.

*Hong Kong, East Point,*

*June 26th, 187—.*

I HAVE entered upon the second part of my journey, and taking it all in all I have been very fortunate in my wanderings, and am pretty well up to time if it had not have been for that wretched "Nevada." I have travelled about 88,650 miles by sea, and 1,850 in buggies, coaches, &c., and have been 170 days at sea and 166 on land, so I have become a kind of amphibious animal, and live as much on the sea as on the land. W— mentioned in his letter that he thought the "Columbia" and "Santa Rosa" would do for the Chinese coast trade: from what I can hear and see they would be much too big, and all the first-class passenger accommodation would be nearly useless, as very few people travel; in fact, the average of passengers I should fancy is, at the outside, two, judging from the steamers I have been in. The Chinese traffic is large. The kind of boat that they have out here is generally a huge barge-shaped steamer, flat bottomed, and one that carries a large cargo on little draught of water; speed—eight to nine knots. It is no wonder that the travelling public is small, for a gentleman told me the other day that if I wanted to have sea air I should take a passage to Europe, as the average on the coast is about £4 or £5 a day; for instance, my passage from here to Singapore for five days steaming is £26; a ticket from here to England via Brindisi is £85, or by Holt's Line £60. The "Columbia"

would do very well I should think for the line between China and San Francisco, and the cabin on deck would be a great advantage, and then speed is a *sine qua non*, as the object of the new line is to beat the Pacific Mail. I saw a captain of the "Pekin," P. & O. boat. He commanded the "Nubia" for some time and liked her very much; she is still looked upon as one of their strongest vessels. I am told that the best thing to speculate in now is rice, as there is likely to be a famine in Japan. They have only about one crop a year there, and it is generally sown in about June and harvested in November; but owing to the drought it has not yet been sown; although before Japan was opened to the world the Government was always obliged to have a surplus stock in granaries, enough for a year's consumption, the Japanese have been so hard up for money since civilisation has set in that they sold off their surplus stock, and if a famine does come it means starvation to the people, and probably revolution; because I think the people might argue that, if civilisation means not providing against the evil day they had better remain as they were. Of course Government can buy, but the market has already risen in anticipation of the failure of the rice crop in Japan, and, if the scarcity should arise, the results will be almost worse than those that took place during the potato famine in Ireland. I have just heard that the "Cyphrenes," an English steamer, has run from Yokohama to San Francisco in sixteen days, beating the Pacific Mail by five days.

## JOURNAL.

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*Friday, June 27th.*—In the afternoon I ascended to the Signal Station at the top of Victoria Peak. It is a tough but not a very long climb, and as there are seats *en route* one can rest and be thankful, and enjoy the various peeps that one has of Victoria and the sea, which is covered with numerous islands and very narrow passes and bays. The water is I believe of considerable depth all round; but there are still some undiscovered rocks, as shewn by the accident to the "Bokhara."

*Saturday, 28th.*—Left at twelve in the "Meikong," one of the Messageries Maritimes, for Singapore. I have a cabin to myself as there are only twelve passengers. She is a first-rate steamer and has capital accommodation; the largest ports I have ever seen, about two feet high and two feet in width; yet still with all this, if it were not for the punkahs that are kept going, it would be unbearable down below, as there is no air except what we make by going through it at the rate of eleven and a-half knots. She has compound-engines with three cylinders. I am writing this at half-past six a.m. in piejamas, as when I tried yesterday I dissolved so fast that I had to rush on deck. The bath is no relief, the salt water from the sea being lukewarm and sticky. They have plenty of ice on board, and as we have ices and iced drinks I suppose it would be too much to expect un bain frappé. Breakfast at half-past nine, tiffin at half-past twelve, dinner at half-past five—all in French style; eight or ten dishes. The dinner was very good, but for break-

fast I prefer one or two things, and not salads, cold tête de veau, patties, lobsters, muscles, &c; the only hot dish was pork chops. If a man had eaten this breakfast, he deserves to have had indigestion for the rest of his natural life. I enjoyed my stay at Hong Kong very much, as every one was so kind; and I quite agree with H — that the human race are not so bad as they are made out, in some respects at any rate, and whether it is a fellow feeling that makes us wondrous kind, there is no doubt that from my experience it seems a pleasure for people in the East to do anything for a stranger.

*Sunday, 29th.*—We ran 280 miles, and are now 625 from Saigon. Heat still fearful, as in the “Nevada” when nearing the line. Any exertion impossible; even walking out of the question, although there are double awnings: result of crossing the China seas in the height of Summer. Curious thing, it certainly was cooler on land. This is the typhoon season, but I hope we will escape. August and September are the worst months. Weather looks settled and sea smooth. French sailors do not inspire one with confidence; they are always chattering and abusing one another, and they look half tipsy with the sour wine that they drink, or perhaps it is only the heat. The stoking is done by “Seedee Boys,” as it would be impossible for Europeans to stand the heat of the stokehole. The officers are very polite, in fact, too much so; as they are perpetually taking off their hats to you. I shall give over wearing one, as it becomes a nuisance. Fancy having bade adieu to China. I cannot say that I enjoyed my stay there as much as in Japan. One cannot, I should think, become fond of the Chinese; still, one ought to visit it, as in more ways than one the inhabitants are peculiar, and in the harbour I am now going to I fancy I shall miss the picturesque junk with the big eyes in the bow; for a Chinaman goes on the principle—“No got eye, no walk; if you no got eyes how can see?” There were two priests on board, but we had no service. I like it on board ship, as there is a certain impres-

siveness about it, caused by the surroundings, and I am very fond of the hymn for "Those at Sea." I dare say E—— will remember our choir on the "Aleppo," but we have not got a Mr. F—— on board, and still less a Mrs. F——. We have only one lady, and she does nothing but play with and hug her dog, and makes it chin, chin, chop, chop. Is there not some song, "Oh would I were a dog, how happy I would be," &c.; them's my sentiments à present.

*Monday, 30th.*—Two hundred and seventy miles; it is cooler, as we have the S.W. monsoon against us. I must be looking very ancient with my beard, as just before I left East Point there was a discussion about ages, and I was generally supposed to be thirty-five; however, I am becoming very nearly bald, and it proves the truth of the old saying—"that you cannot burn a candle at both ends." If I was taken for H——'s husband five years ago I should certainly now be taken for her happy papa, and I would be congratulated on the very "liberal" education that I had bestowed upon her. This steamer makes three round voyages annually from Marseilles to Shanghai, or 54,000 miles in all.

*Tuesday, July 1st.*—We reached the outside of the entrance of the river that leads up to Saigon at half-past five p.m., so we had to anchor for the night, as the river is narrow and navigation difficult.

*Wednesday, 2nd.*—We started at four a.m. this morning, and reached Saigon at half-past eight; it is forty-five miles sail. The land all round is low-lying, and covered with jungle—full of monkeys, and there are also tigers. There is nothing to see at this town; but we do not sail till to-morrow, as we are bound to stop twenty-four hours. The Frenchmen do not make good Colonists. There are three or four German merchants, and two English; but I believe there are hardly any French—in fact, out of their own country a Frenchman, judging from appearances, only seems fit to keep cafés and billiard tables. There are one or two men of war here and a regiment of soldiers, and

a most pretentious Government House. I went ashore with two other gentlemen, and we hired a cab drawn by a small pony, and had a drive about the settlement for one hour. They are laying out a park, and it will be very pretty. They are also forming a *Jardin des Plantes*; the present occupants consist of two Cochin-China tigers. We returned to the steamer for dinner, having done Saigon. Rice is the principal export, and there are a number of steamers. The natives are Anamites and are perfectly hideous—a very low type of Chinese, the same colour; and although a Chinaman looks as though somebody had sat upon his nose, these people might have had it smashed or flattened on to their face. Both men and women have long coarse black hair, and it is difficult to tell the difference between the sexes. I tasted here for the first time a mangosteen; it is considered the queen of fruits. It is about the size of an apple, with a hard dark red skin; the rind is red, but the part one eats is in the centre, and is white in colour, and divided into five, six, or seven pigs. It has a most delicate flavour, with just enough acid to make it pleasant. These have come from the Straits, as it is only there that the mangosteen will grow. They do not keep more than two or three days, so perhaps the one I had was not as fresh as might be; still they were truly delicious. A curious thing about them is, that on the outside at one end there is what one might call a rosette, and if there are four or five parts that form the latter there are that number of pigs inside.

*Thursday, 3rd.*—Left Saigon at half-past seven, and were fairly out of the river at half-past eleven. I do not fancy that we shall reach Singapore until Saturday evening, as it is distant 640 miles, and we are having a strong S.W. Monsoon right in our teeth. Saigon is a very hot place to live in, as it lies so low. It was formerly very unhealthy, but the drainage has been improved. I certainly wonder what they would do without Chinese in this part of the world, as they work hard wherever they go. The Anamites do not work at all, so that if it were

not for Chinese immigration I don't know what would become of the French Colony. It is cooler now that we are fairly out in the S.W. Monsoon, and no mosquitos. The little wee dog has been committed by order of the Commissaire to the butcher, and I had to take Madame to see her pet yesterday, as it is right in the forecastle. There is an infant on board of one and a-half years who makes a great row, as Madame truly remarked "My dog is not half such a nuisance."

*Friday, 4th.*—Weather cooler as long as one kept on deck, but it is 94 below; only made 270 miles.

*Saturday, 5th.*—We reached Singapore at half-past eight p.m., but as the pilot did not come off we had to anchor for the night, which was perhaps as well, for if we had gone to the new harbour and up to the wharf they would have had to commence coaling; and I am told that the mosquitos at Singapore are a caution. The "Meikong" is certainly a fine steamer, and the Messageries Maritimes are cutting out the P. & O. boats—both from, I hear, their better food and attendance, and also from the fact that if you get into one of their steamers at Shanghai you are landed at Marseilles without a single change; while in the P. & O. you sometimes had to change at Hong Kong or Singapore, then at Suez, across the continent by rail to Alexandria, and then take steamer either to Brindisi or Southampton. (*Since this was written the P. & O. have obtained permission to run their steamers straight through the Canal.*)

*Sunday, 6th.*—Landed at seven a.m. and drove straight to Hotel de l'Europe, distant four miles. There are gharries here, a species of four-wheeler drawn by a diminutive pony, only they *do* go in a wonderful manner. The sun here is very powerful; but I am told the nights are cool. Singapore is an island that belongs to the English; it does not export much, but owes its importance to the fact of its being the calling place for the steamers between China and India, and they nearly all stop here to coal. It is also the starting place for Java and the other islands of the Dutch Archipelago. The land is flat and well



wooded with all kinds of shrubs and flowers. The roads are good; it is a healthy place I believe on the whole, as the temperature is the same all the year round—*i.e.*, excessively warm; but they usually have a shower of rain one day, and this keeps everything fresh and green. There are numerous tigers in the neighbouring jungle, but no “lions,” either real or in the way of sight-seeing, except, I hear, at the botanical gardens. I went to church this morning; everything was nicely done—hymns, “Ancient and Modern.” Stayed to second service; a black man officiated with the vicar. There are all varieties of nationalities here. The Malay is the original inhabitant, but he has been ousted I think by the ubiquitous Chinaman, who does all the work. There are also Klings on the island, and one feels now that one is nearing India, for one meets the slender Hindoo, with turbans of every variety of colour.

*Monday, 7th.*—Called on S. & Co., and lunched with Mr. J—. Called on the P. & O. agent, Captain C—; he was most anxious for me to go and stay with him, and he has a nice house three or four miles from town. I would have gone, as this hotel is right in the town, and the feeding simply atrocious, but I expected to have been off to-morrow in the “Neva.” I then called on young B— in the Colonial Office. I drove with him to the Botanical Gardens, distant three or four miles. They are very pretty naturally, but artificially nothing much has been done to them. There is an enclosure with nothing but orchids of all hideous shapes and colours, for although some may be pretty, yet the majority are I think more remarkable than beautiful. We then drove to the bungalow where B— and two other young fellows live. It is situated on a hill, and being some distance from town is delightfully cool. I had a better night's rest than I have had for a long time, as I have lately stewed till about two a.m., and then slept in the cool of the morning. Nearly everybody lives three or four miles out, and the roads being good—made of laterite—the gharries with the little ponies soon trot you out. We had a pleasant dinner

and whist after. The feeling here is rather against the Dutch, as there seems to be little doubt but that they provoked the war. The Achinese would gladly have been under the Protectorate of Great Britain, as the Dutch are very unpopular out here. The merchants in Penang are very angry with the English Government for doing away with the guarantees for the neutrality of Acheen, as it will let the Dutch in; and as the latter will develop the trade, tin and pepper will decrease in value, for tin is found in Acheen and pepper grows there; so it will make a great difference in the value of the two chief exports of the Straits Settlements. However, it is only on a par with the policy of the Gladstone Government in Russian and American affairs, letting other nations reap the benefit of what we have fought and paid for.

*Tuesday, 8th.*—the "Neva" is put off till Thursday; this is provoking, as I had packed up. Some unfortunate people have been waiting ten days; but, although the "Neva" is a French boat and carries the mail, still they apparently seem to go when they like. Lunched at the Club; in the evening dined with the Hon. W. Birch, Colonial Secretary. Met Captain G—— at dinner; he was the commander of the "Resistance" under Captain Turnour. Knew Captain Burgoyne—in fact, was offered the commandership of the "Captain," but at first refused it, and when he wanted it the appointment was filled up. H.M.S. "Thetis" has just passed through here *en route* to China; the Captain, coming down the Red Sea, sighted a lot of what he thought were Slave Dhows, and he gave orders to chase them, and as they tried to escape he was nearly convinced they were slavers. When the boat's crew fired over the heads of the men, they all jumped into the water; this made him quite certain, and he burnt eight or ten of them; I believe it turns out however that they were traders, so he or the country will have to pay the full value of the boats—say £1,500. All the men were saved. I must confess if I saw a lot of armed boats coming to attack us, when we were perfectly defenceless, if I

were near land I think my natural impulse would be to swim ashore ; well, this is exactly no doubt what the natives thought, and hence the burning of their boats.

*Wednesday, 9th.*—At seven a.m. went with Mr. B—— over the gaol ; 740 prisoners—mostly Chinese and Malays. Everything clean and well-built ; there were a few Europeans—one a soldier condemned to penal servitude for life for killing a man ; he is a young fellow of nineteen. “Neva” again put off. The Malay children go about without anything on in the way of clothing ; but wear silver ornaments on wrists and ankles. Lunched at Mr. B——’s ; a large party of twenty ; we did not get away till five ; and at half-past six I started off to drive to dinner with Mr. J——. We had a pleasant party ; three or four ladies ; but, as you may suppose, I had not much appetite.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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